Calif.
Sec.
0 2007 0510316 2
California State Library
Accession No. 25318
Call No. gC 335.05 W5
v.5
1917-18

DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE OF THE WORKERS

THE WESTERN COMRADE

THROUGH POLITICAL ACTION AND COOPERATION

May 1917

Price 10c

Three Years of Achievement

By Frank E. Wolfe

Editorials on the St. Louis Convention by Job Harriman, and the Personal Account of it by Cameron H. King.

:: Next Month: "Celebrating May Day at Llano" ::

The Gateway To Freedom

Through Co-operative Action

THE LLANO DEL RIO CO-OPERATIVE COLONY is located in the beautiful Antelope Valley, in the northeastern part of Los Angeles County, Southern California. This plain lies between the San Gabriel spur of the Sierra Madres on the south and the Tehachapi range on the north. The Colony is on the north slope of the San Gabriel range. It is almost midway between Palmdale, on the Southern Pacific, and Victorville, on the Santa Fe railroad.

The Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony is made up of persons who believe in the application of the principles of co-operation to the widest possible extent. Virtually all of the residents are Socialists. It is a practical and convincing answer to those who have scoffed at Socialist principles, who have said that "it won't work," who have urged many fallacious arguments. In the three years since it was established, the Colony has demonstrated thoroughly the soundness of its plan of operation and its theory. Today it is stronger than ever before in its history.

GENERAL INFORMATION

The Llano del Rio Colony is the greatest Community enterprise ever attempted. It was founded by Job Harriman, May 1st. 1914, and is solving the problem of disemployment and business failure. It offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the workers and their families.

An abundance of clear, sparkling water coming from mountain springs is sufficient to irrigate thousands of fertile acres. The climate is mild and delightful, the soil is fertile, and markets are not far distant.

The Llano del Rio Colony is a horticultural, agricultural, and stock-raising enterprise, with such manufacturing as will supply the needs of the colonists, with perhaps something to sell when the Colony has grown.

It is a perfect example of Co-operation in Action. No community organized as it is, was ever established before.

The purpose is to solve the problem of unemployment by providing steady employment for the workers; to assure safety and comfort for the future and for old age; to guarantee education for the children in the best schools; and to provide a social life amid surroundings better than can be found in the competitive world.

It has more than 800 residents, making it the largest town in the Antelope Valley. More than 200 children attend the schools. Part of the children get meals at the school; some live at the Industrial school all the time. The Montessori school is in operation, taking the children from 2½ to 6 years of age. A new school building is soon to be built on the new townsite. The County school and the Colony Industrial schools are both in operation.

The Colony owns a fine herd of 125 Jersey and Holstein cattle, 100 head of young stock are on the range, being heifers and calves up to 2 years of age. Over 100 head of horses and mules, including colts, are owned by the Colony. These, with the tractors and caterpillar engine, four trucks, and numerous autos, do the hauling and the work on the land.

A recent purchase of Duroc-Jersey sows gives the Colony twenty-two registered high-class breeding sows and a splendid boar, the nucleus of a great development along this line. Many new pens have been built. Registration will be kept up and the raising of fine hogs made one of the leading industries. There are also some fine Berkshires, and a large number of grade sows.

Much nursery stock has been planted, a vineyard of 40 acres put out, and many fruit trees set this spring. The Colony has more than 400 acres of orchards.

Community gardening is successful, and an increased acreage will be put in each year.

The ideal is to farm on an extensive scale, using all manner of efficient labor saving machinery and methods, with expert and experienced men in charge of the different departments.

Llano possesses more than 668 stands of bees. They are cared for by expert bee men of long experience. This department expects to have several thousand stands in a few years.

The Colony has secured timber from the San Gabriel Reserve, and has a well equipped sawmill. Lumber worth $35 to $40 a thousand costs the Colony only a few dollars a thousand.

Social life is delightful, baseball and football teams, dances, picnics, swimming, hunting, camping, all being popular. A band, several orchestras, a dramatic club, and other organizations assist in making the social occasions enjoyable.

Alfalfa does extraordinarily well at Llano. Much has been planted and the acreage will be increased as rapidly as possible. Six good cuttings a season can be depended on. Ditches lined with cobblestone set in Llano lime, making them permanent, conserve water and insure economy. They will be built as fast as possible.

A square mile has been set aside for the new city. With the sawmill running, the lime kiln producing a very superior lime, and with sand and rock abundant and adobe brick easily manufactured, the time is near when permanent buildings will be erected on the new site. It will be a city different in design from any other in the world, with houses of a distinctively different architecture. Houses will be comfortable, sanitary, handsome, home-like, modern, and harmonious with their surroundings, and will insure greater privacy than any other houses ever constructed. They are unique and designed especially for Llano.

LLANO INDUSTRIES AND INSTITUTIONS

Among the industries of Llano, to which new ones are constantly being added, are: Printshop, shoe shop, laundry, cannery, cleaning and dyeing, warehouse, machine shop, blacksmith shop, rug works, planing mill, paint shop, lime kiln, saw mill, dairy, cabinet shop, nursery, alfalfa, orchards, poultry yards, rabbitry, gardens, hog raising, two stages, lumbering, magazine, newspaper, doctors' offices, woodyard, vinegar works, bakery, fish hatchery, barber shop, dairy goats, baths, swimming pool, studios, two hotels, drafting room, post office, commissary, camping ground, Industrial school, grammar school, Montessori school, commercial classes, library, women's exchange, two weekly dances, brass band, mandolin club, two orchestras, quartets, socialist local, jeweler.

COMMUNITY MANAGEMENT

THE LLANO DEL RIO COMMUNITY has a remarkable form of management that is the result of evolution. The management of the affairs of the Colony industries is in the hands of the department managers. In each department there are divisions. Over some of these divisions are foremen. All these are selected for their experience and fitness for the position. At the department meetings as many persons as can crowd in the room are always present. These meetings are held regularly and they are unique in that no motions are ever made, no resolutions adopted and no minutes are kept. The last action on any matter supercedes all former action and this stands until the plans are changed. The plan is working most admirably and smoothly. At these meetings the work is discussed and planned, reports are given, teams allotted, workers are shifted to the point where the needs are greatest, and machinery is put on designated work, transportation is arranged, wants are made known and filled as nearly as possible. The board of directors, members of which are elected by the stockholders, meets once a week and has charge of the financial and business management of the enterprise. These directors are on the same basis as all their comrades in the colony. At the general assembly all persons over eighteen years of age, residing in the colony, have a voice and vote.

NO CONSTITUTION OR BY-LAWS

MANY persons who want to know how the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community are conducted think, in order to get this information, they must secure a copy of a constitution and by-laws. There is no constitution. The Llano Community contents itself with a "declaration of principles" which is printed below. The management of the Colony rests with the board of managers, a member of which is the superintendent and his two assistants. These managers are selected for their fitness and ability. The business and financial affairs of the enter-

prise are conducted by the board of directors who are elected by the stockholders. The corporation by-laws are the stereotyped corporation by-laws of almost every state. The only innovation is in the restricting of anyone from voting more than 2000 shares of stock, regardless of how many shares are held. As this is to be the ultimate holding of every member, this is considered a strong protective clause. The incorporation charter is also the usual type and gives the corporation the right to transact almost all manner of business. The Nevada corporation laws are liberal, safe, and well construed. There is no disposition on the part of state officials to interfere.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES

IN conducting the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community it has been found that the fewer inflexible rules and regulations the greater the harmony. Instead of an elaborate constitution and a set of laws the colonists have a Declaration of Principles and they live up to the spirit of them. The declaration follows:

Things which are used productively must be owned collectively.

The rights of the Community shall be paramount over those of any individual.

Liberty of action is only permissible when it does not restrict the liberty of another.

Law is a restriction of liberty and is only just when operating for the benefit of the Community at large.

Values created by the Community shall be vested in the Community alone.

The individual is not justly entitled to more land than is sufficient to satisfy a reasonable desire for peace and rest. Productive land held for profit shall not be held by private ownership.

Talent and intelligence are gifts which should rightly be used in the service of others. The development of these by education is the gift of the Community to the individual, and the exercise of greater ability entitles none to the false rewards of greater possessions, but only to the joy of greater service to others.

Only by identifying his interests and pleasures with those of others can man find real happiness.

The duty of the individual to the Community is to develop ability to the greatest degree possible by availing himself of all educational facilities and to devote the whole extent of that ability to the service of all.

The duty of the Community to the individual is to administer justice, to eliminate greed and selfishness, to educate all and to aid any in time of age or misfortune.

LLANO OFFERS YOU ESCAPE FROM—

THE electric light bill, the water bill, the doctor's bill, the drug bill, the telephone bill, the gas bill, the coal bill, the dentist's bill, the school book supplies bill, the sewer assessment bill, and car fare, the annoyance of the back door peddler and beggar (Henry Dubbs who think the trouble is individual hard luck), the hundred and one greater and smaller burdens on the householder, and the lean weeks caused by disemployment and the consequent fear of the future. There is no landlord and no rent is charged.

While they are charged with living expenses, for food and clothing, the colonists never fear meeting the grocery bill, the milk, the clothing bill, the laundry bill, the butcher's bill, and other inevitable and multitudinous bills that burden the struggling workers in the outside world. For the tax bill he has no fear. The colony officials attend to the details of all overhead. To colonists the amusements, sports, pastimes, dances, entertainments and all educational facilities are free.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS ANSWERED

WHEN a member of the colony dies his shares and credits like any other property, go to his heirs. Only Caucasians are admitted. We have had applications from Negroes, Hindus, Mongolians and Malays. The rejection of these applications is not due to race prejudice but because it is not deemed expedient to mix races in these communities.

Llano is twenty miles from Palmdale, on the Southern Pacific Railroad. All household goods and other shipments should be consigned to the name of the owner, Palmdale, California, care Llano Colony. Goods will be looked after by the colony freightman until ordered moved to Llano. All shipments should be prepaid, otherwise they cannot be moved and storage or demurrage may be charged. Freight transportation between the colony and the station is by means of auto trucks. Passengers are carried in the colony's auto stages. In shipping household goods, it will be well to ship only lighter goods. Cookstoves, refrigerators and heavy articles should not be shipped from points where freight rates are high.

Individuals may own their own automobiles and many colonists do own them. All livestock, poultry, etc., are kept in the departments devoted to those industries. The aim is to keep the residence portion of the colony clean and sanitary.

SOUND FINANCING NECESSARY

PERSONS cannot be admitted to residence at the colony upon the payment of $10.00 or any other sum less than the initial payment fee. Hundreds write and suggest they be allowed to pay a small amount, or in some cases, nothing at all, then enter the colony and work out the remainder of their shares. If the colony permitted this there would soon be a hundred thousand applications.

The money derived from these initial payments is used to pay for land, improvements, machinery, and to carry on the enterprise until it is on a paying basis. It takes considerable time to bring a large agricultural undertaking to a productive point. The colony must proceed along sound financial lines in order to continue its present success. This fact must be obvious to all. The management of the Llano del Rio Community has never been unmindful of the fact that there is a numberless army that cannot take advantage of this plan of co-operation. Many letters come in that breathe bitter and deep disappointment. No one could regret this more than we do. It is our hope that the day will come when successful co-operative groups can say to their stripped, robbed and exploited brothers: "You who come with willing hands and understanding of comradeship and co-operation are welcome."

The installment plan of payment whereby one pays $10.00 a month is proving satisfactory. On this plan the absent comrade is providing for the future while his brothers and sisters on the land are bearing the brunt of the pioneering. Families entering the colony begin to draw from the commissary. Some of the food, all the clothing, much of the material they draw, costs money. The initial membership fee goes to offset the support of families until the colony shall be on a paying basis.

PLAN OF ORGANIZATION

Following is the plan which has proven successful: Each shareholder agrees to buy 2,000 shares of capital stock. Each pays in cash or installments, $1,000. Each pays in labor, $1,000. Each receives a daily wage of $4.00, from which is deducted $1.00 for the stock he is working out. From the remainder comes his living expenses. Whatever margin he may have above deduction for stock and living expenses is credited to his individual account, payable out of the surplus profits of the enterprise. If an installment member falls ill, is disabled or disemployed, the Colony gives him every opportunity to recover and resume payments. In no case will he be crowded. If he finds it impossible to resume payments, we will, upon request, issue stock for the full amount he has paid. This is transferable and may be sold to his best advantage. In this we will endeavor to assist wherever practicable. Corporations are not allowed by law to deal in their own stock.

HOW TO JOIN

Write today for an application blank, fill it out and send together with a remittance of $10 or more to secure your membership. You can then arrange to pay $10 a month or more until you can so adjust your affairs that you can make final payment and join your comrades who have already borne the first brunt of pioneering.

The LLANO COLONIST is the Colony's weekly newspaper, telling in detail of what is being achieved, giving an intimate peep into the daily lives, the smaller incidents of this growing, thriving institution.

The WESTERN COMRADE is the Colony's illustrated monthly magazine, giving more complete articles concerning the Colony, showing photos illustrating its growth, etc. The editorials, and many other special features, are making it one of the leading Socialist magazines of today.

Address Communications regarding membership, general information, etc., to the

MEMBERSHIP DEPARTMENT, LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY,
LLANO, CALIFORNIA

For subscriptions to the Publications, changes of address, etc., please write

THE LLANO PUBLICATIONS
LLANO, CALIFORNIA

May Issue — THE WESTERN COMRADE — Nineteen Seventeen

Page

Cover Page
Llano girls going through the intricacies of braiding the Maypole.

The Gateway to Freedom 2
Synopsis of the material contained in the booklet of the same name.

Editorials 5
By Job Harriman.

Three Years of Achievement 8
Frank E. Wolfe, who has been right in the thick of the work from the start, tells what three years have done for Llano.

Was Schmidt Guilty? 11
First of the series containing the address before the Jury made by Job Harriman in this famous case.

Triumph of Theory over Practice 13
Cameron H. King of San Francisco tells how the convention at St. Louis ignored facts and dealt with theories and things of the past to the exclusion of practical action.

Radicals or Fetish-Worshippers? 14
D. Bobspa, radical reviewer of books, has prepared a remarkable article for the COMRADE, one that we heartily commend to every thoughtful radical.

Llano Colony Adds 2750 Acres to Its Holdings 16

How We Live at Llano 16
The first tells of new property just bought. The other is Frank E. Wolfe's comparison of living conditions at Llano and in other places.

Page

"R. P. M." 18
An interesting study in "revolutions per minute" by L. W. Millsap, Jr.

Liberty and Play for Baby 19
Prudence Stokes Brown gives new ideas in rearing children.

The Thing in Itself (Fiction) 20
A study in character by Clara Cushman.

Carbo-Hydro Phobia 21
A serio-comic treatment of food-fear by Dr. John Dequer.

What Thinkers Think 22
Synopsis of articles in April magazines.

Reviews of Recent Readable Books 23
D. Bobspa's comments on new and old books.

A Pioneer Woman's View 24
By Mildred G. Buxton.

For Women Only 25

Industrial Education 26
Another of the instructive series of articles by Clinton Bancroft.

Courage 29
A poem by Mrs. C. P. Stetson of especial interest to all co-operators.

What Readers Write Us

"I have now decided to come to Llano within two weeks and investigate your co-operative enterprise. Inclosed find $1 for subscription to the Llano Colonist and Western Comrade." M. N. Hill, Ida.

* * *

"Please find inclosed 75c. I hope to be a member and with you before the year is out, but must have something to read in the meantime."
A. J. Daugherty, New Mexico.

* * *

"In view of the eminently sane attitude toward war set forth in the COLONIST of April 28, I want a hundred copies for distribution. Level heads are found now and then everywhere, but you California Socialists seem to represent "organized sanity," especially the Llano group. At the present rate, you will soon formulate the policy of the Socialist Party of America. Grace B. Marians, Secretary Socialist Party, Las Animas County, Colorado.

* * *

HERE'S A WORKER

"When I started to get subs I first secured the names of a number of Socialists in my neighborhood. . . I visited them and left sample copies of the Colonist and Comrade, at the same time explaining enough about the Colony to try and interest them and to get them to read the papers. Then I would call in a week or two, asking them if they liked the paper, answering any questions they might ask as best I could and talk Llano until they became interested enough to give me a subscription. Of the 25 subscriptions I secured since I began, most all became so interested in reading the papers and the booklet "Llano del Rio Colony a Success," which I always took with me, that after talking a little while about the achievements at Llano very enthusiastically, I had little trouble in securing subscriptions. Of course I met a few who were not interested, but these I tried to impress with the fact that the Colony papers should be extremely interesting to every Socialist, as they were different from any other Socialist papers in that they were telling of the actual working out of the Socialist principles. I then tried to get them to subscribe for the first ten weeks anyway. . . Every one whom I could get to read the papers thought they were fine and wished me all manner of success, even if they couldn't see their way clear to subscribe. I sent a few subs to friends who were not Socialists; since then one of them told me her husband says 'I'm a Socialist.' They think the papers fine." Mrs. Jacques, California.

(Space does not permit giving more of this extremely interesting letter; later it will be given in full in either the Comrade or Colonist. Mrs. Jacques is a systematic worker and is getting excellent results.)

* * *

BLIND, BUT A WORKER

"I will begin by telling you of my handicap. I am totally blind. I must depend on the help of my neighbors to learn what you have written me or what is printed in your papers. By searching the town I manage to find enough neighbors to read to me the principal part of the Comrade and the Colonist. I earn my living by peddling garden produce. From this you will see I am not an ideal agent to represent your literature. **The Sub I herewith enclose I got by giving him a copy of the Comrade and the Colonist and telling him I thought them the most rational Socialist reading matter I have found.** He, being a Socialist, thought so too, and the next time I met him he only asked me if I had paper to take his name and address. I fished out a sub-card, and here it is." C. D. Kaufman, North Dakota.

(Comrade Kaufman has sent us in a number of subscriptions; he operates the typewriter himself and sets a splendid example of what can be accomplished by grit and determination.)

Political Action Co-operation Direct Action

The Western Comrade

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Entered as second-class matter November 4th, 1916, at the post office at Llano, California, under Act of March 3, 1879.

PUBLISHED EACH MONTH AT LLANO, CALIFORNIA.

JOB HARRIMAN . . . . . Managing Editor. FRANK E. WOLFE . . . . . Editor.

Subscription Rate—75c a year; Canada $1. Single Copies 10c; clubs of 4 or more (in U. S.) 50c. Combination with LLANO COLONIST $1.
Publishers and others are invited to copy at will from the WESTERN COMRADE, but are asked to give credit. Nothing copyrighted unless so stated.
In making change of address always give your former one so that the mailing department may be certain that the right name is being changed.

VOL. V. LLANO, CALIFORNIA, MAY, 1917. No. 1

Editorials

By Job Harriman

THE Emergency Socialist Party Convention, recently held at St. Louis, has sent forth a proclamation which, in our opinion, is exceedingly unwise and extremely dangerous. The causes of the war are stated correctly and with great force. The policy to be pursued by the party during the war are stated with equal force, but are devoid of wisdom and are pregnant with unnecessary danger and dire consequences to our movement.

If the policy outlined by the convention is adopted by the party, it will lay the foundation for an attack upon our organization which will create consternation in our ranks throughout the land.

This document will support a charge of conspiracy to violate the federal statutes. The prison doors will open and gulp in our members by the thousands.

No good can come to the movement by such a course.

When we recommend to the workers, and pledge ourselves to "continuous, active and public opposition to the war through demonstrations, mass petitions and all other means within our power," and "TO THE SUPPORT OF ALL MASS MOVEMENTS IN OPPOSITION TO CONSCRIPTION" if conscription laws are passed, we act in direct violation of the United States statute which provides that "if two or more persons in any state or territory conspire to . . . oppose by force the authority of the United States, or by force to prevent, hinder or delay the execution of any law of the United States contrary to the authority thereof, shall each be fined not more than $5,000 or imprisoned not more than six years, or both." If the party approves this position by a majority vote, the members will either have to back up, lie down, or go to jail. Whichever course they take will land them in a fool's paradise.

The majority of the convention acted under great excitement and provocation, but it is hoped that the party will act more wisely.

A political party that cannot raise sufficient funds to finance its convention without borrowing money is hardly in a position to declare war on the government of the United States. That is precisely what the majority of the convention have proposed that the party do.

We opposed this country entering the war with all our power, but were powerless to prevent it. Now that we are in the war, this country will follow the same course that all belligerent nations have traveled. Efficiency will force municipal, state and national ownership and management of industries. War will empty the nation's commissary. Starvation and devastation will curse every city and hamlet. And we who know best how to direct the movement for the nationalization of industry to the end that suffering may be alleviated and industries may be so organized that mutuality of interest in industrial and commercial affairs may be substituted for the present competitive system, are advised to put ourselves in such a position that our services will be spurned, and that the people, who do not understand us, will turn against us and rend us. The working class will not even understand our course.

This is not a labor war. Strikes may come and go, but the war will go on to the finish. We are all citizens of this country and the rules of war will be enforced. Wisdom, sagacity and good judgment tell us to take advantage of the opportunity to forward our movement as far as possible by nationalizing our industries while the government and the people are being forced by their economic needs in that direction.

It is for these reasons that we urge the party membership to vote for the minority report submitted by the dissenting fifty which gives their declaration of policy on the war.

MINORITY REPORT BY THE DISSENTING FIFTY

Fifty delegates to the Emergency Convention, who could not agree with the war declaration adopted by the majority of the delegates, drew up the accompanying declaration and had their signatures affixed to it. This makes it possible to send this "Declaration on War Policy" to referendum along with the declaration adopted by the convention. The declaration of the convention will be published in leaflet form in the meantime and sent out for general distribution. The declaration on war policy of the dissenting fifty is as follows:

DECLARATION ON WAR POLICY.

CONGRESS has declared that a state of war exists between this nation and Germany. War between the two nations is a fact.

We opposed the entrance of this republic into the war, but we failed. The political and economic organizations of the working class were not strong enough to do more than protest.

Having failed to prevent the war by our agitation, we can only recognize it as a fact and try to force upon the government, through pressure of public opinion, a constructive program.

Our aim now must be to minimize the suffering and misery which the war will bring to our own people, to protect our rights and liberties against reactionary encroachments, and to promote an early peace upon a democratic basis, advantageous to the international working class.

Furthermore, we must seize the opportunity presented by war conditions to advance our program of democratic collectivism. Every one of the other belligerent nations have discovered through the war that capitalism is inherently inefficient. To secure a maximum of efficiency, whether for military or civil needs, it has been found necessary to abandon the essential principle of capitalist industry. The warring nations have had to give up the organization and operation of industry and the primary economic functions for profit, and to adopt the Socialist principle of production for use. Thus the war has demonstrated the superior efficiency of collective organization and operation of industry.

Guided by this experience, we would so reorganize our economic system as to secure for our permanent domestic needs the greatest possible results from the proper utilization of our national resources.

In furtherance of these aims, we propose the following

WAR PROGRAM.

1. We propose that the Socialist Party shall establish communication with the Socialists within the enemy nations, to the end that peace may be secured upon democratic terms at the earliest possible moment.

2. We demand that there be no interference with freedom of speech, freedom of the press and freedom of assemblage.

3. We demand that dealings between the government and the workers in all of the industries and services taken over and operated by the government shall be conducted through their organizations, with due regard for the right of organization of those not yet organized.

4. We demand that conscription, if it come at all, shall begin with wealth. All annual incomes in excess of $5,000 should be taken by the government and used to pay the current expenses of the war. If it is just to conscript a human being, it is just to conscript wealth. Money is not as sacred as human life.

5. We demand that there shall be no conscription of men until the American people shall have been given the right to vote upon it. Under the British Empire the people of Australia were permitted to decide by ballot whether they should be conscripted. We demand for the American people the same right.

6. We demand that the government seize and operate for the benefit of the whole people the great industries concerned with production, transportation, storage and marketing of the food and other necessities of the people.

7. We demand that the government seize all suitable vacant land, and have the same cultivated for the purpose of furnishing food supplies for the national use.

8. We demand that the government take over and operate all land and water transport facilities; all water powers and irrigation plants; mines, forests and oil fields; and all industrial monopolies; and that this be done at once, before the nation shall suffer calamity from the failure of their capitalist direction and management under war pressure.

MAJORITY REPORT OF THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION

THE SOCIALIST Party of the United States in the present grave crisis, solemnly reaffirms its allegiance to the principle of internationalism and working class solidarity the world over, and proclaims its unalterable opposition to the war just declared by the government of the United States.

Modern wars as a rule have been caused by the commercial and financial rivalry and intrigues of the capitalist interests in the different ocuntries. Whether they have been frankly waged as wars of aggression or have been hypocritically represented as wars of "defense," they have always been made by the classes and fought by the masses. Wars bring wealth and power to the ruling classes, and suffering, death, and demoralization to the workers.

They breed a sinister spirit of passion, unreason, race hatred and false patriotism. They obscure the struggles of the workers for life, liberty and social justice. They tend to sever the vital bonds of solidarity between them and their brothers in other countries, to destroy their organization and to curtail their civic and political rights and liberties.

Pledge All To Labor

The Socialist Party of the United States is unalterably opposed to the system of exploitation and class rule which is upheld and strengthened by military power and sham national patriotism. We, therefore, call upon the workers of all countries to refuse support to their governments in their wars. The wars of the contending national groups of capitalists are not the concern of the workers. The only struggle which would justify the workers in taking up arms is the great struggle of the working class of the world to free itself from economic exploitation and political oppression, and we particularly warn the workers against the snare and delusion of so-called defensive warfare. As against the false doctrine of national patriotism we uphold the ideal of international working class solidarity. In support of capitalism, we will not willingly give a single life or a single dollar; in support of the struggle of the workers for freedom we pledge our all.

Why This Orgy of Death?

The mad orgy of death and destruction which is now convulsing unfortunate Europe was caused by the conflict of capitalist interests in the European countries.

In each of these countries, the workers were oppressed and exploited. They produced enormous wealth, but the bulk of it was witheld from them by the owners of the industries. The workers were thus deprived of the means to repurchase the wealth, which they themselves had created.

The capitalist class of each country was forced to look for foreign markets to dispose of the accumulated "surplus" wealth. The huge profits made by the capitalists could no longer be profitably reinvested in their

own countries, hence, they were driven to look for foreign fields of investment. The geographical boundaries of each modern capitalist country thus became too narrow for the industrial and commercial operations of its capitalist class.

The efforts of the capitalists of all leading nations were therefore centered upon the domination of the world markets. Imperialism became the dominant note in the politics of Europe. The acquisition of colonial possessions and the extension of spheres of commercial and political influence became the object of diplomatic intrigues and the cause of constant clashes between nations.

The acute competition between the capitalist powers of the earth, their jealousies and distrusts of one another and the fear of the rising power of the working class forced each of them to arm to the teeth. This led to the mad rivalry of armament, which, years before the outbreak of the present war, had turned the leading countries of Europe into armed camps with standing armies of many millions, drilled and equipped for war in times of "peace."

Capitalism, imperialism and militarism had thus laid the foundation of an inevitable general conflict in Europe. The ghastly war in Europe was not caused by an accidental event, nor by the policy or institutions of any single nation. It was the logical outcome of the competitive capitalist system.

The six million men of all countries and races who have been ruthlessly slain in the first thirty months of this war, the millions of others who have been crippled and maimed, the vast treasures of wealth that have been destroyed, the untold misery and sufferings of Europe, have not been sacrifices exacted in a struggle for principles or ideals, but wanton offerings upon the altar of private profit.

The forces of capitalism which led to the war in Europe are even more hideously transparent in the war recently provoked by the ruling class of this country.

When Belgium was invaded, the government enjoined upon the people of this country the duty of remaining neutral, thus clearly demonstrating that the "dictates of humanity," and the fate of small nations and of democratic institutions were matters that did not concern it. But when our enormous war traffic was seriously threatened, our government calls upon us to rally to the "defense of democracy and civilization."

Our entrance into the European war was instigated by the predatory capitalists in the United States who boast of the enormous profit of seven billion dollars from the manufacture and sale of munitions and war supplies and from the exportation of American food stuffs and other necessaries. They are also deeply interested in the continuance of war and the success of the allied arms through their huge loans to the governments of the allied powers and through other commercial ties. It is the same interests which strive for imperialistic domination of the Western Hemisphere.

The war of the United States against Germany cannot be justified even on the plea that it is a war in defense of American rights or American "honor." Ruthless as the unrestricted submarine war policy of the German government was and is, it is not an invasion of the rights of the American people as such, but only an interference with the opportunity of certain groups of American capitalists to coin cold profits, out of the blood and sufferings of our fellow men in the warring countries of Europe.

It is not a war against the military regime of the Central Powers. Militarism can never be abolished by militarism.

It is not a war to advance the cause of democracy in Europe. Democracy can never be imposed upon any country by a foreign power by force of arms.

It is cant and hypocrisy to say that the war is not directed against the German people, but against the Imperial Government of Germany. If we send an armed force to the battle fields of Europe, its cannon will mow down the masses of the German people and not the Imperial German Government.

Our entrance into the European conflict at this time will serve only to multiply the horrors of the war, to increase the toll of death and destruction and to prolong the fiendish slaughter. It will bring death, suffering and destitution to the people of the United States, and particularly to the working class. It will give the powers of reaction in this country the pretext for an attempt to throttle our rights and to crush our democratic institutions, and to fasten upon this country a permanent militarism.

The working class of the United States has no quarrel with the working class of Germany or of any other country. The people of the United States have no quarrel with the people of Germany or of any other country. The American people did not want and do not want this war. They have not been consulted about the war and have no part in declaring war. They have been plunged into this war by the trickery and treachery of the ruling class of the country through its representatives in the National Administration and National Congress, its demagogic agitators, its subsidized press, and other servile instruments of public expression.

We brand the declaration of war by our government as a crime against the people of the United States and against the nations of the world.

In all modern history there has been no war more unjustifiable than the war in which we are about to engage.

No greater dishonor has ever been forced upon a people than that which the capitalist class is forcing upon this nation against its will.

Our Course of Action

In harmony with these principles, the Socialist Party emphatically rejects the proposal that in time of war the working class should suspend their struggle for better conditions. On the contrary, the acute situation created by war calls for an even more vigorous prosecution of the class struggle, and we recommend to the workers and pledge ourselves to the following course of action:

1. Continuous, active, and public opposition to the war, through demonstrations, mass petitions, and all other means within our power.

2. Unyielding opposition to all proposed legislations for military or industrial conscription. Should such conscription be forced upon the people, we pledge ourselves to continuous efforts for the repeal of such laws and to the support of all mass movements in opposition to conscription. We pledge ourselves to fight with all our strength against any attempt to raise money for the payment of war expenses by taxing the necessaries of life or issuing bonds, which will put the burden upon future generations. We demand that the capitalist class, which is responsible for the war, pay its cost. Let those who kindle the fire furnish the fuel.

3. Vigorous resistance to all reactionary measures, such as censorship of press and mails, restriction of the rights of free speech, assemblage, and organization, or compulsory arbitration and limitation of the right of strike.

4. Consistent propaganda against military training and militaristic teaching in the public schools.

5. Extension of the campaign of education among the workers to organize them into strong, class-conscious, and closely unified political and industrial organizations, to enable them by concerted and harmonious mass action to shorten this war and to establish lasting peace.

6. Wide-spread educational propaganda to enlighten the masses as to the true relation between capitalism and war, and to rouse and organize them for action, not only against present war evils, but for the prevention of future wars and for the destruction of the causes of war.

7. To protect the masses of the American people from the pressing danger of starvation which the war in Europe has brought upon them, and which the entry of the United States has already accentuated, we demand:

(a) The restriction of food exports so long as the present shortage continues, the fixing of maximum prices, and whatever measures may be necessary to prevent the food speculators from holding back the supplies now in their hands;

(b) The socialization and democratic management of the great industries concerned with the production, transportation, storage, and the marketing of food and other necessities of life;

(c) The socialization and democratic management of all land and other natural resources which is now held out of use for monopolistic or speculative profit.

These measures are presented as means of protecting the workers against the evil results of the present war. The danger of recurrence of war will exist as long as the capitalist system of industry remains in existence. The end of wars will come with the establishment of socialized industry and industrial democracy the world over. The Socialist Party calls upon all the workers to join it in a new struggle to reach this goal, and thus bring into the world a new society in which peace, fraternity, and human brotherhood will be the dominant ideals.

Recommendations

1. We recommend that the convention instruct our elected representatives in Congress, in the State Legislatures, and in local bodies, to vote against all proposed appropriations or loans for military, naval, and other war purposes.

2. We recommend that this convention instruct the National Executive Committee to extend and improve the propaganda among women, because they as housewives and as mothers are now particularly ready to accept our message.

3. We recommend that the convention instruct the National Executive Committee to initiate an organized movement of Socialists, organized workers, and other anti-war forces for concerted action along the lines of this program.

Three Years of Achievement

By Frank E. Wolfe

THREE years of history of the Llano del Rio community, even if written as a sketch briefly touching upon the events that were of the most importance at the hour, would require more space than could be found inside this magazine. Achievements have been many and continuous. They can be touched upon but briefly here.

Starting in May, 1914, with a plan that was only defined in the one idea—that of forming an initial group for the purpose of solving the problem of co-operative production of the necessities of life—the founders worked their way along and as the scheme unfolded the plans took more concrete form. True, the man who first thought of the community had plans of large dimensions. He had not nor could he have definite ideas as to details and development. To him and to many others the vision of the future was strong and many were the dreams that were dreamed. At first it was all a dream—land, water, labor, a community, houses, live stock, machinery and all. Then slowly the dream became a reality.

The first land was secured largely on faith. A few improved ranches came in on options that were held with small payments and promises based on hope of the future. Then that hope became strengthened by the response of comrades and options became purchases and a stronger grip was secured on the deeded land. Then land began to come in through trades and other channels. More and more land was added until the red spots on the Colony map widened, and as deeds were secured these spots took on a deeper hue. With the purchase of the Tilghman ranch was removed the serious obstacle of a contender for our water rights. We secured a splendid piece of property, with producing alfalfa fields and more important, the tunnel and the undisputed right to the dam site. Then came other land which was obtained by trades and transfers, until the Colony was secure with land sufficient to support several thousand persons. Water development and conservation through improvement of ditches and cobbled laterals, clearing and improving the tunnel and by other means extending the supply, was a contemporaneous transformation from dream to reality. These two vitally essential features of the enterprise have always been recognized as fundamental.

How much land has the Colony?

This question is frequently asked. Many times it comes from persons who have no conception of an acre of land and could not visualize 100 acres or give any adequate idea of what an immense tract of land 1,000 acres is. To give them a foundation, let us say that a section of land comprises 640 acres. This is a square mile. Get a line on that, then figure that the Colony now has under control about 9,000 acres and that it can secure more as rapidly as we want it, or can put it under cultivation. Of this land there are about 3,000 acres of titled land under deeds. The remainder is under tax titles and contracts. All is safe from interference. Land for purposes of extension is available at a reasonable rate. We have under cultivation inside the Colony about 1,400 acres. Besides this, we have under lease for the year's crops a number of ranches. We have labor contracts whereby we exchange service for fruit and other crops so that our year's product will not be limited by what land we have under cultivation. We are clearing land as rapidly as practicable, but this work can go forward only as rapidly as we can divert teams and men from the necessary work of planting, cultivation and harvesting. There is always need for more men and more teams and it requires much clever manipulation on the part of the assistant superintendent, the corral manager, the head farmer, and others, to keep the teams on the most needed work.

To the farmers the land is of the most paramount importance. The gardener has an argument which no one can meet. The cannery foreman can floor anyone who attempts to argue about the relative value of his department. "Say, don't you fellows want to eat next winter?" is an argument that makes the laundry foreman, the soapmaker, and even that important individual, the tanner, pause in any flight of oratory. The cannery man wins. So does the gardener, the berry man, the hog raiser, or anyone in the food production or conservation department. But it all goes back to the land as the source of life at Llano, as in every other part of the globe.

Llano will always have enough land. Negotiations are continually pending for more land and deals go through nearly every week on the basis of trades. Recently 1,300 acres came in in one week. This added three ranches to our cattle range and gave us a 100-inch well and a pump of that capacity.

We have every hope of securing two producing ranches that lie back in the foothills between the Colony lands and the mountains. These will also come in under trades and they will more that meet the Colony's growing demand for food and feed.

Equal in importance with the possession of land is the ownership and development of water.

It is unsafe for a layman to write about the conservation and development of water. For this reason the following facts and statements are taken from an article prepared by our engineer. They may be relied upon as being not only conservative but always inside figures and guarded statements.

Llano's water supply comes from four sources, namely, the surface flow of Big Rock Creek, storage, reservoir, and underground flows.

First: The natural surface flow of the Big Rock Creek, of which we are using a part at present. This water will easily irrigate 5,000 acres if properly handled. At the present time there are about 3,000 miners' inches of surface flow, later in the summer the flow decreases to about 500 inches.

Second: We have a reservoir and dam site. A dam 200 feet high will have a storage capacity of from 40,000 to 50,000 acre feet of storage water. Government reports show flood water enough from this watershed to be sufficient to fill this huge reservoir. However, the dam as planned at present will have a capacity of 5,600 acre feet. This amount of water is sufficient to irrigate at least 5,000 acres more of this land.

Third: The underground flow, of which we can only estimate at present. The flow from the old tunnel constructed some twenty-five years ago is 125 miners' inches. This flow has been increased forty miners' inches by cleaning out the tunnel to a distance of about 100 feet from where it enters the deep wash of Big Rock. This wash is composed of loose gravel indicating many hundreds of miners' inches of water; perhaps it may run into thousands of inches. We are still pushing the work ahead on the tunnel and expect to tap this wash forty feet below the surface of the creek bed as stated. One hundred and twenty miners' inches forces its way through gravel and mud a distance of probably one hundred feet and that alone tells us a vast quantity of water awaits us.

Those who contemplate joining us may rest assured as to the land and water problems. They await only development. The possibilities are almost unlimited. The conservation of water is reasonable, being under $25.00 per acre.

To the North, thirteen miles beyond the Lovejoy Buttes, the Colony owns a ranch where our range stock headquarters are now located. This lower part of the valley is a pumping proposition. On this ranch we have a well that furnishes 100 miners' inches, pumped with a fifty horse power gasoline engine.

"It is safe to say that the sources of water we have, can and will be developed to irrigate 50,000 acres of land," says this engineer. "Come and see for yourself—and judge for yourself. The United States Government has set aside 60,000 acres in this irrigation district. That means they say 60,000 can be irrigated from these water sources. We say 50,000 to be well under the United States government estimate."

Looking back over three years of endeavor in this valley, one is struck by the horizontal rise in achievement. If the co-operators had restricted themselves to one little line of development, a much greater showing might have been made in that particular department. This was not possible. This was a matter of clearing land, plowing, leveling, fencing, planting, attending crops, and harvesting. But while this was going on there were the other departments, each of great importance, coming forward with demands for labor, teams, machinery and appropriations. Horticultural activities could not be curtailed. Live stock had to be given attention. Then the numerous industries demanded a share in the resources necessary to development and expansion. The whole vast enterprise must come along with as even a front as possible —the rise horizontal.

The first live stock acquisition included about a dozen hogs. They were of indifferent type, with no breed or character. Since that time hundreds of hogs have passed the department. During the past year over $5,000 worth of pork has been distributed through the commissary and there are 200 hogs now in the department. This number will be reduced within a few days and then the increase will start upward toward the days of packing meat next fall. Great care will be taken in the meat producing and live stock department. No boarders will be permitted to winter. Each animal will pay its way—go to the range or go into smoked pork or corned beef.

Slowly it seems, but steadily, the herd of hogs has been changed in character from "scrubs" to pure bred stock. Blue ribbon Berkshires and Duroc-Jerseys are the sires of the rising generation of porkers. There are twenty-two registered brood sows of high pedigree among the Duroc-Jerseys and more are to be added at once. We have had exceptionally good fortune in having this department in the hands of a man of great ability and good business sense.

The Colony's dairy herd was started with 83 head brought from the Imperial Valley in January, 1915. Up to that time the few pioneers here had little milk and not much butter. The herd is gradually being merged over from Jerseys to Holsteins, but these two strains will long run equally strong.

There are about 200 cattle in the Colony's herd on the range. Here again good fortune attended the community in that it had a cattle man of experience to take charge. Not only is he a capital herder, but as a real, old-time, ideal cowboy he adds greatly to the picturesqueness of the scene. He is affable and a source of inspiration to the youth—a hero to the small boy of the Colony.

The range is excellent. The ranches with water in that part of the valley to the north are coming into the possession of the Colony. There the bunch-grass, knee high and plentiful, furnishes all-the-year-round grazing for our stock. We want to run this herd up to several thousand head and that is a part of our plans. The dream here takes form as we go forward. We must have this herd because we shall need the meat and the hides.

The need of the hides will become apparent when we say we have a tannery and a shoe factory, a harness shop and a great need of leather for varied purposes.

The leather thus far tanned is of excellent quality. The shoe factory will turn out good shoes both for dress and for work purposes. Both these departments are in the hands of masters of their crafts.

Starting in three years ago without detailed plans, the process of evolution has carried us forward until we have sixty-six departments operating under managers and division managers.

These departments report to assistant superintendeuts who have charge of the two general branches of the enterprise—the agricultural and the mechanical.

Under the former comes all things that pertain to the general business of farming on a large scale. Under the latter the industrial side of the undertaking.

Without regard to the division, the following is a list of the subdivisions where workers report to the time keeper: Administration, agriculture, agricultural implements and tools, alfalfa, architect and survey, art studio, bakery, barber shop, bees, building, cabinet shop and planing mill, cannery, cleaning and pressing suits; clearing, fencing and grading; creamery, dairy, fish hatchery, general garden, general store (commissary), grain (corn, barley, rye and wheat), hay and grain, hogs, horses and teaming, horticulture, Llano hotel, Tilghman hotel, Mescal hotel, Lime kiln hotel, Logging camp hotel, Fish hatchery hotel, irrigation, irrigation construction and development, irrigation district work, jeweler, laundry, log road and logging, lime kiln, library, mechanical store, machine shop, medical, Mescal ranch, Montessori school, membership, overalls and shirts, poultry, printing, publishing, post office, rabbits, range herd, rug shop, saw mill, sanitation, shoe shop, Sierra Madre colony, social service, soap factory, stage line, tannery, Hart-Parr tractor, Best caterpillar tractor, large steam tractor, small steam tractor, transportation, tinshop, plumbing and stoves, wood department.

There is a growing tendency toward more and more independence in the management of departments. As men in charge of these departments demonstrate their ability they are given greater power and their advice is always carefully considered in business transactions in connection with their work.

The planting of gardens and crops this year has been planned, and in part carried out, with a view to producing especially for the needs of the colonists should there be a continued rise in the cost of living and a greater scarcity of food supply.

There are four acres in strawberries, which will be producing berries by May 5. Last year the Colony had all the sunberries it could use. In fact, considerable of this delicious fruit went to waste. This will not be allowed to occur again.

Thirty acres are being planted to beans. This is outside the "kitchen garden." Eight acres are also prepared for peanuts.

There are twenty acres planted to potatoes. The Baldwin fourteen acres in potatoes are in fine condition and the first crop will be taken in the early part of June, when a second crop will be planted. The seven acres on the Young place

Llano's first dairy. The lady shown here has been joined by many of her kind.

are making splendid progress. Plans are made to greatly extend potato planting.

Forty acres are planted to sugar cane, and this may be extended. A great variety of vegetables will be produced.

Steadily the Colony pushes forward in all directions. The rounding out of the third year of its existence shows remarkable progress and development. Extension of land holdings goes on from month to month and the policy of taking over land free and clear of debt is as closely followed as practicable.

The Colony acquires machinery in much the same manner by trades and issues of stock. This enables us to increase the assets without incurring obligation.

During the first weeks of May, according to predictions that are virtually promises, the lumber department will be bringing logs down from the timber land, and the sawmill will start cutting lumber for the Colony.

Plans of the building department contemplate the completion of the new dormitory, hospital, cannery, printshop, tannery, office extension, apiary department, and new cow camp. A new public kitchen and dining room will follow.

The dormitory will be 130 by 36 feet and will contain twenty-five rooms. It should be completed by the latter part of May.

The stone is on the spot where the hospital is to be erected. This is a pleasant location in the almond grove, where it is quiet and the surroundings are ideal.

There is great need for new housing for the printery. This important department is operated under great difficulties owing to crowded conditions where linotype, folder, cutter, presses, and other machinery are crowded into extremely cramped quarters. Highly skilled and efficient workers have to resort to many makeshifts to enable them to keep the publications moving.

The laundry is in a similar situation and the industry is scattered. This will be remedied by the erection of a separate building where all branches, including the soap making plant, will be housed.

The cannery will take possession of the entire building, of which it now occupies but one-fourth. In addition to this, storage room will be provided.

It is expected that by midsummer the woodworking department will have an abundance of material on hand and the Colony spared any further burden in the matter.

The Colony has in its own trout hatchery one of the most valuable branches of the entire enterprise. The manager of this department is building solidly. Six concrete tanks have just been completed for the young trout. This is the substantial permanent construction which will characterize the development of this interesting division. Two of the pools are completed, although pool No. 2 awaits lining. Several hundred of the breeding trout have been placed in smaller tanks pending improvement of pool No. 1.

This season's hatch of rainbow trout is several weeks out of the egg, and the little fellows are strong and vigorous. When they are large enough to take from the hatching trough they will be put into tanks constructed for that purpose.

Several thousand will go into each tank and there they will remain through their fingerling days and up to the day of their removal to the larger lakes. It is planned to build twelve or more lakes in terraces down the beautiful valley when this industry can be developed to a point of several hundred thousand trout.

These are the rainbow trout (salmon irridius) and are not only the most beautiful and gamey but the best pan fish native to Western waters. It is planned to put in a fall spawning of Eastern brook trout. This will depend on the completion of the new hatchery building. The material for this building is on the spot and only awaits the stone masons. Though much necessary and just as important construction is waiting all over the ranch it is confidently expected that the pools for the hatchery will be completed in time to allow for the fall activities at the hatchery.

This is but a portion of the history of Llano recited especially for this Anniversary Number. As much more could be written and then scarcely touch the subject. Llano's history is already a complex fabric, and it is known in its entirety to no man. But its development is now the thing of prime importance and the foregoing sketch should prove convincingly that Llano has progressed more rapidly and substantially than even the most optimistic had a right to hope or expect.

In addition to the Llano dairy herd, many more will be brought in from the ranges within a short time.

Was Schmidt Guilty?

["Was Schmidt Guilty?" is the name the WESTERN COMRADE has given to the address made by Comrade Job Harriman before the jury at the conclusion of the trial of Matt Schmidt on the charge of dynamiting the Times Building. Schmidt has just been sent to the penitentiary after having been in the Los Angeles jail for about two years, to serve a life sentence. The COMRADE will run one instalment each month of this extraordinary document. It is the intention to eventually publish it in book form.]

GENTLEMEN: You have been told by the assistant prosecuting attorney that he prosecuted this case because he was sincere in the belief that the defendant is guilty and because it was his duty as a citizen to the state, and his divine duty to God! We shall see later how sincere he is as a citizen and with what divine conscience he urges his cause.

As for myself, I want to meet you as man meets man in a common effort to solve a serious problem. We are only men and nothing more. We are confronted with a solemn obligation; let us face it in a plain, straightforward and humble manner. Let us make no profession of our divine duties or inspirations, and we shall come far nearer the truth than if we are blinded with imaginary duties and influences. Our minds must remain open and receptive to the last, and you must go into the jury room without previously making up your minds on the issues at the bar.

The real issue involved in this case is the struggle between the United States Steel Trust and the International Bridge and Structural Iron Workers. The defendant, Schmidt, is only an incident in the fight. The prosecution had as well face this fact without further equivocation. Their effort to conceal the struggle for dollars by the Steel Trust and the Erectors' Association, and the struggle for their lives by the union men, is futile and without avail. Nor yet is this prosecution conducted for the purpose of convicting certain men of a certain crime, but rather for the purpose of destroying the labor organizations, the only power that stands between the Erectors' Association and the gratification of their greed.

For many weeks you have been held here in this jury box and compelled to listen to the reading of hundreds of letters, scores of magazine articles, and untold numbers of signatures in hotel registers in various cities, all to the end that they might convince you of a nation-wide conspiracy to destroy property and that they might cast the odium of it upon the American labor movement. They have labored in vain for many weeks to make it appear that the lockout in Los Angeles during the year of 1910 was directly connected with the war between the Steel Trust and the International Bridge and Structural Iron Workers.

Without an understanding of the struggle between these two powers you will be confused by the testimony and you cannot intelligently proceed to a verdict in this case.

For years prior to 1906 the Structural Iron Workers had been striving to better their condition. Ten hours a day was the sentence pronounced upon them. The dangers of this most dangerous occupation became even more perilous toward the end of the long hours, when the body and nerve weakened under the heavy burden and on the dizzy heights. One by one they lost their balance and plunged headlong into the grave below. The death roll became appalling. The guardian angel was never present. They fell from cathedrals and banks, from blocks and towers alike, whether they were building for God or for Mammon. The only voices they heard was the demand for long hours, low wages, hard work, and this came from the iron jaws of the Steel Trust. Their homes were poorly furnished, their children indifferently educated, their wives were clothed in calico and cheapest cotton, they went to their work shivering and insufficiently clad. Why should they not struggle to better their condition? Are we not all in the same struggle? Are you not struggling, at your trades, on your ranches and in your business callings, to better your condition? And shall these men be forbidden the common heritage? Shall they sink, sink, sink, into a state unfit for a slave?

And tell me for what was the Steel Trust struggling? Was it for food and raiment with which to feed their loved ones at home? Far from it. Their tables were laden with silver, filled with milk and honey and sweetmeats; their homes were palaces adorned with rugs, and ebony and gold tapestry, while their families were robed in silks and satins and bedecked with diamonds, and the doors of the greatest colleges of the land were open to their children.

No! No! The owners of the Steel Trust were not struggling to earn comforts for their families, but they were struggling for larger profits, more power, with which to enforce low wages and long hours and to gorge their greed.

Again I ask, why should not these iron workers fight for food and raiment, fight for their wives, their little ones, and their homes?

No one knows or ever will know the suffering and privation these men endured during the long years of this terrible labor war. On the one hand stood the billion-dollar Steel Trust. On the other stood thousands of men bound together by their mutual interests, their necessities and their affections. The means of warfare was the lockout and the boycott employed by the trust. And the strike was employed by the men.

A number of large erection and construction companies dependent upon and working with the Steel Trust were organized and operating in all the large cities of the land. So long as these companies worked independently the efforts of the iron workers were crowned with some degree of success. The measure of success with which they met inspired in them a confidence in their power and a hope of better days and rallied them all into a solid phalanx, determined to reduce their working hours and to increase their wages. They were the attacking force. They must force their wages up or forever live like slaves. Every increase of wages increased their power. Every hour cut off increased their hope. And every increase of power and hope added numbers to their ranks to help them fight their winning battle.

As the years rolled by the bitter war went on, with working hours decreasing and wages increasing, until the year 1906. In the early part of that year the United States Steel Trust, the great American Octopus, stretched out its terrible arms and gathered together all the steel erection and construction companies in the United States and forced upon them a penalty of "no submission, no steel," to refuse to deal directly or indirectly with the International Bridge and Iron Workers' Union. You will remember that Mr. R. D. Jones from Utah, witness for the state, testified in effect that his company was forced to run an open shop—that the Steel Trust would not sell them steel unless that condition was strictly complied with.

By means of the resolution adopted in 1906 these companies were formed into an association. Among other things the

resolution provided that no member of the association should recognize or deal with any union; that all losses sustained by reason of such refusal on the part of the company would be borne by the association.

This policy, if carried out, meant the ruin of the Iron Workers' Union. What chance would a poor, helpless man have without the support of an organization when confronted with such a power? In such a case there can be no agreement. The man can only submit; he does not consent. The minds do not meet. There is not a single element of an agreement present in such a transaction. There is rebellion in his mind, ever present, when he submits and goes to work. Why does he not quit? Why does not the cry for bread of his hungry children cease ringing in his ear? Necessity knows no law. It drives him on into a dark and helpless future.

It may be that, during some time in your lives, some of you men have been members of unions. If so, you fully realize that the union is the only power that prevents wages from being reduced to the point upon which men can barely subsist—that those who do not belong to the union, as well as the union men, reap the benefit of the higher rate established by the efforts of the organizations.

Again I say that if the policy of the open shop were universally adopted the union, with all the advantages it has delivered to the worker, would pass away. Every applicant for work would receive the same answer: "We are paying two dollars to two twenty-five for a ten-hour work day; no extra for overtime. Plenty of takers! Want the job?" The helpless man would bow his neck to the yoke and go to work. Overtime was eagerly sought, not because these workers strove to lay up money, but because ten hours at two dollars or two twenty-five is not sufficient to provide the family with the necessities of life. Long hours and low pay were, therefore, the rule when the struggle of the iron workers began in the East, as well as in the city of Los Angeles, in the year of 1910 before the lockout occurred.

WOOLWINE—That is not according to the evidence.

HARRIMAN—Oh. yes, it is. Turn to Mr. Grow's evidence, Mr. McKenzie, and read it to him.

McKENZIE—(Reading from manuscript) "The wage for structural work here was 22½ cents an hour and no extra pay for overtime."

HARRIMAN—Are you satisfied, Mr. Woolwine?

WOOLWINE—Beg your pardon for interrupting.

HARRIMAN—Your pardon is granted and your memory resuscitated.

Ten hours' work for two dollars and twenty-five cents. Would you, though already exhausted, have worked overtime if the welfare of your family had been at stake? Knowing the dangers to life and limb at great heights, especially when the body and nerves are already strained with overwork, would you have added hours to cover the deficits at home? And do I hear you say no? Then what would you have done? Quit the job? Ah! listen! The cry of little children comes from your home. What would you do? You would do the only thing left to do—you would join with your fellows and strike for better wages and shorter hours.

The issue of wages and hours is the point at which the line of every great industrial battle is drawn. The hosts seeking profits are arrayed on the one side of the wages and hours line, and the hosts of breadwinners on the other. In this great industrial battle in the East, the Steel Trust, together with the Erectors' Association, was struggling to force the wages down and the hours up, while the union men were endeavoring to force the hours down and the wages up. This is the line of battle and the prosecution may as well face the fact. Equivocation will not avail them. This prosecution is not conducted, as they would lead you to believe, for the purpose of convicting a few so-called conspirators. This prosecution is conducted for the purpose of undermining the labor movement of America.

Two dollars and a quarter a day and nothing extra for overtime, is the demand of the Steel Trust! What answer could the individual make to this demand? It is the demand of the powerful master to the slave. If he refuses to work the master lays on the lash of hunger and turns the wolves loose to howl at his door.

You men of the jury must admit that the labor unions are the only power that stands between the weak and helpless individual and the billion-dollar Steel Trust, together with the powerful Erectors' Association. Disband the labor organizations or conduct the open shop, which is the equivalent, and you open the way for greed to afflict this country with a terrible disaster— a disaster so far-reaching and so searching that it ferrets out and grips every man who lives by the sweat of his brow—a disaster that means poverty, and ignorance, and corruption, and despair.

Yet the Steel Trust commanded the steel erecting and constructing companies of the United States to pass and enforce with all their power a resolution—that is, to enter into and force a mutual agreement—that they, or any one of them, would not deal, directly or indirectly, with the labor union; that they would only hire men as they came; that, in so far as they were concerned, there should be no labor union; and that there should be no organized power to fight to better working conditions. Only the individual man, standing alone, shall have the privilege of selling himself at whatever price those who wish to buy shall place upon him. His poverty and degradation shall be measured by the greed of the powerful, and the luxuries of the powerful shall be limited only by their temptations.

That this is the ripe fruit of an open-shop system there can be no doubt.

That the destruction of the labor unions and the establishment of the open shop is the purpose of this prosecution, and not the prosecution of a few so-called conspirators, there can be no question. Time and time again it was testified upon this stand by members of the Erectors' Association that they would not deal with labor organizations; that they all ran an open shop; that they would not even negotiate nor confer with labor organizations; that they had not dealt with labor organizations since 1906; and that since the year 1906 they only hired and dealt with laborers individually.

Notwithstanding the long and bitter struggle previous to this strike, there was never any violence commited until after this soulless resolution was passed in 1906—no violence until the greedy corporations endeavored to deal the death blow to the International Bridge and Structural Iron Workers.

True, there was a little testimony concerning one or two instances, but that testimony was wholly unworthy of belief or consideration. It flowed from the perjured lips of felons like the poisonous fumes of hell.

There were four of these felons employed or in some way bribed or induced by the state to testify for the prosecution. There was Dugan of Indianapolis, Davis of Massachusetts, Clark of Cincinnati, and McManigal. These principal witnesses for the state were all guilty of capital crimes, each endeavoring to perjure this defendant's life away for his own liberty.

(To be continued next month)

Triumph of Theory Over Practice

By Cameron H. King

THE Emergency National Convention was held under extraordinary circumstances and worked under an especial tension. It is therefore partly to be excused for its failures. But at the same time it exhibited the faults of the Socialist Party organization behind it. Of oratorical talent there was plenty. Of theoretical discrimination there was a surfeit. Of political insight, of constructive capacity, there was a lamentable deficiency.

Since the beginning of the European war there has raged among Socialist Party theoreticians a terrible controversy as to the relative importance of the economic, political, diplomatic and dynastic causes of the war. These theorists, numbering in their ranks our most prominent comrades, came to the convention imbued with the idea that its most important business was to decide by majority vote which group was scentifically correct. So, immediately upon arriving in St. Louis, they dug trenches and began assailing each other with conversational gas attacks and oratorical curtain fire. As an inevitable result the delegates' attention was practically confined to the discussion of such questions as "Have the workers a country?" and "Shall we oppose all wars, offensive and defensive, now and forever, world without end, Amen?" Much learning and acuteness, also some ignorance and stupidity, were displayed in the debate on these burning theoretical questions. But it submerged almost completely the practical political situation, the emergency that still confronts us, which is, "Here is war! What are you going to do about it?"

The delegates took the attitude of endeavoring to prove to the party membership that they were "Scientific Socialists," rather than the attitude of workingmen trying to build a political organization for the protection and advancement of their class interests. "This is the right theory. This is scientific," was the burden of most speeches. Those who argued "This is politically expedient. This will gather the biggest working class political force," spoke an unknown tongue. So far as they were understood, they were misunderstood and damned for opportunistic heretics who would sacrifice principle for mere politics.

And yet the real problem was not the production of a scholarly essay on war, but the organization of the opposition to war and conscription, the detailing of a program of constructive work to alleviate the misery and suffering resulting from military operations and to organize the food and other supplies for the protection of the civil population. The weakness of the convention declaration lies not merely in its preliminary essay, which is good in the main, but in a program that is essentially negative. The failure of the convention was that it gave practically no time to considering the methods and program of action in this crisis, but it devoted three days to considering theories about how the crisis arose. Surely the heights of political incapacity are not far away from the convention plateau.

In dealing with the recommendation of the committee on constitution to liberalize the "penal code" of the party which now prohibits members choosing a liberal in preference to a reactionary where there is no Socialist candidate, the same domination of theory, pure and simple, was demonstrated. Practically every state that has had experience with non-partisan and second election laws finds that its members, in large numbers, refuse to be disfranchised when the Socialist candidates fail to get by the primary. In hundreds of instances issues of local importance remain to be determined after the party candidate is eliminated. In some cases vital battles in the great class struggle put the Socialist candidate in the anomalous position of dividing the working class vote and throwing the election to the arch-representative of the capitalists. Facts were told to the theorists who dominated the convention, but they smothered those facts with the phrase "that all other parties and candidates are necessarily capitalist parties and candidates and there is nothing to choose between them." They voted to retain the penal code in all its rigor, despite the appeals made by such comrades as our National Secretary Adolf Germer, Jos. Cannon, Dan Hogan of Arkansas, Anna Maley, John C. Kennedy and George Goebel. But they don't really mean it. They were challenged to expel those who had violated their blue laws, but refused to take up the challenge. In truth, the facts dazed them and, while not ready to enforce their criminal statutes, they are hanging on to them until their vision clears again and they can decide what change really must be made.

This review of the convention may seem severe. But the situation is not hopeless. There was a tremendous devotion, a splendid enthusiasm and earnestness in the membership of the convention. Their real fault is in the position which they have permitted to grow up around them. They have been cut off from the daily contact with the work of the organized working class in a large measure. They have not had constantly to test theories in the crucible of practical action. If the movement can be brought down and safely rooted in the facts of economic and political life the talents of the comrades at St. Louis will go far toward creating an irresistible and a fundamentally revolutionary force in American life.

—o—

Five and Fifty

If fifty men did all the work
  And gave the price to five,
And let those five make all the rules—
You'd say the fifty men were fools,
  Unfit to be alive.

And if you heard complaining cries
  From fifty brawny men,
Blaming the five for graft and greed,
Injustice, cruelty indeed—
  What would you call them then?

Not by their own superior force
  Do five on fifty live,
But by election and assent,
And privilege and government—
  Powers that the fifty give.

If fifty men are really fools,
  And five have all the brains,
The five must rule as now we find;
But if the fifty have the mind—
  Why don't they take the reins?

—The Forerunner.

Radicals or Fetish-Worshippers

By D. Bobspa

BIRTH, growth and death—ths inevitable law of all nature—applies with relentless and unvarying force. Organizations are not exempt from its workings.

From protista to primate, from atomic to astral, from individual to social, the law operates impartially.

The radical, whose belief was born of science, at times seems to forget the workings of its impersonal parent.

Organization is essential to progress. Yet every help becomes a hindrance when misapplied or when a newer tool is required. We tend to worship organization more than progress. Humanity ever has created masters instead of servants. Indeed, the pathway to democracy is strewn with golden calves and misspent generations in the wilderness of serving institutions created by the people.

By this we see the same state of barbarism as of old today marks the condition of mankind. The barbarian is essentially a fetish-worshipper. While in every age the esoteric circle broke through the darkness of form into the liberty of the truth portrayed in the form, the masses have bowed—and do still—along with most of their "practical" leaders, before fetishes.

Yes, we are a race of fetish-worshippers. Laugh not at the man who carries a potato in his pocket to ward off rheumatism or at our darker brother who sees in the left posterior appendage of Brer' Rabbit a propitious omen.

Radicals, "advanced and serious thinkers" in general, no longer worship state constitutions and potentates. Religious dogmas they question, and topple from their lofty pedestals the enshrined heroes of exploitation and oppression. Yet many have made but this one step. The worship has been transferred merely to different idols.

Does your organization serve you, or do you serve your organization?

Are you still the fetish worshipper, bowing in slavery to your own faiths, philosophical systems, party constitutions, ballots, and such "scraps of paper," attaching a superstitious and unwarranted importance to these? Or are you employing these useful and necessary tools AS TOOLS for the construction of a world-wide democracy of co-operation?

Let us look for a moment at the meaning of the act when any group of individuals organize for the advancement of society. Human society has moved forward with much the same movement as an amœba. This one-celled animal responds to its economic environment by pushing out finger-like processes from any part of its body to surround whatever food lies closest in its microcosm.

Society, too, has advanced irregularly through the leadership of little minorities—thinkers who pushed out from the mediocre majority to surround some tiny morsel in the infinite ocean of truth. In this "absorbing" pursuit too many find satiety and insist that their tiny mote of truth is the open sesame to the portals of emancipation.

Every organization contains within itself an inherent tendency to become static, whereas society is ever dynamic. Here is the source of much of the difficulty of social effort.

Even as we grasp (relatively) truth in the light of today's experience, new events demand a readjustment of our estimates—a readjustment which creeds, constitutions and organizations make difficult.

I see an evil in social alignment. By uniting with similarly sighted individuals, a machine—a tool—is formed through which to propagate the light and lead to further light. We have taken a cross section of the stream of evolution, studied it and examined many details in the laboratory of our own organization—forgetting all the while that the stream flows ever onward, gathering strength and meaning on the way.

In consternation we cry out for evolution to work itself out in accordance with our particular plans. We want evolution to work with us instead of reversing the process. We tend to forget that "the bird of time is on the wing." With various brands of radical salt we set out to decorate the tail of the fleeing social bird.

Organization from the earliest development of mankind has tended, after the first warm enthusiasm, to attach importance to itself per se—to rest on the laurels of past achievement. The members tend to drop the scientific attitude for the orthodox. Within human limitations no other fate is possible for an organization. The movement is ever forward. The organization, after the highwater mark of achievement, is ever backward.

Death—new births—death—birth. The cycle goes ever round so far as individuals are concerned. The individual

Lots of willing workers at the Industrial School. Note the teamster, showing equality of sexes as well as equal suffrage at Llano. They will have lots to do with harvesting the garden produce this summer.

One of the new tractors bringing in lumber and cement. Both of the trailers were built at Llano. The engine is now being used on the road built to the timber in the mountains south of the Colony.

dies; the species is perpetuated through the ages. Aeons see the species disappear; life continues. The single organization exists only to advance the ever-upward movement of society.

Nor is one cause alone the corner-stone of evolution.

Countless forces act, interact and react in the ramifying maze of our social fabric. The resultant force is the measure of human development.

The rationalist has been designated as one "who is religiously irreligious." Other brands of radicalism tend likewise to adopt a faith to prove, living in the glories of the fathers of their movements, forgetting the spirit of these old leaders. So do members of other groups of people. It is a natural and (seemingly) inevitable working of psychological laws.

Any radical group in its youthful days begins work on a new social fabric. About the time they get the foundation laid the builders begin to pay more attention to the variety of bricks than to the nature of the structure. They also see others employed on the job under the inspiration of different philosophical fathers. Instead of all laboring together, there is a tendency—attributable to worship of the fetish of "MY" organization as an end in life—for each group to build about themselves a great wall, windowless and doorless, defying any others to enter. So, instead of a great social structure, built by divers workers, there is danger of a large nnmber of these one-room prisons of progress.

I say this is a danger. Perhaps I should say it is a hindrance. For there are always rebels among rebels who are ready to grasp the red flag of the revolution from its resting place to carry it forward.

Come-outism is the saving ferment of radicalism, rescuing it from the stagnation of static organization.

Hosea and the ancient prophets illustrate the point. These rebels thundered against the ecclesiastical and political exploiters of their day. Their followers of other generations worshipped them, but forgot their spirit of revolt.

So, today, we hear much of Jeffersonian democracy, Marxian Socialism, Georgian philosophy, etc., but see all too little of the scientific spirit and independent attitude of the founders of these systems.

When The Great Adventure was launched in California to restore the land to the people there were authoritarians in the ranks of the Socialist Party and the Single Tax groups who objected because they felt the methods and some of the phases of the proposed law were not quite up to the orthodox Marxian and Georgian standards.

There were come-outers in each organization and in other groups and among the free-lances and the masses when the message reached them. They swept the foggyism of dying worshippers aside,

Conservatism is the price we must pay for any set form. Growth means change. Constitutions, forms, and rules, while essential—or at least often convenient—are to some degree hindering forces. At the best they should be elastic and relative, not binding—made for use and not for their own sake. There is nothing sacred in form and method. Results alone count.

Radicalism needs a careful, critical self-examination today. We see the prominent groups standing pat in large measure, while individuals within are breaking over the barrers to unite, as in the Great Adventure and the International Workers' Defense Leagues functioning over the nation.

Do not overlook the fact that these men and women are functioning in new groups as individuals and not as representatives of the old groups. These older organizations must emerge from the philosophies of the past into the actuality of the present if they are to continue to function as revolutionary movements.

Why worry if they do not so long as those within them are active? Let us cease to be fetish-worshippers. Let us cease to worry over any particular organization or group. The important matter is that there shall be organized effort. Let us not forget the end through adoration of the means.

There is scant place in radicalism for the doctrinaire, the lover of constitutions and fixed authority, the over-organized, the orthodox, the timid, the imitator, the "practical" man. The hope lies in the rebel, the come-outer, the dreamer, the inspired lunatic, who plunges into the great adventures of revolution free and untrammeled bv creeds, constitutions and by-laws of his own or any others' making.

[Comrade Bobspa is quite well known to the readers of radical publications from his book reviews. The Western Comrade is glad to announce that the book reviews will be among the good things the Comrade will be able to offer its readers. Page 23 carries Bobspa's first contribution.]

Llano del Rio Colony Adds

ONE of the most important land transactions in the history of the Llano del Rio Colony was finished late in April when Comrade Harriman, as president of the Llano del Rio Company, signed the necessary papers which transferred to the Colony's holdings 2750 acres of land in the southwestern portion of the San Joaquin Valley. The land is a few miles from Wasco, about thirty miles from Bakersfield, and is agricultural land.

This is the first large tract acquired not contiguous or nearly contiguous to the original holdings in the Big Rock Irrigation District. With the acquisition of this land, the Llano del Rio Colony will be able to make its first step in the plan to develop lands in districts where products can be raised that can not be profitably grown in Llano.

The land is rich and productive. This district has lagged behind most of the San Joaquin Valley in agricultural development, having been held in large tracts used mainly as cattle ranges. It lies within the semi-tropic belt, and is excellent for such fruits as grapes, olives, figs, with the possibility that lemons and oranges may be grown here to advantage. Alfalfa also produces heavily.

The new land undoubtedly lies within the oil belt of Central California, and as soon as arrangements can be made, drilling for oil will commence. An experimental well was started on this property several years ago, but capital was insufficient and it was abandoned. However, it was sunk far enough so that gas was struck, and for some time engines were operated with this convenient fuel.

Another well on the Kern lands developed hot water, offering some special possibilities of commercialization along the lines of establishing a sanitarium. This is an artesian well and gives a good flow. Irrigation in this district is by means of wells. Sixteen wells are already drilled on the new Colony holdings. Work will commence just as soon as it can be arranged, and the task of developing the big ranch will be hurried as rapidly as is practicable.

Of course, no definite plans have been made for cropping the new ranch, as the final details of the big transaction were finished but a few days ago. However, as this is one of the finest fruit districts of California, it has been suggested that a great vineyard be set out. Since the grape growers of California have become organized co-operatively, this has become a well-stabilized business and offers better opportunities than almost any other field.

Peaches, apricots, prunes, plums, figs, olives, also do well in this district, and large acreages of them will probably be put out as soon as possible. As a pear, apple, and cherry district it does not offer any possibilities, but the Antelope Valley holdings of the Colony are of the very best for this purpose.

The new land is about seven hours' travel by automobile from Llano, with excellent road most of the way. The intention is to establish a camp there where men and horses may be housed, and then to farm it

How We Live a

WHAT does it cost to live at Llano?

How do your prices compare with those at other places?

How is the high cost of living affecting the comrades at the Colony?

What effect will the war have upon the Llano Community and the cost of living there?

These are a few of the questions that pour in daily from interested comrades all over the country.

Our answer frequently has been a general statement that we buy at the lowest wholesale prices and sell to ourselves at cost plus freight; that we do not overcharge or exploit ourselves; that we arrive at the cost of our own products and sell to ourselves at the lowest price and that we have the human trait of wanting to be kind to ourselves.

In considering the comparative cost of living at Llano with that of the outside, we should not overlook the item of rent. Just deduct that item from the living cost — if you live at Llano.

Then eliminate the cost of social service. What's that? Well, your doctor's bill, the nurse's bill, the dentist's bill, the cost of social amusements, education and incidental cost of social life. All this comes under social service and is free.

Then you pay water rates. Cut that item off. You may not have hot and cold running water in your sink, but you will have no monthly water bill nor will you have it even when it comes piped in the new permanent houses.

There are no telephones in the private houses, though we have excellent service to the outside. No telephone bill.

At present the illumination is by kerosene or gasoline lamps. Electricity is used in the machine shop on night shifts and at the dances and entertainments. We have, of course, no gas or electric light bills. Taxes on all property owned by the corporation are looked after by the officials and no trouble ever comes to the colonist from this source. Officials of the corporation work most harmoniously with the county, state and national officials.

Under the general heading of social service come all amusements, sports, pastimes, dances, and entertainments. These, with all educational facilities, are free.

Now we will grow more specific. In giving figures showing prices of some commodities in the "outside world," we take Chicago prices because it is the greatest food supply city in the world and because prices are lower there than in most parts of the country. Even these prices are conservative because the prices are higher in the wealthier parts of the city and in those parts where the very poor live and buy in small quantities.

Llano products are pure and put up for home consumption. Our butter is unexcelled because,

Table of Comparat

	Chica Ap.	Chic Ap.
Butter	$0.3	$0.5
Eggs	.1	.4
Flour	7.0	14.0
Gran. Sugar	.5½	.1
Rice	.6	.1
Prunes	.0	.1
Cornmeal	2½	.0
Oatmeal		.0
Starch		.0
Beans, Navy		.2
Beans, Lima		.2
Peas, Dried		.1
Barley		.1
Matches		.2
Kraut		.2
Can. Tomatoes		.2
Can. Corn		.1
Salmon		.3
Sardines		.0
Lard		.2
Bacon		.3
Pork chops		.3
Beef steak		.3
Mutton chops		.3
Fresh trout		.3
Cabbage		.1
Onions		.1
Rhubarb		.1
Spinach		.2

2750 Acres to Its Holdings

Llano

By Frank E. Wolfe

s an outside storekeeper once said, we "don't know how to cheat." The table on this page gives the cost of products at Chicago in April, 1916, April, 1917, anl in Llano in 1917.

In Chicago soap is 25 per cent higher, all cereals are 50 per cent higher. No quotations are given on vinegar, cider, or honey. Our present prices are: Cider 40c a gallon, vinegar 40c a gallon. Honey at Llano is quoted at: Comb honey 15c, extracted honey 7½c, and this is the highest quality pure sage honey. These are pure Llano products. We will have twenty tons of honey this season. That cuts down the sugar bill for Llanoites.

How do the prices at your grocery compare with those at Llano?

We will have over 120 acres in garden and we will keep it coming. Our winter garden will be extended. Our potatoes are coming fine. We will have a greatly increased supply of fruit and in larger variety. We are preparing to enlarge our cannery. We are fortifying and entrenching.

We are preparing for the future. The war situation changed our plans in only one way; it made us come to a quick decision to produce more food and more feed. We may be forced to other adjustments, but in no other place can the people make as quick an adjustment as at Llano. An hour's notice—less, at certain times—is sufficient to bring the demanded action.

Comparative Prices

Chicago Ap.'17	Llano Ap.'17	Your Grocer
$0.53	$0.35	..... ?
.42	.—	..... ?
14.00	10.50	..... ?
.11	.10	..... ?
.10	.06	..... ?
.15	.—	..... ?
.05	.04½	..... ?
.07	.04½	..... ?
.07	.06	..... ?
.20	.12½	..... ?
.20	.—	..... ?
.15	.10	..... ?
.12	.06½	..... ?
.25	.12	..... ?
.25	.—	..... ?
.20	.15	..... ?
.18	.—	..... ?
.30	.10	..... ?
.08	.05	..... ?
.27	.—	..... ?
.35	.30	..... ?
.30	.10	..... ?
.35	.10	..... ?
.35	.—	..... ?
.30	.—	..... ?
.15	.02	..... ?
.15	.02½	..... ?
.10	.02	..... ?
.25	.—	..... ?

At the General Assembly April 18th a motion was made that Llano set the clock ahead one hour. Then came quick discussion, speeches were short, pointed, but always constructive. Objections were trivial, almost humorous. "We will use the sunlight." "We will beat the Western hemisphere by advancing to the European point of efficiency." "We will add an hour to our day, and use it for education, amusement, recreation and 'joy of life.'" These were the arguments and they prevailed. The vote was virtually unanimous.

"When will we set the clock?" "Will it be next Saturday or Monday?" These questions were met with a rather startling shout from all over the hall: "No, no! Do it now!" That settled it. The affirmative vote was by acclamation and Comrade L. H. Miller, the Dean of the Colony, whose flowing beard and snowy hair made a picture of Father Time, set the clock ahead. This brought a brief, solemn speech from the ubiquitous wag that "the hour grows late and we should adjourn."

Llano acts in concert. The spirit of solidarity grows. Whether the question be food supply or be it any emergency, we can act within an hour. The efficiency commission has wrought wonders in a few weeks. Departments are co-ordinating more.

Food prices and regulations will be watched with great care. Economy and system govern the commissary. Every department manager is striving his utmost.

How does this compare with your hodge-podge out there in the cut-throat competition?

as huge ranches are usually farmed, with a competent superintendent in charge. No attempt will be made to found a city there. It will be purely a subsidiary of the Llano Colony, owned and controlled by it. Men will be shifted back and forth as they are required.

Many visitors, and even many residents, have failed to grasp the bigness of the Llano plan. They have failed to see further than just what is here at Llano. They have mistaken the plans of the Llano organization as being confined to this particular spot.

But Llano is merely the beginning. It is the demonstration spot. It is the place the colonists have selected to begin showing what co-operation can achieve. It is expected that many thousands of acres of Antelope Valley lands will be added to the Llano holdings here, but by no means are they to be confined to Llano alone.

Now the first step out has been made. A huge tract of nearly 3000 acres has been acquired in the San Joaquin Valley, perhaps 200 miles from Llano, yet within easy reach. Where will the next one be? Do you catch the vision of what it means to be a member of the Llano del Rio Company? Not Llano alone, but Llano repeated, multiplied, the Llano idea carried irresistibly throughout the West, conquering prejudice, spreading hope, extending the co-operative idea.

From the beginning three years ago with only a few acres near the present town of Llano to holdings that take in thousands of acres in the Big Rock Irrigation District and contiguous territory and have now been extended over a range of mountains and into another great fertile valley, is a notable achievement.

This is a day of tremendous interest in land, especially farming land. With the entire world clamoring for food, with the governments of most of the great nations of the world looking toward the United States for food supply, the acquiring of these great tracts of land by the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony takes on additional interest.

Llano will be able to take care of her own people and to take care of them royally. In a few years most of the products consumed will be Llano-produced. There is no reason why suitable lands cannot be acquired for every material and food that will be needed by Llano people.

The eyes of the radical and progressive thinkers, whether Socialist or otherwise, are being turned Llano-ward. Opportunity is greater for this community than ever before. With three years of steady progress and substantial building standing as a record of achievement by which the progress of the future development may be judged, Llano can confidently offer to those who believe in the practice as well as the theory of co-operation something satisfying and inspiring.

On Llano's third birthday she is able to announce the first large outside purchase. Are you prophet enough to say what the announcement of two, five, or seven years more may be?

"R. P. M."

By L. W. Millsap, Jr.

THESE three little letters do not look very dangerous here, but when we study carefully the affairs of today we find that most of the misery and suffering which we see around us are inseparably connected with them. This discovery is not new by any means, but the study of that connection is interesting from any angle and there are always new developments.

Man seems to have been unfortunate throughout his whole career, and he has not been entirely to blame for it either. Nature, entirely without his consent, provided him with the faculties of curiosity and ambition—in short, with a mind—and she also gave him two hands with which to experiment. Worse than this, she trained him to stand up on his hind legs and leave those hands perfectly free to get into trouble.

This was an awful responsibility to place on the shoulders of any creature, and it is not surprising that man has done no better than he has. He has had to learn, and the way has been long and painful.

He began to use those hands and to feel of Nature's raw material. In that way he acquired knowledge as our Montessori children do, though his way was crude and painful. He felt rocks, learned through experience that they would crush his fingers, but after much pain and many accidents found he could roll them together to fashion a shelter to protect himself from storms. He took hold of tree limbs and found they would bend and spring, but in his experiments they sprung back and hit him. It was painful, but it started a train of thought which ended in the construction of the bow and arrow. He found that wood could be cut into sharp splinters, and about the first use he could put them to was thrusting them through his own flesh—through his ears, nose, lips, etc.—but in so doing he got ideas.

He discovered fire. His curiosity caused him burned hands, but he gradually obtained fixed and correct ideas concerning fire. In much the same way he learned the use of metals. the pain of cut fingers finally teaching him truths that have been immensely beneficial to the race. He first hurt himself, then hurt his neighbors intentionally, with his new-found tool. Eventually they got together and made the valuable discovery serve them both by bringing greater comfort instead of greater misery.

Every discovery followed the same rule, and it follows it today. Man has turned every discovery against himself first, then against his neighbors until the effects were well-known, then together they have used it to the advantage of both. What he has done singly he has also done collectively. Steam, electricity, gasoline, explosives, transportation machinery, flying machinery, printing machinery, motion pictures, microscopes—in fact, anything we might mention—has been used by man against himself, until we come back to where we started, to the consideration of R. P. M.

R. P. M. is an abbreviation used in mechanical parlance meaning revolutions per minute, and this, of course, helps determine the results.

At first all machines were hand machines and were operated by turning cranks. The term R. P. M. was not used very much at this time.

Then came foot-power machinery and the R. P. M. increased. This seemed to be the right thing to do, but we must remember that ages ago before this it seemed the right thing for man to put his hand into the fire, and when he began to increase the R. P. M. of machinery he was destined to make a more startling discovery than he did in the first instance.

It has not been so many years back that man got the fever to increase the R. P. M. of his machinery, and at the present time that fever is at its height. Man throughout the world is suffering the supreme agony of his experiments along that line, and at the same time he is beginning slowly to realize that he can use increased R. P. M. to his advantage just as easily as he can destroy himself with it and that it is not nearly so painful. It is exactly the same as when his primitive ancestor found that he could use fire to warm his hands, instead of using it to burn his fingers.

When man had arrived at the age of hand and foot power machinery he had just reached a point where he could convert Nature's raw materials into a form that he could use and do it without much effort or loss of time on his part. Then he discovered that Nature's forces—heat, electricity, and light—could be harnessed to turn that machinery.

This discovery looked so promising that his enthusiasm knew no bounds, and when he saw Nature's forces turning machinery and producing necessities it fascinated him to such an extent that he thought all his problems were solved, and so eager was he to increase the revolutions per minute and turn out more product that he became a slave to the fascination and entirely lost sight of the fact that his needs were supplied and that he could rest on his oars, so to speak.

He was feverishly eager to produce more and more and more. All of Nature's raw material must be secured and turned into finished product. Every source of natural power must be secured and developed. Material in astonishing quantities was converted into productive machinery as well as product, and the vast sources of power were harnessed to it with the constant aim to increase the R. P. M., until the industrial world became one mad, feverish rush to produce, produce, produce.

What is the result? Nature is still wise. Man forgot that Nature had provided for future generations as well as the present and had stored her treasures in the form in which they kept the best. Man prepares material for his own use, but if he does not use it Nature eventually converts it back into the raw state; and there is no escape from this law. One way or another Nature will accomplish her purpose.

What was man to do with the increasing product of industrial machinery? He could not consume it, hence it was necessary to market it. This fact enabled the more highly developed nations to force their product on the nations inferior in this respect. But no sooner had this occurred than they, too, began to make inroads on Nature's storehouses and to pile up product they could not consume. Advertising was developed and speed-up systems applied to them. Poor blind humanity! All it could see was SPEED. Man was delirious with R. P. M. fever and rushed on, until now, instead of applying the abbreviation R. P. M. to the movements of machinery, it can be applied to the movements of nations and to the movements of groups of humanity!

Revolutions are the talk of the hour. We are wondering how many Revolutions Per Minute we will be called upon to witness and engage in before the cataclysm is over, but through it all we can see some light.

Mankind is learning that production for use is the only plan that safely agrees with Nature's laws.

Liberty and Play for Baby

By Prudence S. Brown

THE good news comes to me that since reading "Concerning Babies" in the March Western Comrade several mothers have provided keepers for those active little ones in the household who are just beginning to creep—yes, even before they had fallen over the edge of the bed, or tumbled down stairs, or pulled the tablecloth by the corner and upset the contents of said table on the floor. What teachable mothers! My soul takes courage. And they tell me the fathers helped!

One father brought home a little 4x4 fence hinged at the corners; it could be set up anywhere from the kitchen to the lawn or the parlor, or folded flat and set out of sight if out of use. He found this right on the sidewalk in front of a second-

Llano's first houses were of canvas. Picture taken in fall of 1914.

hand store; it cost very little. But the strange part of the story is he would never have seen this valuable folding fence, and never have known how useful it could be in his home, if he had not been reading the Western Comrade.

Another very careful father says the fence is not sufficient protection from floor draughts, and he found a 2x4 dry goods box, sawed it down to the height of fifteen inches, assisted his wife in padding the floor and edges attractively, put on four-inch legs with rollers, and declares his keeper is very superior to the fence. My special point is the value of these keepers to the child's individual development and the mother's nerves and disposition, as well as the peace and harmony of the home.

I speak of these keepers with the most profound seriousness; I am sure that I am not alone in my sympathy for the already overtaxed mothrer, who is kept on a torturous, nervous strain during every waking moment of her child's life because of the lack of just such a convenience as a keeper for the wee sprite who takes delight in scattering everything, from the ashes in the kitchen stove to the books on the library shelves.

The keeper organizes the child's physical activity as well as his mental activity. In this he keeps reasonably clean; he learns his first lesson in appreciation of an individual ownership and use of personal belongings, Here is his wee chair, his ball, his dog, etc., and no one disturbs his things. The slight limit to freedom is an advantage to his development in every way. Indeed, the keeper to the little child is quite as important as the individual home is to the family.

Nothing can so effectually hurt a child's healthy growth, mentally and spiritually, as the constant interruptions it receives when allowed to go freely into everything. It is forever "Come, come, baby, don't get into that," or "No, no! baby must not touch." What freedom is there to the child in what is usually called freedom? The more nearly a little child can be "let alone" while he plays, the more naturally he will grow and develop in every way.

Take him out of his keeper occasionally for a romp and change, and by all means give him some time to run or creep about the house, but this sort of freedom should come to him when father or mother is free to watch his rapid movements and divert his attention from forbidden corners without letting him feel the shock of interruption.

This sort of care of the little one from ten months to the time when he can understand how to act in the home community will establish great peace and comfort in the household, save the baby many bumps and screams, and the mother many nervous shocks.

A child's first play is nothing more or less than unconscious work; he puts his whole being into the effort to make or unmake, to take apart or put together, everything that he finds; he examines, studies and tries to define everything he can touch. He is, in short, a serious little student of life and of things, and he well deserves a small nook to himself, a place of safety and security from any sort of disturbance or intrusion. As parents and protectors of babies, it is our first duty to provide an environment suitable to our little one's original research work.

A bar could easily be made with supports that would fit over the keeper, upon which the pendulum balls could be swung, and these could be removed and the large ball for exercising the feet be hung in the place. As baby tires of any one toy, it should be placed where he cannot see it and different things put within his reach. That is part of the organization work.

By one who was with Dr. Montessori last year in Spain we are told of a very happy device for young children. Very tiny tables just the height were used as the base of insets of varying sizes; then, with a small chair, baby could begin the experiment of taking out and replacing the insets. This would be a beautiful game inside the keeper.

Now I anticipate a question: What is to be done when baby throws everything over the top and onto the floor outside? Just leave them right there; he is quite intelligent enough to

This view of Llano shows the newest section, houses being of wood.

perceive that he has deprived himself of the pleasure of playing with them, quite bright enough to discover the inconvenience of being without toys, and will learn, if you allow him the opportunity, to keep them where they belong. Leave him quite alone to his discovery, leave him destitute of everything; finally, when he is asleep, carefully put all of these things away where he will not see them again for several days. Don't for the world pick them up and give them to him; that would be fatal to his discernment of cause and effect. Trust your baby's intelligence; organize and observe and say very few words and mean what you say.

The Thing in Itself

By Clara Cushman

AS she washed the breakfast dishes in front of the open window she had seen him creep behind the fence where the grapevine grew. Now, three hours later, he was still there. The sinewy length of him lay belly down, but he was not asleep. His elbows supported his bulky shoulders, and at intervals his hands were busy doing something—she could not see what. A tiny circle of light played above him, like the reflection of the sun upon glass, one moment darting hither and thither among the leaves of a neighboring peach tree and along the top of the fence, the next melting into the sunshine of the garden. She had read in one of her Sunday supplements of the amazing possibilities of mirror focusing. She concluded that the intruder was manipulating a mirror with a view to obtaining a plan of her home; or, worse, the luminous circle might be a reflection from the gleaming barrel of a revolver!

And his clothes were not reassuring. She examined him carefully through her late husband's field glasses. The loose gray trousers poorly matched the tight short-sleeved black coat of an ancient style, save that they, too, were of a fashion long since discarded. The ill clad legs and trunk only served to make the red sweater which she had seen him so fastidiously fold and lay in the cleanest grass with his cap, look the more brilliant and finely woven.

She hesitated no longer. Alone in the house, with this suspicious trespasser at large, she would not sleep a wink that night. She went to the telephone and summoned the police.

Two officers responded to the call.

"Now," said the first, as they viewed the intruder from the housewife's kitchen window, "you stay behind the tree yonder and watch. I can easy get the drop on him while he's layin' like that. And when I cover him, you come and help with the cuffs, if I need 'em."

Revolver cocked, he slipped crouchingly along the outer side of the fence until opposite the man, when he reared himself cautiously. The man was gazing intently through a magnifying glass. At what? Nothing, as far as the policeman could make out.

"Whatcha doin' there, you?"

The man did not turn as he replied, "Watching the vine grow."

"What?"

"Watching the tendrils swing round in the sunlight. Please go away. I'm busy."

"Busy! You damned hobo, you've been loafing there four hours. Get up and come along."

He turned his face at this, and gazed at the officer mildly. His skin was dark and weather beaten, like an exquisite piece of tanned leather, to that point where his cap habitually rested. above which was a high, wide brow of almost marble pallor. His eyes were large, deep set and of a celestial blue, his cheek bones high and narrow, his shaven lips slightly tremulous, and his expression nobly serene.

"Of what am I accused?" he asked.

"Vagrancy and tresspassin'. That's private property you're on and you know it." He still held his revolver discreetly cocked, as he eyed the man's muscular body. "Get up now, and no monkeyin' if you don't want me to fill you full of lead."

The man dropped the glass into his pocket and rose, stamping his feet to rid himself of the cramp his vigil had entailed. "Yes, I have learned it saves time to go quietly, although I am neither a vagrant or a trespasser." He slipped his hand into his trouser pocket and produced a quarter. "There is my visible means of support, and, as for trespassing, the vine and the earth I was lying upon are mine. I inherited them."

"Huh! Maybe you inherited a gun, too. What's that lump in your pocket? Keep your hands up while I look."

But the protuberance in the pocket of his greenish black coat proved to be a folded razor, a cake of soap wrapped in a blue cotton handkerchief, and a handful of English walnuts. The officer pocketed the razor.

The man smiled whimsically. "My toilet accessories. And my dinner. I dine every night at five. But come," his manner changing, "my time is precious." He reached for his sweater and cap.

"Who'd ya inherit that fine new sweater from?"

"Yes," he replied, "it is fine and warm. They are warmer when they are fine. I have learned it saves time to get them fine and warm, although I would rather have given a pint of my heart's blood than the three days of precious time I had to give. Three days! Thirty-six of my hours wasted, gone, just to keep me warm!" He threw out his arms in a passionate gesture. "When I should have been at my task! Picking hops! And I could not stop to watch them grow! It was 'Hurry, hurry, hurry!' But the ache in my shoulders warned me. It said, 'You must keep me warm or I will hurt you. Then you will become ill and cannot complete your task.' So I wasted three days earning the money." His delicate upper lip trembled, then he subsided into his customary serenity. "But come, come, come! Let us get through that I may be on my way."

The bluecoat turned to his assistant. "Nobody home,' he said, tapping his forehead significantly; then more kindly, to the intruder:

"Now just put your mitts in here and come along quiet, and we won't have any trouble." In an undertone to his companion, "You never can tell about these here nuts."

The prisoner meekly held out his hands and, in doing so, for the first time observed his captor. Instantly his face became alive as he peered into the officer's face. "Amazing!" he whispered to himself. "A marvelous specimen! Ah, if I could but keep him for observation! A case of atavism—the flatness above the brain, the sloping forehead, the wide nose, the——" He lifted his manacled hands to trace the officer's features.

The assistant grabbed him and the bluecoat retreated. For the second time the intruder smiled. "I ask your pardon. I am afflicted with absence of mind. But come, come, come!"

At the city marshal's office a further search revealed a notebook and pencil, and a book, "Sinnesorgane in Pflanzenreich." That was all.

"Mebbe it's one of them anarchist books," the "marvelous specimen" suggested. "You never can tell about these here nuts."

"May I go now?" the prisoner asked. "I have a great deal to do before night."

"What's your name?"

"Theodore Beckman."

"How old are ya'?"

"Thirty-seven."

"Where didja' come from?"

(Continued on page 28)

Carbo-Hydro Phobia

By Dr. John Dequer

THE word "phobia" means fear. Hence hydrophobia means the fear of water. and photophobia the fear of light—and so on. He who fears anything unreasonably is on that point a phobiac.

In Llano we have noticed the presence of a rather strange variety of the phobies. It manifests as an unnatural and unreasoned fear of starch. This would class the disease as carbo-hydro phobia. In most cases it runs a mild course and passes away with the arrival of garden vegetables. In other cases it persists and defies all treatment. It is contagious, but rarely fatal. No cocci germ is responsible for its spread. It rarely affects the physical organism. It is a purely mental disease which produces a psychic state in which the patient attributes all the ills of the flesh from a sore toe to a bald head to the presence of an imaginary superfluity of starch in whatever he may have to eat. We have discovered, however, that the disease is not endemic—that is, it is not a Llano product. It was imported from other communities, who, perhaps, rejoice in their export.

The malady originated in the top ends of certain diet enthusiasts, and it is transmitted to the lay folk by means of preachment and suggestion. Starch is the cause of all their woe—physically, mentally, and socially. Their afflictions come from their starchy diet. Those that hear and believe—catch it.

"What do the Llanoites eat that makes so many of them ill?" wrote a friend of mine who had been in correspondence with a local sufferer from the disease under discussion.

I answered: "We eat during the winter months—when fresh vegetables are hard to get—bread, butter, beans, macaroni, rice, tomatoes, apples, with now and then a little meat, the latter not very often—say twice a month. Fish is had occasionally. Mush of some sort may be had every morning. We drink coffee and tea, and have a fair amount of milk—not always all we want, but enough to keep healthy. This is our fare during the hard part of the winter. No one died of starvation or grew excessively lean except those who were so unfortunate as to become afflicted."

Now, if we consider that our people come from different climates, that they live—many of them—under pioneer conditions, you will find that Llano is a supremely healthy community. We have the pure, dry air, the clear water and pleasant climate that cannot but make for health.

To those who do not burden their souls with borrowed troubles and who engage in active, constructive thought and labor, Llano is a place favored by nature. Man will keep healthy even on her winter menu.

Let us carefuly analyze the food of the Llanoites and see if there is any excuse for people who catch this new-fangled phobia.

Bread here, as elsewhere, is the staff of life. It, specially in its white form, is a spook to our patient. It contains starch. Surely, and starch we need. It is an element in any diet. But bread is not starch alone. It contains gluten, and gluten is a protein product and is equally as essential to life as starch. Bread is generally eaten with butter or peanut butter, which adds to its nutritive value.

The late Dr. Austin Flint, one of America's foremost physiologists, has said of wheat: "In many vegetable grains known as cereals there exist, in variable proportions, a highly nutritive nitrogenized substance called gluten. This is found in great abundance (from 10 to 35 per cent) in wheat." And again: "The nutritive power of gluten is so great, and it contains such a variety of alimentary principles, that dogs are well nourished and can live indefinitely on it, when taken as the sole article of food." Of course, dogs, being by nature meat eaters, would suffer more quickly than men. But they have an advantage: They are of lower intelligence, and, therefore, are immune to this new phobia.

By kneading white flour under a gently flowing stream of water the starch is removed from it—a process used in the manufacture of macaroni, and which may be still further carried out by the cook. Yet at macaroni, which at best is only partially starch, the victim shies like a broncho at tumbleweed.

Besides starch and gluten, wheat flour used in the making of bread and macaroni contains vegetable fibrin, a substance analogous to muscular fibrin; vegetable albumen, similar to that found in the white of an egg or in meat. These are nitrogenous substances for which the sufferer thinks he is starving.

Nitrogenous substances are needed by the organism. They are of great importance and are found in many forms in the vegetable kingdom, from which every living being gets them either directly or indirectly. The sufferer from carbo-hydro phobia thinks he is dying from the want of them, while he eats bread on which a carnivorous dog will thrive.

The two classes of food of chief importance in the vegetable

Municipal Wood Yard at Llano

world are those represented, first, by gluten in wheat, and, second, by legumine in beans and peas. Vegetable albumen is to be found in turnips, carrots, cabbages and so forth. The nutritive qualities of vegetable and animal albumen are identical.

In the dreaded starches served to the people at Llano a chemist will tell you that you will find the following nitrogenous substances for which our victim imagines he starves: Gluten, in bread, macaroni, oatmeal, and other breakfast foods, together with vegetable albumen, vegetable fibrin and vegetable casein.

We are, however, not vegetarians—as any member of the flock or herd will discover. We have butter, not in abundance, not enough for our pleasure, but with salad oil and peanut butter we make it do. None of these last mentioned contain starch, although some contain sugar, to which our organism finally converts all starch.

We eat meat occasionally, as we can afford it, also fish. And when all is said, the time of year considered, and the food supply cooked as it ought to be, the food of Llano will sustain abundantly the efforts required by the men and women here. And there is no excuse for anybody to suffer with carbo-hydro phobia. Nature has given us in the so-called starch foods enough of the opposite, even without meat, to balance the ration for most of us.

What Thinkers Think

The Substance of Instructive Articles in April Magazines

ATLANTIC

Education As Mental Discipline.—American education is dominated by the theory that there are general faculties of memory, reasoning and observation which can be developed by arbitrary mechanical exercises. "Content education" holds that the subjects taught must contain elements of specific experience, problems and activities which mean something to the child. The child who explains that you are "not expected to understand algebra, only to do it," and the hopeless failure of the language work, not only in Latin but in English, illuminate the mistake at the base of the mental discipline idea. It has recently been computed that the efficiency of Latin teaching in one state was between ten and fifteen per cent. Does such a record as this guarantee training or does it indicate DAMAGE to the mind and character? Culture studies are desirable when they are taught in a way that makes them a permanent factor in a child's interest.—Abraham Flexner.

LITERARY DIGEST

The Hygiene of Type.—Arthur E. Boswick calls attention to the fact that the diminutive size of the type in which books are printed is a menace to our eyesight. Searching for books in large type suitable for tired eyes he has only been able to collect four hundred volumes. Ten point is recommended for ordinary use. Fourteen point for tired eyes, and thirty point for children under seven. The eye adapts itself to a standard length of line, and wide columns invoke extra fatigue. Standardization of size of type and width of columns is to be recommended.

PEARSON'S

Uncle Sam's Dishonest Servants.—In discussing our so-called "public servants" I shall not mention the pension scandal nor the pork barrel, but I want to draw attention to the minor thefts of our United States Senators and Congressmen. There are laws that provide positively that a government employe shall receive only his actual expenses when travelling on official business. Congress pays itself mileage of twenty cents a mile and admits that it is excessive. Besides this, at one session which ended at the moment the next session opened, the members not even leaving their seats, the members were very indignant that they did not get the 226,000 dollars due them on mileage to and from their homes. There is an allowance of $1500 a year for clerk hire; many members give the largest part of this to members of their families for nominal services. There are an immense number of sinecures used to promote the personal interests of Senators and Congressmen. One Federal Judge possessed of great wealth was retired on full pay, $6,500 a year. He was then elected to the Senate. His average attendance has been 14 days a year. He draws $7,500 a year for this, gets his mileage allowance and keeps an office force at $6,000 more to make excuses for his absence. The abuse of personal privilege is another public scandal.—R. Sackett.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY

A Power House as a Futurist Painter Sees It.—The Futurists try hard to translate motion into color and line. Miss Stevens calls her picture of a power house, pictorial velocity. She says there has been no attempt in art to find a method adequate to express the vastness and stupendous activity of events today. Anything moving rapidly loses its definite form in lines of direction. Motion and light destroy the solidity of material bodies. Those artists who paint mechanical forms have achieved nothing of the life, or force, or purpose of the object. The futurists make their engines move, throb, create. Something is always happening in a futurist's pictures and the great variety of color and changing lines helps to convey this impression.

THE OUTLOOK

Prisoners' Mail.—In a summary showing mediaeval custom being practiced in the restriction of the mail of the inmates of most American State prisons, Mr. J. J. Sanders gives a report of the regulations in the different states. Some States only allow one letter every two months. 500,000 persons pass through American prisons every year, and the prime source of this stream is ignorance. Everything that can awaken their intelligence is valuable, especially familiarity with current events and communication with relatives and friends. No prison riots occur in the States where letter writing is unrestricted. Nothing will make a person more morose than being cut off from his loved ones, and free communication keeps their minds occupied with wholesome and elevating thoughts.

WORLD'S WORK

A Tunnel From England to France.—The British are now in favor of the project of a tunnel under the Channel. If they had it now and it shortened the war by only two days the saving in actual money would pay the whole cost of construction. It will be the longest tunnel in the world, thirty-three miles long. The plan is to drive two tubes through the lower grey chalk, which is impervious to moisture, and to drive secondary tunnels which will slope in the opposite direction, being low at the shore and high in the middle. These will drain the tunnel and serve to carry off the excavated material. With this system they can be working at several sections of the main tunnel at the same time. It is not considered at present that the defense of the tunnel offers any difficulties.—G. D. Knox.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

Russian Democracy at Work.—Russian democracy today has the army with it and limitless financial credit. What is less realized here, the Russian, thanks to the village Mirs, the municipal councils and the rural Zemstvos, have a vital tradition of democracy and a broad experience in self-government. The Mir is the peasant village organization, and transacts its business on a basis of democracy and communism more direct and simple than our Colonial town meetings. Calling themselves the group of toil they composed a third of the first Duma and surprised all by their political sagacity. The zemstvos are county and provincial councils, intensely and heroically democratic in their activities. Imprisoned and exiled for their social service work by the bureaucracy, by a miracle of what Kropotkin calls "mutual aid" they developed their extralegal activities under the leadership of Prince Lvov, now premier of New Russia. In spite of their parliamentary strength they failed to democratize Russia because they had not the support of the army and the international bankers. The new army has drawn its officers from the "Intelligentzia," almost wholly radical, and the bankers have come to the support of the Republic because the Autocracy had proved a rotten reed in conducting the war. —Arthur Bullard.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Four Justices of the United States Supreme Court believe that the Oregon Minimum Wage law is constitutional; four believe that it is unconstitutional. Owing to the form under which the case was appealed, this equal division validates the law. If the form had been slightly different it would have been invalidated. On such precarious chances the fate of a law of the first importance has depended. The delay of four years consumed in fighting the case has also discouraged various groups of people interested, and the popular impulse which started the movement has been diverted into other channels. Nothing could bring more strikingly to light the constant peril of leaving to the Courts their present power of reviewing legislation. This is too heavy a price to pay for an antiquated constitutional remnant of our forefathers' distrust of democracies.

HARPER'S

The Safe and Useful Aeroplane. An Interview With Orville Wright.—The aeroplane, by taking the element of surprise out of warfare, will have a tendency to make it impossible. It will also have a large share in developing the new type of civilization which will come after the war. But extravagant claims must not be made for it. Large planes will never be practical for the same reason that there are no birds that compare in size with mammals. The weight of a bird increases as its cube, whereas the area of the wings increases as its square. The aeroplane surpasses in safety and in swiftness all other means of transportation. An aeroplane sails just as well upside down. The stopping of the machine only means that you have to volplane down. The one difficulty to deal with is the establishing of proper landing places all over the country.

COLLIER'S

Commission Control.—Competitive production having failed, co-operative production is being organized in the industrial corporations. These corporations will combine first in like industries and finally in the one industrial corporation of the United States. There has been a childish desire on the part of the people to break up these combinations, but the inflexible law of nature is behind them. Previous to government ownership the same process of governmental administration of private corporations was adopted in Germany. Industrial administration must, however, be continuous and not subject to political uncertainties.—Charles P. Steinmetz.

Reviews of Recent Readable Books

By D. Bobspa

"The Chosen People"

Friends of the Mooney case and all participating in the San Francisco and other labor fights will read with interest Sidney L. Nyburg's "The Chosen People." Sympathetic understanding of the complex elements underlying the conflict between labor and capital, a broad insight into human nature, the ability to dissect human emotions and to tell a tale simply, graphically and convincingly are qualities that enabled this popular writer to produce one of the few good novels of the present year—a novel that will stand high with the stories of any year.

The plot centers about a Baltimore strike and the trial of a strike-leader on a trumped-up murder charge. Dr. Philip Graetz, youthful Jewish rabbi of a wealthy synagogue, brought all of his boyish idealism to bear in an attempt to bring the warring classes to harmony through the application of ethics and abstract justice. The strike was in the factory of the president of his congregation, the only garment works in the city that refused to give any sort of recognition to the union.

David Gordon, Russian Jew and prominent attorney, was hired by a rival manufacturer to defend the accused man and supplied with unlimited funds to maintain the strike. David took advantage of this opportunity to advance the union standing. He showed clearly that race, religion, ethics, justice and humanity are all swept aside in worship of the great god Profit. The strike was allowed to go on until the banking interests of Baltimore found the financial interests of the city were beginning to suffer, when they pulled the strings that brought the recalcitrant factory owner to a compromise. None were willing to have their connection with the settlement known, so the public credit was given to Dr. Graetz, adding to his fame.

This is a bald, crude statement of a fraction of the dramatic situations skillfully woven into a flesh and blood story by the genius of Mr. Nyburg. A love story, while not the dominant element, proves a telling motive in the thread of the novel.

Ellen, the young settlement nurse, agnostic and Socialist, as well as the labor lawyer, David Gordon, reveal much of the causes and meaning of the unrest of society. The factory owner asked angrily of the attorney: 'Since when, under our code of laws, have innocent men been forced to try their cases in the newspapers?"

"I should say," was David's bland retort, "it became necessary immediately after private corporations learned to punish personal grievances in the Criminal Court."

"The Chosen People" is no bitterly partisan class document. The human nature of the human being is not lost sight of. We are studying men, not types. The rich factory owner is pictured as a bloodsucker, but the reason he is and can be a vampire is revealed. The novel is a powerful human document of profound appeal.

Mr. Nyburg holds up a magic glass which is crystal-clear for the Gentile to gaze upon the Hebrew as he is, and at the same time a mirror into which the Jew may look for a critical self-examination.

Broadness of spirit and cosmic outlook are embodied in this readable novel that finds its gripping theme in the heart of American industrialism.

Kussey, Greenberg and Nyburg! What a debt we owe to the penetration of these Jews in presenting their keenly analytical pictures of the tragedy of capitalism's mad rule.

* * *

"The Soliloquy of a Hermit"

I have heard John Cowper Powys lecture, and his soul-stirring message was just what the reading of his inimitable essays in "Visions and Revisions" and "Suspended Judgments" would lead one to expect—the poet, artist and orator in one combination. But he did not receive all of the family genius, as his older brother, Theodore Francis Powys, contributes an unusually fine monograph "The Soliloquy of a Hermit." Thomas a'Kempis, Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus have their modern projection in the confessions of this English farmer, contented to live his life apart from the mad ambitions of the world. "I am not here to do right or wrong, or to teach anyone; I am here to live," he writes. This comrade, who wears the badge of Socialism, wonders "if we shall ever understand that the world is not made for work, but for joy."

Mr. Powys is not a slave to dogmatic assertions and beliefs. He is primitive enough to be swayed by the moods that come to him. Here is a comrade after my own heart, truly. The only way to transfer the charm of the 143 pages of the little book would be to quote it entirely. I wondered what the author was "driving at" when first I began to browse through the unchaptered thread of the soliliquy. Perhaps I don't know yet. But on the way I paused frequently to gather a rich bit of ripe fruitage which tasted ambrosial to my parched intellectual palate. In our swing away from the grossness of materialism and the grossness of spirituality we welcome such sane philosophers of life as it is.

* * *

"If Wishes Were Horses"

The Countess of Barcynska, while not a brilliant writer, is always interesing and possesses a rare faculty of understanding human nature that is lacking many of the more spectacular rhetoricians. She won her way to recognition through such books as "The Little Mother Who Sits at Home," and "The Honey Pot." In "If Wishes Were Horses" she gives a picture of English life that is photographic in its realism. It tells of Martin Leffley, towards whom I feel as amiable as I do towards a few weak-souled clerks I have had to work among in my days. He was a "cheap" clerk, with boss-worshipping propensities; a selfish ambition, a certain little ability to play the game for all it is worth, gained for him a rapid rise. But his main "asset" (he considered her in such light) was his wise, unselfish wife, whose only fault was the idolizing of the brute who married her for his physical comfort. An aunt who dealt in second-hand clothing, and whose money was more welcome than her presence, was another factor in his development. This self-made thing in pants became successful in business and by trimming his sails so as not to damage big business sailed into the right to string an M. P. after his name, by the grace of the Socialist and radical vote. But there came a time when all did not go so smoothly, and in the midst of the catastrophe which overtook him he learned the real meaning of his wife's love. The shallowness and pretense of the modern social life is powerfully depicted. The characters are real, the situations natural and the novel strongly written, the powerful lessons and the story elements being skillfully blended.

* * *

"The Library of Original Sources"

A revival of more active enthusiasm for "The Library of Original Sources" is one of the imperative needs of radicalism in the critical period of today. This most monumental compilation of source material ever made had a sale of many, many thousands a few years ago, and has continued as a steady seller ever since. For the sake of the movement it should, however, be even more widely spread.

There are tens of thousands of new and young thinkers in the Socialist, rationalist and labor movements who should be intimately familiar wtih this bible of historical research. The collection is nothing less than a bible. Think of reading the message directly from the people in the development of history—the history often purposely and nearly always misrepresented in commentaries written centuries later. Read the source material and interpret for yourselves.

"The Library of Original Sources" grew from the needs of college professors for source material. Nothing comprehensive along this line had ever been published in the world. So scores of the greatest scholars labored for years to produce this fundamental collection. Ancient tablets and monuments yielded their inscriptions. Manuscripts from libraries all over the world, state archives and musty records yielded the cream of the world's documentary evidence of historic progress of the ages.

The resulting series of ten large royal octavo volumes, bound in black India sheepskin, has stood the test of years and stands today an unquestioned authority. I have heard it settle arguments in the college classroom; have listened to its message from the lips of the soap-boxer, have heard it quoted in park and street arguments on every side in city and country in many states.

The illustrations are appropriate to the text and are in themselves a liberal education.

The political and economic by no means exhaust the possibilities of the library. Religious, social and every phase of human activity are treated with an equal thoroughness as the economic. The set indeed constitutes "a library," and the facts represent the cream of human documents of every age.

Just a word to fasten this review to earth. The library can be secured for about one-half its original price for a short time, on easy monthly payments. Sounds like advertisement, dosn't it? Does the Mohammedan "advertise" the Koran, or the Socialist the "Communist Manifesto"? The "Library of Original Sources" is a world classic and beyond "advertising" in the ordinary sense. My best propaganda is to stimulate interest in such landmarks of progress. A syllabus and outline of readings is furnished free with every set.

A Pioneer Woman's View

By Mildred G. Buxton

AFTER all the spirit is the thing. At first the novelty of the place—tent life, early rising, supplying the wood and water—carried me over the hard places, and as long as I could see the mirages in the early morning and the glorious sunsets in the evenings, with the ever-changing lights and colors on the Buttes north of the Colony during the day, I was happy, lifted, carried out of myself and away from such minor troubles as bodily fatigue and physical discomforts.

A dreamer, you say? I admit it. All my life I have cultivated my natural ability to lose myself for the time being in the beauties of the universe about me. It is a sort of insulation I carry against the too rude shocks and jars of life. But let me also admit my extremely practical side lest you misjudge me. For many weeks I worked in the dining room and kitchen and a right good record did I make.

Here I began to feel that it was vitally necessary to work out the co-operative commonwealth without delay. There were people who were so shut up within themselves that they could not ask for what they wanted courteously or pleasantly; nor did they demand what they wished, they merely watched sullenly, and if one person was served a bit more in quantity or more pleasantly than himself there was an immediate complaint. This in spite of the fact that all the service was as nearly equable as possible. Women came whose faces were hard and bitter and who all but frowned if one wished them a good morning in passing.

All of this was most puzzling at first until it dawned upon me that these imprisoned souls were the direct result of the capitalist system. So long had they been oppressed and defrauded that they felt each little oversight as a direct slight, and they seemed to suspect each frendly word or smile as presaging further exploitation.

Right then and there my heart and mind took such a firm stand for co-operative living that it will last as long as time lasts for me.

As Ruth LePrade says in her wonderful poem, "We cannot mount alone," and in other places in the same poem, "As long as one man is sorrowful and broken I, too, am sorrowful and broken," "As long as one soul is weak I, too, am weak," "As long as one small child sobs in the night my heart will answer, sobbing too."

This expressed my feeling clearly. Of what avail was all the culture, all the knowledge, all the luxury or comfort I could put into my own personal life while there were people in the world so deeply hurt?

I knew then that I could never again work for myself alone—even my single handed efforts for my own family would never be enough henceforth.

Up to this point in my life my idea of helping humanity had been by the charity route, but a course of several years in that sort of work had thoroughly convinced me that charity fails to solve social problems.

Humanity does not need uplifting. It needs a clear, sympathetic understanding of its problems and then must follow, so it seems to me, united effort, standing shoulder to shoulder to work out the answer. Here in Llano I found this condition and I was glad to turn in and help. By the time I realized the ideals and the truly remarkable way the work was reacting on individuals I was committed to it forever.

It is difficult, standing at the end of nearly two years' effort, to trace the way step by step—but as I look about at my friends who have developed and grown to spiritual heights they would never have attained by working for themselves alone—as I realize my own growth—I see how tremendously worth while it is.

Take our situation from any angle you wish—and there are many angles for a woman to consider that do not enter into a man's calculation: A man may dream the big dreams without considering the details that go into the everyday living of them and it remains but for the woman to follow along. She, too, may have a glimpse of the vision, but in the face of the pioneer hardships it is a brave woman who can face the personal discomforts.

We are all considerably bound by them, but, after all, our foremothers faced them and came through royally and brought up families that are a sufficient proof of the sterling worth of these women. Have we modern women been so weakened by our very comforts and luxuries that we have no courage left upon which to live while we are working out our great dream? Most other pioneer women had no such dream to hearten them at their tasks. At best, their hope was but to advance towards personal success. If personal success is worth all the hardships the real pioneers had to endure—how much more worth while is it to know that we shall gain not only the personal success of a good home, a steady income, good education for our children and a free, happy social life, but that we are working out a basis or plan by which all mankind can free itself so that all who are willing to work may have the same advantages?

But to return to the personal side for the woman. We women have a narrow outlook on life and are bounded on at least three sides by pots and pans. More than any other complaint I have heard this: "If I only had a sink and running water!" It is hard to do without such necessary luxuries as these, but I decided not to let a sink or the lack thereof bound me on the fourth side. That side must be kept free and clear to enable me to see the vision and maintain an open pathway to my ideals.

Always I had admired noble women, those I knew and those I had read about who had struggled through hardships of one sort and another to attain a desired end, and I had dreamed vainly of the time when the children would be grown, the household cares less depressing and I, too, could develop the latent possibilities I felt within myself.

In Llano I began to rearrange my life in its proper relation to my ideals. Housework has taken its proper place as a means to an end and not as the end itself. Stories of people living in tents in the desert or mountains had always held an interest for me—their hardships and the spirit in which they bore them were the measure of their triumph. Through struggles with my weaknesses I came to realize that theirs was no empty triumph. It isn't easy, but then, what real success in life is easy? Many of us drift into our life's work and make many changes as we go along. I choose to follow the definite path of co-operation, the working out of the great dream of mankind, equality and brotherhood.

Once the husband has decided upon a course to follow, the woman must consider every question from two standpoints: What will it do for my children? What will it do for myself?

In answer to the first it seems to me that Llano children learn most valuable lessons about life and living. First, that

the greatest good for the greatest number is an important rule in life. If the commissary were short, for instance, all would share alike. Also they find that community interest is a real thing and one not lightly to be disturbed. They learn, too, that the service an individual renders to the community is the measure of his worth and that he takes his own measure. No amount of "front" avails one here—if we wish favors we must earn them. In other words, we are valuable in proportion to what we give to the colony, not in what we take from it, as is the rule in the outside world.

I mention these things first because they have impressed me as exceedingly valuable lessons for children to learn.

Then there is the matter of health. I have found overflowing measure for my children. And the snow-covered, somewhat austere mountains to the south, the more friendly, colorful Buttes on the north, with the misty blue Tehachapi range in the distance, form an environment of grandeur and natural beauty that cannot fail to react on the character and imagination of the children.

There remains now the one question, as to the effect on the woman herself. Our judgments are usually formed as a result of our own experience, so perhaps I shall be pardoned if I remain personal. I have believed from the first that the women in this community have the opportunity to live closer to their ideals than in any other place in the world. I still believe it. The community ideals are a great help and there is no reason why we women cannot begin here and now to develop ourselves and our children as we have always dreamed of doing. We shall not succeed at once and there will be many times of depression when it seems too hard, but when I stop to think I remember that these periods of depression are not at all peculiar to Llano.

It seems to me that one's friends in the "outside world" should be in about the same financial elevation as oneself, other things being equal. In Llano, our plan of equal incomes regulates that automatically and I believe that the time will come very soon when such feelings as envy will be unknown. And to a woman with limited means the heartache that comes from constant association with women who have everything in the world to do with is a serious matter and the little feeling that comes with it almost excusable.

Let me tell you one more little decision of my own on the personal side and I will stop. One of my earnest desires has been to grow old gracefully. It hurts me to see women mincing along aping the clothes and manners of young girls after they have reached the thoroughly respectable and lovable age of older women. I want to be young as long as I can, but it must be the youth of the heart, and when the wrinkles come I want them to be the sincere ones caused by earnest thought and friendly smiles.

Perhaps the wrinkles come a bit sooner to women in Llano than outside, but they are wrinkles of character and are sincere records of our lives. Many persons have spoken of the lack of worry lines in the faces of our people; the mask-like face that hides all worries is not here, either, for the ordinary worry that plays such havoc with a woman's good looks is lacking. So I mean to convey that here we can show our true character in our faces to the end, and, meeting honest, kindly faces all around, it must follow that our own will take on the beauty of earnest endeavor in a great cause.

For Women Only

WOULD you like to have a pretty mouth? Of course you would, and I am going to tell you how to get one without paying a dollar down and a dollar a month for the rest of your natural life.

I had always read, just as you have, that beauty is only skin deep, and I took it in, as I always do those wise saws that may or may not be true, and repeated it sagely when I thought it sounded well. But I did not realize what it really meant until I began to eat at cafeterias for a while; one morning it dawned upon me that the muscles under the skin have as much to do with our beauty as anything else and that if they are properly trained the skin over them will surely take on some of the grace of the action properly performed.

Have you ever noticed the peculiar little pouches that form at the sides of many mouths? Well, I did the morning that I made the great discovery, and it was simply this: That most people fill their mouths too full and in the effort to cover it decently while they are masticating their food they draw the muscles into an unnatural position that gradually results in those horrid pouches that every woman dreads. When I saw these mouths in action I tested it for myself, not once, but many, many, times, and proved to my entire satisfaction that it lies absolutely within the power of every women to have a pretty mouth if she will take small bites of food and chew them well. Try it. Look about you well, first at your friends and enemies, then try the remedy and you will find yourself on a track that will not only pay you handsome dividends in the way of a pretty mouth, but the pleasure of eating delicately will lend a refinement to the countenance; you can converse more pleasantly and elegantly than when the mouth is full; and, lastly, you will eat less and feel much better, thereby swatting the H. C. of L.

Left, a musical citizen of Llano. Other pictures show some recent arrivals at Llano. Those shown on the right are always seen together.

Industrial Education

By Clinton Bancroft

A CLOSE observer of the educational activities of the past few years could not fail to have noted a tendency on the part of private and independent educators to turn their attention more and more to technical trades and industrial occupations, rather than to literature, art and the professions. This has been largely in response to a demand for such technical training from the children of the poor, whose common school education was left unfinished in the industrial struggle for existence. Under these conditions the privately owned trades and correspondence schools entered the educational field. Their special function was to qualify the wage earner quickly for the higher salaried positions in commercial and industrial occupations, a rich field left practically untouched by the public schools. They capitalized the function of the public school; but it is always a notable fact that when private individuals undertake to perform a public function for profit they seize first upon that portion of it which promises the greatest revenue to themselves and exploit it to the limit of the people's patience. Dividing the educative energies of the nation into two parts—one, the common school system, operated by the public and supported by direct taxation; and one operated by private interests, the business colleges, trades and correspondence schools, supported by a schedule of tuition fees —has resulted in a loss of potential energy to the former. Private trades and correspondence schools operated for profit in this age of our national life are as much an anachronism as would be the farming out of taxes. But a public function improperly performed forces the people to undertake its performance in their private capacity, and this opens the door for the irresponsible exploiter.

The public school is many years behind the times in economic thought and industrial teaching, although it cannot be said to be a failure (as some have charged) so much in what it has done as in what it has left undone. It was adapted to the age in which it was first established (the wild ass days of our forefathers in the Indian wars period), but its development has not kept pace with the progress of science and industry. Practically speaking, it is where and what it was at that time. This backward condition may be traced to the fact that land necessary for industrial education has never been provided for public school USE. Land was set aside by the government in overflowing measure to support the school system, but it was always sold to the credit of the school fund and the money filtered back to the school through the cupped fingers of political rings. The land itself was never put under the direct control and use of the schools for industrial-educational purposes and for the maintenance of students and faculty. That there is a growing need for land for the public schools for such purposes is manifesting itself in the systemless and unsupervised offering of prizes to rural students in many states for the best results in agricultural and animal productions. It is the evolution of the public school moving onward to its destiny; but in the movement, which as yet seems only to be in the direction of more "efficient" farming, capitalism and individualism are unconsciously sowing the seed that will eventually overgrow and destroy themselves. The urban dweller, the landless student, however, does not enjoy these privileges and benefits; and free access to land, supervised industrial-education, and maintenance employment are three essentials to a complete educational system.

Today aspiring students without means to acquire a complete education (a condition for which they are altogether blameless, as their age and opportunities will show), but whose ambitions urge them to an active, industrial life, are expected to find maintenance employment under the competitive wage system, and, finding none, the result is undereducated workers. Society (the government) in its public educational plan should guarantee this maintenance employment to all during the school period of their lives—to those with abundant means as well as to those with none. Maintenance labor should be required of all alike (of the rich as well as of the poor), and none should be made to feel that it is due to poverty, ignoble, or degrading, but that it is an essential part of their education, health-insuring, mind-enriching and ennobling.

"But," says a reactionary political economist, "would you have the public school system furnish employment and continue to educate the children of the poor until they were qualified to fill any position in life they desired to occupy? And how would land be acquired in sufficient quantity? Our free school system would break down under such a strain as that."

That is exactly what we would have it do. Nothing less. Thomas Paine said, speaking of the people of his time: "A long habit of NOT thinking a thing wrong gives it a superficial appearance of being right and raises at first a great commotion in defense of custom. But the tumult soon subsides. Time makes more converts than reason." And for society to leave a part of its young people to struggle with the limited opportunities offered them under competition to gain their education, and to permit a large part of the balance to be educated in private schools operated for profit, is one of those chronic habits of "not thinking a thing wrong" until age has given it a "superficial appearance of being right." It is now generally admitted that less than 10 per cent of all children who enter school pass beyond the grammar grade. The 90 per cent consists chiefly of the children of the toiling workers of the world. If education is good for the few, the 10 per cent, it is good for the many, the 90 per cent; and the public school must measure up to such ethical standard or fall far short of attaining its real educational power and usefulness. Less than this would leave the system still incomplete; nor would the school system break down. And there is no "free school;" that is a misnomer; the people pay for all the education their children receive, and under the present wasteful methods and administration they do not receive in educational value all they pay for. Every individual educated in the so-called "free school," who later in life produces that which adds to the wealth of the nation, repays the public for his education. And a rightly educated people is a social asset.

As to land: When there is a general demand for land deemed necessary for school purposes, the people will find ways and means to secure it. But suppose, as a beginning, the states or the Congress should enact a simple law or constitutional emendment to the effect that:

"Whenever any individual or corporation shall by gift, bequest, grant, deed, or otherwise, convey to the State of ———— the title to any piece or tract of land for which the purpose and consideration named in such conveyance shall be declared to be Industrial Education and the Common Good, such land shall thereafter become and be held to be the

property of the school district in which it is situated, and shall be subject to the control of the board of school directors.

"And such land shall not be sold thereafter."

There are many tracts of land today that would be given or bequeathed to the public school if the owners were assured that such land would be devoted to educational purposes only, and not sold or diverted to private interest for profit.

Then suppose a Congress of Educators should organize a non-dividend-paying corporation with the property holding powers of a modern university, and that through such a responsible agency the people should raise funds and purchase land in locations suitable for their plans, and, having cleared the title and prepared the property for industrial-educational purposes. the corporation should deed it to the state for the common good whenever a majority of the people in the community interested should demonstrate by their choice of school directors that they were ready and understandingly competent to operate it successfully.

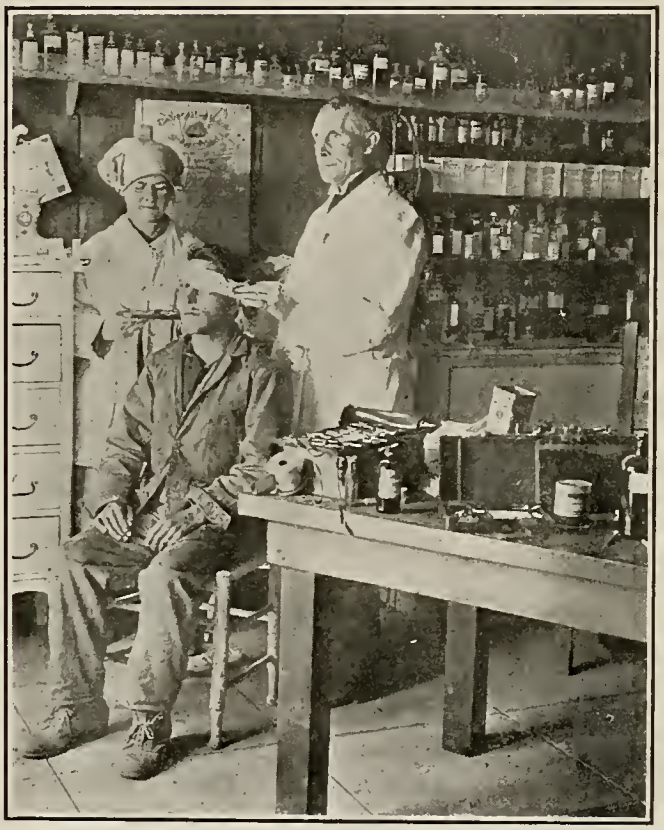
Suppose that, following the enactment of such a law, many tracts of land should be given to the public schools and colleges generally throughout the United States for use in teaching technical trades, agriculture and stock-raising for use, and that all the products of these lands above the maintenance and compensation of the students and workers should be devoted to extending the work and scope of the school, and to the building of "free homes" for fatherless children and their mothers on such land to be occupied by them during their educational period.

Suppose these educational centers, with plenty of land for practical purposes, should initiate a series of experiments in co-operative home building by students learning the building trades; in co-operative production and distribution of the necessaries of life as an economic means to level the high cost of living; in co-operative banking and exchange and of labor as the true basis of value of the money of the future, with the purpose in view of determining what is the common good, what is industrial justice, questions for the educational powers of a great and wealthy nation to solve. Would it result unjustly to any to have them answered?

Suppose villages and cities should grow around these educational centers with a new perspective of industrial life, and that the Mothers of the land, to whom lawmaking powers will soon be generally given, should determine that their children should not be dwarfed and maimed and stunted in body and intellect to satisfy corporate greed for profit, and should then decree that no person under the age of twenty-one years should be employed in factory, mill, mine, store or office operated for private profit. What changes would be made in the present order of industry, in thought, in system, in laws, and in the administration of law and justice?

Ownership of productive land by the school, together with cheap and rapid transportation, enjoyed by some communities, would result in the geographical transformation of many districts and the establishing of educational centers where the chief occupation of the people would be educating the rising generation and improving the race. The work of supplying the people of these centers with a large part of the things they daily needed would be conducted under the supervision of the school as a part of its educational plan. Teachers and students, all would practice daily what they taught and studied. Under such regime all would work at least two or three hours daily in some useful and productive occupation according to age, strength and ambition. School hours would not be observed with the tyrannous discipline of the past, the hours of such service being credited to school attendance. School life would thus be made an attractive pleasure to the pupil instead of a perfunctory duty.

In the evolution of industry from capital-ownership to co-operative ownership by the workers (from individualism to Socialism), the lessons of service for the common good, of the necessity for free access to land by the workers, of the power and economy of co-operation, of the ethics of mutual exchange of labor values, of industrial justice, of educational freedom—all these will find a place in the curriculum of the public school in time. But industrial education in trades schools operated for profit is practically only the training of wage slaves for capitalism to exploit. The ideals of industrial life (freedom and justice to the workers) are not set forth in their claims for patronage and are impossible of realization;



MEDICAL ATTENTION at Llano is a social service and is free to Llano residents. Eventually this department will take in every school of healing.

whereas all ideals—educational, industrial, economic, social and moral—are possible of realization to a people united upon common ownership of land. But without it, in vain will the lessons of social labor and social justice be pictured before students who see but do not understand; in vain will the truths and philosophy of Socialism fall on ears that hear but do not comprehend. But this need not be. For now let the educators and voluntary co-operators unite in a demand for **Land for the Public Schools,** and join their lawmaking powers, their organizing powers and their labor (economic) power in a general movement to secure it, and the school would solve the problem of the conflicting interests of labor and capital, and also many of the lesser social and economic problems that perplex and vex humanity everywhere.

Llano Soil and Water

By Wesley Zornes

THE soil in this portion of the Antelope Valley is covered with Joshua Yuccas, greasewood, sage and wild buckwheat for the most part. The great solitary, sentinel-like Yuccas, some of them hundreds of years old, dot the plains below and the slope to the southward. They are not deeply rooted and are easily pulled up. The greasewood is also light and easily cleared from the land. The sage and buckwheat are what the bees feed on largely.

The process of clearing is simple. Four horses are hitched to two long railroad rails, which they drag back and forth over the field, effectually uprooting virtually all vegetation. Four horses with a specially constructed brush rake string it in long windrows, where it is burned. Thus with eight horses and three men five acres can be cleared each day, the estimated cost being about $4.00 an acre, though the actual cash cost is much less than that. The land is worth, before clearing, about $12.00 an acre, and the usual price for clearing is $10.00 an acre.

The necessary work to level for cropping is perhaps less than the average over the country; certainly it is not more. The value of the land increases greatly from year to year by reason of the work placed upon it. Those who come from prairie countries do not at first realize the work that has been done in Llano. They cannot visualize what has been done, and the value that has thereby been added to the land.

The acreage available to Llano is practically without a limit. To say we have a thousand acres, ten thousand acres, or thirty thousand acres, is not giving a very clear idea. Only when it has been seen can one realize the great extent, and what a thousand acres really means.

Irrigation in Llano is being systematized wonderfully. Miles of cobble and lime ditches are being constructed, and many miles will be completed as time goes on. It is the easy, efficient way of handling the water.

Irrigation specialists say that the easy slopes, the water retentiveness of the soil, and the short ditches required because of the nearness of the source of water supply, make it remarkably easy to irrigate the land here, compared with what irrigation means in many places. The ditches are permanent. The longest dirt ditch is only three miles, though longer ditches than this will be necessary eventually. The cobble ditches, of which the longest is half a mile, are a complete success, and ultimately the ranch will be a network of these cobble and lime ditches.

During the winter season the land is thoroughly soaked with water. This makes it require less during the summer. Plans are being worked out to conserve every drop of water. The tunnel is being cleaned and will probably be extended, when it will give a greater flow of water. This work will develop a great deal of water and will be preliminary to the building of the storage reservoir at the dam site, which will not be built until absolutely required.

The soil is characterized as being of a residual formation; it is of decayed granite and quartz, which disintegrated into soil where they lay. The land is comparatively smooth with a good grade from north to south. The quality is of the best and, according to the agriculturists, will produce any crop that the climate permits of being grown, though some soil building is required for gardening and some other crops. There is practically no limit to the depth of the soil. It is rich in lime and different mineral salts and is greatly benefited by cultivation. It is of sufficient porosity and ranges from light sandy soil to a sandy loam, holds water well, has almost perfect drainage, and is easily worked as a whole.

The Thing in Itself

(Continued from page 20)

"One cannot remember the name of every town."

"Where ya' goin'?"

"South, where the winters are warmer. I sleep in the open and must guard my health."

"Why'nt you get a job somewhere 'n settle down, A strappin' fellow like you?"

"The job, I have always with me. To settle as you say—" his azure eyes deepened into wistfulness—"as to that I must not because of my weakness."

"Drink or dope? You don't look it."

He shook his head.

"Women?"

Again he shook his head. "I throttled my passions when I was twenty."

The marshal scratched his head. Here sure was a queer nut! Interesting too!

"Well, what's your weakness, then? Laziness, I guess."

"I am prone to form binding ties. To love people. I move always so that there will be no ties to woo me from my work."

"What's this work that you're always talkin' about. What do ya do for a living?"

"Ah! It is the things that I must do for my living—to earn my few handfuls of food, my shoes, my shirt, the warm clothes that I must have to do my work—it is these things that tear me from my work. It is deplorable that I must waste so much time from my task, when I am thirty-seven, and at the most have not more than fifty years in which to complete it."

"Well, what the devil is it?"

"Preparing my book."

"It must be a damn big book if it takes fifty years to write it."

"Not more than a dozen pages. Truth is brief when once discovered. I have assigned myself only five years in which to write it. That gives me forty years longer to prepare it, and five years to wait for my passing. With care, it will be given me to live long."

"You sure look healthy. But ain't we all liable to accidents?"

"It is so. But still, who knows? I may be able to continue beyond the transition."

"I guess he's one of them crazy spiritualists." This from the "marvelous specimen."

"Whatcha' goin' to call your book?"

"'The Thing in Itself.'"

"Some name, too," with a wink at his subordinate.

"It is indeed. But I am not so mad as to expect to grasp more than one phase of it."

"Oh, you ain't, eh?"

He bowed his head. "Ah, no!" It will not burst upon me in the splendor of its entirety. The humble devotion of a million petty lives like mine would not be worthy of a reward so matchless as that! But if I surrender to my purpose all

I hold most dear—love, fellowship, adulation, bodily comforts —and endure this—" his blue eyes raising to the grinning faces before him—"scorn, ridicule, misunderstanding, persecution, loneliness—and still do not despair, still seek in all humility and patience—then, then I shall have paid the price! I shall not behold the Thing in Itself, but——" his face was suffused with a wonderful smile— "Its shadow will fall for a single moment across me, and I shall know an ecstasy that shall compensate for all. That is what I shall put into my book of twelve pages, the flitting of the shadow of the Thing in Itself."

Absorbed in thought he stood silent, then— "Gentlemen, have you done with me? I wish to return to my work."

"Why, yes, I guess so, partner. You seem harmless enough. But keep off of private property, or we'll run you in."

"And the razor? May I have it? It cost me a wasted day."

The marvelous specimen returned it with tolerant condescension. "Here it is, Grandpa. Don't cut yourself. Hope you finish the Thing-um-a-Bob. You better quit wastin' your time lookin' at vines or you won't finish it."

"If I could find what makes the tendril seek its support with such trembling eagerness instead of growing away from it, I would almost know the Thing in Itself. I am searching among the plants now. In ten years I begin to seek among humanity. You may see me then."

The door closed softly. The marshal threw back his head. "'The Thing in Itself.' Some name! Ha! Ha!"

And the marvelous specimen echoed, "Ha! Ha! He sure is some nut! Ho! Ho!"

Courage

By Mrs. C. P. Stetson

It takes great courage just to train
To modern service your ancestral brain;
To lift the weight of old, unnumbered years,
Of dead men's habits, methods, and ideas;
To hold them back with one hand,
And with the other sustain the weak steps
Of a new thought.

It takes courage to bring your life up square
With the accepted thought and hold it there,
Resisting the inertia that drags it back
From new attempts to the old habit's track;
It is so easy to drift back, to sink,
So hard to live abreast of what you think.

It takes great courage to live where you belong
When other people think that you are wrong—
People you love and who love you, and whose
Approval is a pleasure you would choose.
To resist this pressure and succeed at length
In living your belief — Well, it takes strength
And courage, too. But what is courage
Save strength to help one face a pain foreseen—
Courage to resist the lifelong strain
Of setting yours against your grandsire's brain;
Dangerous risk of walking lone and free
Out of the easy paths that used to be?
But the Greatest Courage man has ever known
Is daring to cut loose and think alone!
Dark as the unlit chambers of clear space
Where light shines back from unreflected face.
But to think new takes courage grave and grim
As led Columbus over the earth's rim.

It takes great love to train a human heart
To live beyond the others and apart.
A love that is not shallow is not small;
Is not for one or two, but for them all;
A love that can wound love for its higher need,
A love that can leave love though the heart bleed;
A love that can lose love, family and friend,
And live steadfastly, loving to the end.

Wanted---A Comrade

to take over a thirty-acre ranch and provide for two old people a few years, and have the farm for pay.
A little capital and good reference required.
Address: S. Whipple, R.F.D. No. 1, Box 25, El Centro, Cal.

WANT JAN. 1914 COMRADE!

¶ The files in the office of the WESTERN COMRADE lack the JANUARY, 1914, number. Anyone having a copy will please communicate with the Western Comrade, Llano, Cal.

"Celebrating May Day at Llano"

The June WESTERN COMRADE will tell of the May Day celebration which combined the third birthday of the Colony, the fifth birthday of the WESTERN COMRADE and International Labor Day. It was fittingly observed, and the photos will give a splendid idea of Llano social life.

There will be many other interesting things told about the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony as well as articles of general interest, education, and Comrade Job Harriman's thought-begetting editorials.

Llano Celebrated Achievement

Aditorial by the Circulation Manager

MORE than the traditional observance of International Labor day was in the minds of residents of Llano when they celebrated May 1st.

It was the third birthday of Llano.

It was the fifth birthday of the Western Comrade.

As to Llano—three years of achievement are behind her; a splendid future lies ahead.

As to the Western Comrade—behind is a clean record; no radical publication has such a radiant future.

The Western Comrade is steadily gaining in circulation. And one of the most significant facts is that nearly every reader renews his subscription when it expires.

The reason is a good one. The Western Comrade tells him of the things he wishes to know.

Each month it is hoped the Western Comrade will become a more and more interesting magazine. It should occupy the foremost place in the radical field today. It tells the story in which we are all interested, the story of which no other publication can tell.

THAT IS ACHIEVEMENT.

Facts are demanded today. Socialist theories are good, but the people demand more. They want to know if they will work. And we must answer that question satisfactorily and directly. No evasion will do. We must cite examples. Whether it is just or unjust to ask us to do this, it is the question asked of us, and we must meet it. We have no other choice.

Has anyone ever asked you:

Can the workers manage industry?

Will Socialism work?

Can you have a uniform wage scale?

Who'll do the dirty work?

How will the people take over the industries?

Won't a few gain control?

And the objections are:

You can't have common ownership of land.

You can't work a ranch on an eight-hour day.

You've got to have a boss.

Socialism destroys the home.

There'll be no incentive.

You've heard lots more of them. Heretofore you've had to answer with theories. Llano furnishes facts. Llano is constructive, practical, growing, virile, young. Llano people have learned much in the three years they have been practicing the theories of Socialism. They answer every objection, every question.

The Western Comrade and the Llano Colonist tell about what is being done. They show how co-operation succeeds. They tell of accomplishment. And it is because of this that the Llano Publications have grown.

Straight-from-the-shoulder Socialism they teach, the pure, unadulterated article. Yet they do not call names, do not indulge in bitter criticism, do not participate in party disputes.

The Llano gardens are an example in concrete Socialism. So are the printing department, the cannery, the dairy, and every other institution in Llano. As little lessons in Socialism they are unparalleled. You can interest anyone in such lessons as these.

Socialists have looked forward to the coming of the Co-operative Commonwealth. They have prophesied much from it.

They said it would take care of the orphaned, the aged, the sick.

Llano does that.

They said it would provide employment for all.

Llano does that.

They said it would give old age and mothers' pensions.

Llano does that.

They said it would bring hope to people.

Llano does that.

The things that Socialists dreamed of, worked for, voted for, agitated for —these are being achieved in Llano.

Every reader of the Western Comrade should help to spread an interest in Socialism. You can interest your friends, your neighbors, your workmates, your associates, even your employer, when you can show literature telling of the achievements of these principles.

The COLONIST and the COMRADE do this.

The triumphs of the principles you believe in depend on the education of the people. There are no better mediums for this than the Llano Publications.

Will you get one additional reader this month?

It is asking little of you, but it is asking you to do what you believe is right. We must have your help. We must spread the news of "Co-operation in Action."

The COMRADE has grown, so has the COLONIST. But they must grow more and more rapidly. Already they wield an influence greater than any other papers, proportionate to their size.

Will you help make them more influential?

The COLONIST is 50c a year, or $1.00 for a club of three. The COMRADE is 75c a year, or 50c in clubs of four or more.

Both to one address are $1.00 a year or 75c in clubs of four or more.

Canadian rates are $1.00 a year for either the COMRADE or the COLONIST. No club rates apply outside of the United States.

I Need $10,000

TO ENLARGE MY RAPIDLY GROWING BUSINESS

My business is a standard, conservatively managed business. It has been established about five years. It is growing so rapidly that in order to keep up with the increased demand I must have larger equipment throughout. This requires an immediate outlay of capital.

There is every prospect that WITHIN FIVE YEARS IT WILL BE THE LARGEST BUSINESS OF ITS KIND IN THE UNITED STATES.

The product in one line has been multiplied by three in the last ten months; a newly established line has grown amazingly.

I have had to turn away a great deal of profitable business because my equipment has been inadequate to handle this new business.

I am a Socialist. I want to borrow this capital from Socialists.

I CAN GIVE FIRST CLASS SECURITY.

I estimate that $10,000 will equip a new plant completely. The money will be used for this purpose.

I want to borrow it either in a lump sum or in smaller sums.

Have you a small sum you wish to invest where it will be used by a comrade, and where it will be well protected?

Write me for full details, and let me know what sum you will loan if the security is satisfactory to you.

Please address: John D. McGregor, care of Western Comrade, Llano, California. —Advertisement

About Manuscripts

Only typewritten material or that written with ink will be given consideration.

Please put your name and address and date on manuscripts.

The WESTERN COMRADE does not pay cash at present.

Please state if you desire return of manuscript.

The COMRADE is always glad to consider contributions, but nothing of a controversial nature will be printed.

What Are You Good For?

Did you ever try to find out?

Are you employed at work for which you are best fitted?

Do you KNOW or are you GUESSING?

Your children--what will you advise them to do?

The science of Character Analysis will answer the questions you have asked yourself. It is not fortune telling. It is not guess work. It tells you what you are fitted for and gives you the reasons. It tells you why you have not succeded in what you have attempted and will show you in which lines you can hope to succeed.

An analysis of yourself will cost you something and it is worth many times what it costs; but information about it—that is free. Just write: "Send me free information about Character Analysis and Vocational Fitness." Write your name and address very plainly. Send it to:

P. O. Box 153, Llano, California

California Lands or Government Lands

"NEW OPENINGS DIFFERENT COUNTIES AND STATES"

FREE booklet, telling of your nine rights, eight without residence. Special circulars, how, why, and where, of overlooked or covered up bargains; all counties, some near you. Write:

Joseph Clark, Searcher of Government and State Records
1511 K St, Sacramento.

Telephone Home A-4533

HARRIMAN & LEVIN

Attorneys at Law

921 Higgins Building Los Angeles, Cal.

Law Book Free

STUDY LAW, and become the man of power in your community. The farmers of North Dakota captured the State Government, and found that they needed law-trained men in office to fight the big interests which have their lawyers in the Legislature to make their laws, and in the Courts to defend and interpret them. There are opportunities awaiting YOU. Get ready for them—study Law at home in your spare time. We prepare you for the Bar examination. Guarantee bond for refund of money if dissatisfied. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Hundreds of successful students enrolled. Fourteen-volume Law Library upon enrollment. Low cost—easy terms. Be independent. Be a Leader. Write today for free law book—"Law and the People."

THE PEOPLE'S COLLEGE, Dept. D,
FORT SCOTT, KANSAS.

Reduced Freight Rates

on Shipments of

Household Goods

from all Eastern points

to California

Members of the Llano del Rio Colony will find it especially advantageous to make their shipments through the

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.

443 Marquette bldg, Chicago; 324 Whitehall bldg, New York; 640 Old South bldg, Boston; 435 Oliver bldg, Pittsburg; 1537 Boatmen's Bank bldg, St. Louis; 518 Central bldg, Los Angeles; 855 Monadnock bldg, San Francisco. WRITE NEAREST OFFICE.

Can You Reduce Weight?

Information regarding my Obesity Treatments is contained in a little booklet and consists of fully explained systems of dieting, exercises, bathing, manipulative movements, and various other essentials to effect the desired results. Persistency in this common sense and proved treatment will surely bring results in your case as it has in others. No drugs are used; it is a natural and beneficial way of reducing flesh. It gives full details for daily conduct. In sending remittances, state what portion you particularly wish to have reduced and emphasis will be given as to what treatments will prove most beneficial.

Full $5.00 Treatmeots, $3.00 Mrs. C. M. Williams, Llano, Cal.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Rates: 25c a line for one insertion; 15c a line thereafter. Twelve words to the line. Advertising payable in advance.

WANTED—GAS ENGINES, 6 TO 12 H. P. STATE MODEL, DESIGN, name, age, condition, and give full description. WESTERN COMRADE.

FOR SALE.—BREEDING RABBITS. BELGIANS, NEW ZEALANDS, AND Flemish Giants. We can supply all ages up to eight months. For further information address Rabbit Department, Llano del Rio Colony, Llano, Cal.

Three Years of Growth

Are Back of The Llano del Rio Colony

Thirty-six months of unprecedented success and prodigious growth is the record that the Llano del Rio Colony can point to. Never before in the history of the co-operative movement has such splendid progress been made. It is a record justly to be proud of and the success has been fairly earned. The Llano del Rio Colony is on a safe and sane footing; its growth and progress will be even more remarkable during the years to come.

LLANO OWNS

Printery
Shoe Shop
Laundry
Commissary
Bakery
Cannery
Tannery
Creamery
Magazine
Newspaper
Saw Mill
Lime Kiln
Dairy
Hogs
Alfalfa
Orchards
Gardens
Rabbitry
Stock Ranges
Machine Shop

2750 Acres

This great tract of land was added to the holdings of the Colony just recently. It lies in the fertile San Joaquin Valley and is splendid fruit land. Every member of the Llano del Rio Colony, resident or installment member, profits by the added acreage. It strikingly marks the growth of the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony.
(See pages 16 and 17 this issue Western Comrade)

LLANO MAKES

Bread
Overalls
Shirts
Canvas Gloves
Butter
Leather
Soap
Rugs

LLANO HAS—

Library
Montessori School
Orchestras
Two Hotels

GIVES FREE—

Medical Attendance
Doctor's Services
Entertainments
Rent
Baths
Dances

Have You the Spirit of Co-operation?

Have you, who have voted for the co-operative commonwealth, who have talked and agitated for it and prayed that it might come in your time, who have done your part to educate the world to its benefits — have you the courage of your convictions? Are you willing to unite with your comrades and MAKE it the huge success you have dreamed of? The hardest of the fight is over. The Colony is on a sound foundation now. The days when it required the great sacrifices and the utmost courage are now past.

But the days of doing and the time of the greatest opportunity lie immediately ahead. Those who have the foresight to get into the vanguard of this great enterprise, who are willing and anxious to get on to the firing line of the grandest phase of the co-operative movement, who have the spirit of the co-operative commonwealth strong within them, can achieve and conquer. Workers and thinkers are required. They will be amply rewarded, too, but the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony appeals to those who have VISION and SPIRIT more than to those who are merely interested in their own betterment. Will you join with those who are making "Co-operation in Action" a success?

SEND FOR THE "GATEWAY TO FREEDOM"

Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony

LLANO, CALIFORNIA

DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE OF THE WORKERS

THE WESTERN COMRADE

THROUGH POLITICAL ACTION AND COOPERATION

Editorials

By Job Harriman . . . Pages 5, 6, 7

Problem of the Boy 4
A Poem. By D. Bobspa.

May Day 11
By Dr. John Dequer.

Efficiency 12
By L. W. Millsap, Jr.

The Socialist City 14
By A. Constance Austin.

Making Wood Pulp for Paper 15
By R. A. Barber.

Was Schmidt Guilty? 16

Dearer Than Honor 18
Fiction. By Ethel Winger.

Forcing System in Farming 22
By Wesley Zornes.

News and Views in Agriculture 23

Co-operation the World Over 24

Reviews of Recent Readable Books 25
By D. Bobspa.

First American Conference for Democracy and Terms of Peace . . . . . Page 27

Llano's Third May Day

By Robt. K. Williams . . . Pages 8, 9, 10

The Magazine of "Co-operation in Action."

June

1917

10 Cents a Copy

The Gateway To Freedom

Through Co-operative Action

THE LLANO DEL RIO CO-OPERATIVE COLONY is located in the beautiful Antelope Valley, in the northeastern part of Los Angeles County, Southern California. This plain lies between the San Gabriel spur of the Sierra Madres on the south and the Tehachapi range on the north. The Colony is on the north slope of the San Gabriel range. It is almost midway between Palmdale, on the Southern Pacific, and Victorville, on the Santa Fe railroad.

The Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony is made up of persons who believe in the application of the principles of co-operation to the widest possible extent. Virtually all of the residents are Socialists. It is a practical and convincing answer to those who have scoffed at Socialist principles, who have said that "it won't work," who have urged many fallacious arguments. In the three years since it was established, the Colony has demonstrated thoroughly the soundness of its plan of operation and its theory. Today it is stronger than ever before in its history.

GENERAL INFORMATION

The Llano del Rio Colony is the greatest Community enterprise ever attempted. It was founded by Job Harriman, May 1st. 1914, and is solving the problem of disemployment and business failure. It offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the workers and their families.

An abundance of clear, sparkling water coming from mountain springs is sufficient to irrigate thousands of fertile acres. The climate is mild and delightful, the soil is fertile, and markets are not far distant.

The Llano del Rio Colony is a horticultural, agricultural, and stock-raising enterprise, with such manufacturing as will supply the needs of the colonists, with perhaps something to sell when the Colony has grown.

It is a perfect example of Co-operation in Action. No community organized as it is, was ever established before.

The purpose is to solve the problem of unemployment by providing steady employment for the workers; to assure safety and comfort for the future and for old age; to guarantee education for the children in the best schools; and to provide a social life amid surroundings better than can be found in the competitive world.

It has more than 800 residents, making it the largest town in the Antelope Valley. More than 200 children attend the schools. Part of the children get meals at the school; some live at the Industrial school all the time. The Montessori school is in operation, taking the children from 2½ to 6 years of age. A new school building is soon to be built on the new townsite. The County school and the Colony Industrial schools are both in operation.

The Colony owns a fine herd of 125 Jersey and Holstein cattle, 100 head of young stock are on the range, being heifers and calves up to 2 years of age. Over 100 head of horses and mules, including colts, are owned by the Colony. These, with the tractors and caterpillar engine, four trucks, and numerous autos, do the hauling and the work on the land.

A recent purchase of Duroc-Jersey sows gives the Colony thirty-eight registered high-class breeding sows and two splendid boars, the nucleus of a great development along this line. Many new pens have been built. Registration will be kept up and the raising of fine hogs made one of the leading industries. There are also some fine Berkshires, and a large number of grade sows.

Much nursery stock has been planted, a vineyard of 40 acres put out, and many fruit trees set this spring. The Colony has more than 400 acres of orchards.

Community gardening is successful, and an increased acreage will be put in each year.

The ideal is to farm on an extensive scale, using all manner of efficient labor saving machinery and methods, with expert and experienced men in charge of the different departments.

Llano possesses more than 668 stands of bees. They are cared for by expert bee men of long experience. This department expects to have several thousand stands in a few years.

The Colony has secured timber from the San Gabriel Reserve, and has a well equipped sawmill. Lumber worth $35 to $40 a thousand costs the Colony only a few dollars a thousand.

Social life is delightful, baseball and football teams, dances, picnics, swimming, hunting, camping, all being popular. A band, several orchestras, a dramatic club, and other organizations assist in making the social occasions enjoyable.

Alfalfa does extraordinarily well at Llano. Much has been planted and the acreage will be increased as rapidly as possible. Six good cuttings a season can be depended on. Ditches lined with cobblestone set in Llano lime, making them permanent, conserve water and insure economy. They will be built as fast as possible.

A square mile has been set aside for the new city. With the sawmill running, the lime kiln producing a very superior lime, and with sand and rock abundant and adobe brick easily manufactured, the time is near when permanent buildings will be erected on the new site. It will be a city different in design from any other in the world, with houses of a distinctively different architecture. Houses will be comfortable, sanitary, handsome, home-like, modern, and harmonious with their surroundings, and will insure greater privacy than any other houses ever constructed. They are unique and designed especially for Llano.

LLANO INDUSTRIES AND INSTITUTIONS

Among the industries of Llano, to which new ones are constantly being added, are: Printshop, shoe shop, laundry, cannery, cleaning and dyeing, warehouse, machine shop, blacksmith shop, rug works, planing mill, paint shop, lime kiln, saw mill, dairy, cabinet shop, nursery, alfalfa, orchards, rabbitry, gardens, hog raising, lumbering, publishing, transportation (autos, trucks, tractors), doctors' offices, woodyard, vinegar works, bakery, fish hatchery, barber shop, dairy goats, baths, swimming pool, studios, two hotels, drafting room, post office, commissary, camping ground, Industrial school, grammar school, Montessori school, commercial classes, library, women's exchange, two weekly dances, brass band, mandolin club, two orchestras, quartets, socialist local, jeweler.

COMMUNITY MANAGEMENT

THE LLANO DEL RIO COMMUNITY has a remarkable form of management that is the result of evolution. The management of the affairs of the Colony industries is in the hands of the department managers. In each department there are divisions. Over some of these divisions are foremen. All these are selected for their experience and fitness for the position. At the department meetings as many persons as can crowd in the room are always present. These meetings are held regularly and they are unique in that no motions are ever made, no resolutions adopted and no minutes are kept. **The last action on any matter supercedes all former action and this stands until the plans are changed.** The plan is working most admirably and smoothly. At these meetings the work is discussed and planned, reports are given, teams allotted, workers are shifted to the point where the needs are greatest, and machinery is put on designated work, transportation is arranged, wants are made known and filled as nearly as possible. The board of directors, members of which are elected by the stockholders, meets once a week and has charge of the financial and business management of the enterprise. These directors are on the same basis as all their comrades in the colony. At the general assembly all persons over eighteen years of age, residing in the colony, have a voice and vote.

NO CONSTITUTION OR BY-LAWS

MANY persons who want to know how the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community are conducted think, in order to get this information, they must secure a copy of a constitution and by-laws. There is no constitution. The Llano Community contents itself with a "declaration of principles" which is printed below. The management of the Colony rests with the board of managers, a member of which is the superintendent and his two assistants. These managers are selected for their fitness and ability. The business and financial affairs of the enter-

prise are conducted by the board of directors who are elected by the stockholders. The corporation by-laws are the stereotyped corporation by-laws of almost every state. The only innovation is in the restricting of anyone from voting more than 2000 shares of stock, regardless of how many shares are held. As this is to be the ultimate holding of every member, this is considered a strong protective clause. The incorporation charter is also the usual type and gives the corporation the right to transact almost all manner of business. The Nevada corporation laws are liberal, safe, and well construed. There is no disposition on the part of state officials to interfere.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES

IN conducting the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community it has been found that the fewer inflexible rules and regulations the greater the harmony. Instead of an elaborate constitution and a set of laws the colonists have a Declaration of Principles and they live up to the spirit of them. The declaration follows:

Things which are used productively must be owned collectively.

The rights of the Community shall be paramount over those of any individual.

Liberty of action is only permissible when it does not restrict the liberty of another.

Law is a restriction of liberty and is only just when operating for the benefit of the Community at large.

Values created by the Community shall be vested in the Community alone.

The individual is not justly entitled to more land than is sufficient to satisfy a reasonable desire for peace and rest. Productive land held for profit shall not be held by private ownership.

Talent and intelligence are gifts which should rightly be used in the service of others. The development of these by education is the gift of the Community to the individual, and the exercise of greater ability entitles none to the false rewards of greater possessions, but only to the joy of greater service to others.

Only by identifying his interests and pleasures with those of others can man find real happiness.

The duty of the individual to the Community is to develop ability to the greatest degree possible by availing himself of all educational facilities and to devote the whole extent of that ability to the service of all.

The duty of the Community to the individual is to administer justice, to eliminate greed and selfishness, to educate all and to aid any in time of age or misfortune.

LLANO OFFERS YOU ESCAPE FROM—

THE electric light bill, the water bill, the doctor's bill, the drug bill, the telephone bill, the gas bill, the coal bill, the dentist's bill, the school book supplies bill, the sewer assessment bill, and car fare, the annoyance of the back door peddler and beggar (Henry Dubbs who think the trouble is individual hard luck), the hundred and one greater and smaller burdens on the householder, and the lean weeks caused by disemployment and the consequent fear of the future. There is no landlord and no rent is charged.

While they are charged with living expenses, for food and clothing, the colonists never fear meeting the grocery bill, the milk, the clothing bill, the laundry bill, the butcher's bill, and other inevitable and multitudinous bills that burden the struggling workers in the outside world. For the tax bill he has no fear. The colony officials attend to the details of all overhead. To colonists the amusements, sports, pastimes, dances, entertainments and all educational facilities are free.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS ANSWERED

WHEN a member of the colony dies his shares and credits like any other property, go to his heirs. Only Caucasians are admitted. We have had applications from Negroes, Hindus, Mongolians and Malays. The rejection of these applications is not due to race prejudice but because it is not deemed expedient to mix races in these communities.

Llano is twenty miles from Palmdale, on the Southern Pacific Railroad. All household goods and other shipments should be consigned to the name of the owner, Palmdale, California, care Llano Colony. Goods will be looked after by the colony freightman until ordered moved to Llano. All shipments should be prepaid, otherwise they cannot be moved and storage or demurrage may be charged. Freight transportation between the colony and the station is by means of auto trucks. Passengers are carried in the colony's auto stages. In shipping household goods, it will be well to ship only lighter goods. Cookstoves, refrigerators and heavy articles should not be shipped from points where freight rates are high.

Individuals may own their own automobiles and many colonists do own them. All livestock, poultry, etc., are kept in the departments devoted to those industries. The aim is to keep the residence portion of the colony clean and sanitary.

SOUND FINANCING NECESSARY

PERSONS cannot be admitted to residence at the colony upon the payment of $10.00 or any other sum less than the initial payment fee. Hundreds write and suggest they be allowed to pay a small amount, or in some cases, nothing at all, then enter the colony and work out the remainder of their shares. If the colony permitted this there would soon be a hundred thousand applications.

The money derived from these initial payments is used to pay for land, improvements, machinery, and to carry on the enterprise until it is on a paying basis. It takes considerable time to bring a large agricultural undertaking to a productive point. The colony must proceed along sound financial lines in order to continue its present success. This fact must be obvious to all. The management of the Llano del Rio Community has never been unmindful of the fact that there is a numberless army that cannot take advantage of this plan of co-operation. Many letters come in that breathe bitter and deep disappointment. No one could regret this more than we do. It is our hope that the day will come when successful co-operative groups can say to their stripped, robbed and exploited brothers: "You who come with willing hands and understanding of comradeship and co-operation are welcome."

The installment plan of payment whereby one pays $10.00 a month is proving satisfactory. On this plan the absent comrade is providing for the future while his brothers and sisters on the land are bearing the brunt of the pioneering. Families entering the colony begin to draw from the commissary. Some of the food, all the clothing, much of the material they draw, costs money. The initial membership fee goes to offset the support of families until the colony shall be on a paying basis.

PLAN OF ORGANIZATION

Following is the plan which has proven successful: Each shareholder agrees to buy 2,000 shares of capital stock. Each pays in cash or installments, $1,000. Each pays in labor, $1,000. Each receives a daily wage of $4.00, from which is deducted $1.00 for the stock he is working out. From the remainder comes his living expenses. Whatever margin he may have above deduction for stock and living expenses is credited to his individual account, payable out of the surplus profits of the enterprise. If an installment member falls ill, is disabled or disemployed, the Colony gives him every opportunity to recover and resume payments. In no case will he be crowded. If he finds it impossible to resume payments, we will, upon request, issue stock for the full amount he has paid. This is transferable and may be sold to his best advantage. In this we will endeavor to assist wherever practicable. Corporations are not allowed by law to deal in their own stock.

HOW TO JOIN

Write today for an application blank, fill it out and send together with a remittance of $10 or more to secure your membership. You can then arrange to pay $10 a month or more until you can so adjust your affairs that you can make final payment and join your comrades who have already borne the first brunt of pioneering.

Address Communications regarding membership, general information, etc., to the

MEMBERSHIP DEPARTMENT, LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY,
LLANO, CALIFORNIA

Read of Llano in the LLANO COLONIST, the weekly paper telling in detail of what is being achieved, giving an intimate peep into the daily lives, the smaller incidents of this growing, thriving institution.

Read, too, the WESTERN COMRADE, the illustrated monthly magazine, giving more complete articles concerning the Colony, showing photos illustrating its growth, etc. The editorials, and many other special features, are making it one of the leading Socialist magazines of today.

For subscriptions to the Publications, changes of address, etc., please write

THE LLANO PUBLICATIONS
LLANO, CALIFORNIA

Problem of the Boy

By D. Bobspa

I SEEK solution of a problem.
Given Heredity plus Environment,
I would plot the eccentric curve
Of the unknown quantity,
B-O-Y.

See how the shuttles of Fate
Play hide and seek
In interplay
Of forces varied to produce
The boy.

What of Heredity,
The long-stretched lines
Of the warp,
Gift of the misty past to
The boy?

What of environment,
The complicated maze
Of the woof
Potent in moulding
The boy?

A tired mother,
Working and exhausted,
Pauses from her busy duties
To give joyless birth to
The boy.

Hungry and tired,
He is born into the world.
The infant,
Still underfed, grows into
The boy.

Hopes and longings
Burn in that abysmal home,
And bright pictures of the future
Steadfast beckon to
The boy.

School days are happy,
In spite of poverty.
For, toiling through the mire,
Hope still rules
The boy.

The workshop claims him
And school days are over,
As Mammon's jaws open wide
To receive its sacrifice—
The boy.

Society approves the crime
(On greater profits bent),
While you and I stand condemned
For the murder of
The boy.

His Heredity: the son
Of all the ages,
The blood of earth's best workers
Coursing the veins of
The boy.

His environment sordid
Wove a sorry figure through
The warp, giving sad answer
To my problem of
The boy.

"Plus Environment."
Here the problem, then,
Must start for
The saving of
The boy.

From to-day's environment
Springs the heredity
Of to-morrow
That will strengthen
The boy.

A free earth
Where mothers will be able
To laugh and grow strong
To endow with his birthright
The boy.

Political Action Co-operation Direct Action

The Western Comrade

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Entered as second-class matter November 4th, 1916, at the post office at Llano, California, under Act of March 3, 1879.

PUBLISHED EACH MONTH AT LLANO, CALIFORNIA.

JOB HARRIMAN . . . . . Managing Editor. 7 FRANK E. WOLFE . . . . . Editor.

Subscription Rate—75c a year; Canada $1. Single Copies 10c; clubs of 4 or more (in U. S.) 50c. Combination with LLANO COLONIST $1.
Publishers and others are invited to copy at will from the WESTERN COMRADE, but are asked to give credit. Nothing copyrighted unless so stated.
In making change of address always give your former one so that the mailing department may be certain that the right name is being changed.

VOL. V. LLANO, CALIFORNIA, JUNE, 1917 No. 2

Editorials

By Job Harriman

ANOTHER convention is now called, to be held in New York May 30. The call is issued to Socialist, Labor, peace, religious and political organizations. Favorable response is coming in from all parts. Evidently the majority report of the Socialist convention has not become a rallying point for the American people.

Many of those who signed and two of those who drafted the majority report of the Socialist party convention signed the call on the following program. This proves the folly of the majority and the wisdom of the minority report:

PREAMBLE.—United in our love for America we are convinced that we can best serve our country by urging upon our countrymen the adoption of the following program:

1. PEACE.—The conference favors a speedy and universal peace in harmony with the principles outlined by the President of the United States and by Revolutionary Russia, and endorsed substantially by the Social Democratic organizations of Italy, France, Germany and Austria and the liberal and democratic forces of England and other countries, namely:

(a) No forcible annexation of territory.

(b) No punitive indemnities.

(c) Free development of all nations.

We favor all steps leading to international reorganization for the maintenance of peace based upon the principle of obligatory adjudication of disputes among nations, disarmament, neutralization of the great waterways, trading on equal terms between all nations, and protection of small nations.

We urge the government of the United States immediately to announce its war aims in definite and concrete terms upon the above principles and to make efforts to induce the Allied countries to make similar declarations, thus informing our public for what concrete objects they are called upon to fight and forcing a definite expression of war aims on the part of the Central Powers.

We demand that this country shall make peace the moment its announced aims shall have been achieved without waiting for the territorial ambitions of the belligerents to be realized. We further demand that it shall make no agreement with other governments limiting its power so to do or any agreement or understanding looking toward an economic war after the war.

2. DEMOCRACY.—The Conference pledges itself:

(a) To oppose all laws for compulsory military training and service.

(b) To uphold freedom of conscience and to support conscientious objectors.

(c) To defend the constitutional rights of freedom of speech, press and assemblage during the war.

(d) To work for the democratization of the diplomacy of the United States, including the principle of the referendum on declarations of war, and upon concluding alliances with foreign nations.

3. ECONOMIC POLICIES.—(a) The Conference is opposed to the nullification or suspension of progressive labor legislation during the war; to the suspension or curtailment of the rights of the working class.

(b) It demands that none of the revenue required for the prosecution of the war shall come from taxation of the necessaries of life, but that all war funds shall be raised by heavy taxation upon profits of war industries, by a heavy and progressive income tax, and by federal inheritance taxes.

It is to be hoped that this convention will give issue to a constructive program. The forces of decay are already at work in the heart of capitalism. It is our mission to aid in the birth of the new order. Socialism, the legitimate child of capitalism, is struggling, this moment, to escape from the womb. The thing to do during the war, is the all-important question.

We cannot resist the inevitable, but we can so take advantage that our influence will be felt far and wide.

As a program for this convention, we propose the following:

DOMESTIC POLICY.

1. The municipal, state and government ownership and control of all natural resources and productive industries.
2. Universal suffrage.
3. Free speech and free press.
4. Popular vote on declaration of war.
5. Conscription of all incomes and inheritances.
6. Conscription of all men and women for industrial army.
7. Increased pay for industrial workers.
8. Institutions for the industrially incapable.

FOREIGN POLICY.

1. Speedy and universal peace.
2. No indemnities.
3. No annexations.
4. No foreign alliances.
5. Complete disarmament of nations.
6. Compulsory international arbitration.
7. United States of the World and International World Parliament.
8. Open door for all nations to the sea.

The new order will submerge property and elevate human-

ity. In it the mountain peaks of special privilege will be leveled to equal opportunity, and the power and influence of man will depend upon his own genius and ability. The hour has come when man will be man and nothing more.

This war was started by the rich. It will be ended by the poor. In the past the few could be and were inhuman to the many; in the future, the many cannot be inhuman to the few.

The masses are irresistible. The arms of the world are in their hands. The governments of the world are conscripting the poor and supplying them with the machinery of war. Under the pressure of hunger, the poor will assume the control of the machinery of government.

We were opposed to this country entering the war. But we have entered. Now we have not power to oppose conscription, and soon the government may not have the power to resist the fruits of conscription.

Commercial and financial necessity forced our government to take up arms.

Efficiency will force government control of the resources and the industries.

Hunger will force world peace, world disarmament, universal suffrage, universal labor, and the downfall of capitalism.

——o——

LITTLE do we dream of the task we have undertaken. We have assumed the responsibility of feeding, financing and manning a world-war with our base of supplies three thousand miles from the field of battle. Between the battlefield and the base of supplies lies a ravenous, insatiable ocean, fed by relentless and untiring submarines.

Germany is yet the attacking party both in the East and in the West. Not one battle of note has yet been fought on German soil. How much more difficult it is to attack than it is to defend, the Allies will learn when they move against German forts and over German mines. Such a slaughter as has never been known will come in those days.

Already 45,000,000 men have been lost, wounded and killed. Over 7,00,000 have been killed.

We have sent Russia $1,000,000,000. She agrees to continue with the Allies to the end. The resources of the Allies and the Central Powers are again about equally balanced, and again will they pour their food, money and men into the terrible vortex.

Meanwhile, each nation is seizing all the means of production and is organizing all its men, women and children into a productive army. Universal suffrage is rolling like a tidal wave over all nations. With anguish of soul and a bleeding heart, the world is trampling under foot its old idols and gods, money and private property, and is creating a new god—the sacredness of human life. In the future, humanity will worship at this altar. This altar will be completed when the crowns melt, the thrones decay, and when political suffrage and industrial armies shall have grasped the earth.

CONSCRIPTION! What does it mean to the rich, and what does it mean to the poor? Shall the rich be embalmed in their riches with the blood of the poor? Is not conscription the call of capitalism? Shall it call the worker and leave the capitalist? Shall it call man and leave capital? What is there in capital so sacred that it should not be called to war? Shall we conscript human lives and leave incomes and inheritances? Does the country belong to property or to people? Shall property be preserved by bonded indebtedness while the people are cast into the trenches to rot? In the eyes of war and death, is one man better than another? Does not death reduce all men to a common privilege—the tomb? Why, then, shall their privileges differ in life?

Conscription? Why not conscript everybody and everything?

Conscript all natural resources, all industries, all capital, all incomes, and all inheritances.

Conscript every human being.

Everybody cannot go to war, but everybody can do some useful thing.

Separate the rich from their wealth and make people of them.

Unite the people in a common life, in a life of mutual interest, and use the power of wealth to protect that life—and war will be no more.

War is born out of the struggle for wealth, and not out of the hatred of men.

Conscription of everybody and everything is the highway to an early peace and an enduring civilization.

——o——

THEY tell us that we are in war. And, sure enough, we are. But how did it happen? Who is responsible? Are we quite sure that anybody is responsible? Does not the majority report of the late Socialist convention state that the war in Europe was "the logical outcome of the competitive-capitalist system"? And that "the forces of capitalism are even more hideously transparent in the war . . of this country"?

Nobody, but EVERYBODY, who approves and supports the capitalist system, is responsible. The blood of the nations is upon every hand.

——o——

MEN, money and food—these are the three necessities for a successful war.

Volunteer for certain death? The volunteer candidates for that country whence no traveler returns are few. No men, no army; no army, no war. But we are in war; hence CONSCRIPTION of men.

A liberty loan to the already bankrupt and defeated allied nations from which no interest or principal may return? As well expect a miser to feed a missionary as a banker to back a broken reed. No money, no munitions; no munitions, no

war! But we are in war; hence CONSCRIPTION of money.

At least, this war will bring money down to a level with humanity.

Plenty of food and low prices, when the world wolf is howling at our doors? As well expect a gourmand to dine on delicacies as a capitalist system to glut its larder or check its greed. High prices: intense activity. But high prices will absorb the money. No money: no munitions. Low prices, sluggish activity; sluggish activity, no food; no food, no war. But we are in war; hence CONSCRIPTION of productive resources.

Conscription of all productive resources!

Conscription of all men to operate the resources!

Conscription of all money for whatsoever purpose!

This is the only road to a successful war, and to an early and lasting peace.

—o—

CAPITALISM is a monster. It is reeking with human gore. It is an all-devouring cannibal. It devours the poor, builds governments of their blood, and then devours the governments. It develops greed for power in the hearts of men, and crushes them with that power. It decays the hearts and souls of men, and destroys them because they have not love. It is a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal that resounds the world around. Whosoever follows it will perish by its hand. It is a serpent with a fang for every heart. Whosoever yields to its alluring promises will be crushed in its coils. The pathways it makes lead finally to the trenches, to a decaying mass, a putrid tomb.

—o—

THE May Western Comrade pointed out the danger of the majority report of the St. Louis convention. Events have justified the prophecy.

Not alone the danger to the party—though that is great enough.

It is the danger to the members of the party who try to carry out the admonition of the party press and the party leaders to distribute generally the majority report of the convention.

The May Comrade pointed out that the majority report could easily be construed by government officials as being seditious.

The "Milwaukee Leader" of May 19 carries the news of the first fruits of this campaign of distribution of the majority report.

United States authorities raided the headquarters of the Socialist Party of Indiana and seized all literature bearing on war.

The raid is thought to be directly traceable to a speech made in the United States Senate by Senator Husting, of Wisconsin. Senator Husting attacked the majority report on war and militarism.

Socialists must remember that today their rights only exist as official interpretation permits. Despotic powers have been granted or have been usurped by over-zealous officials.

That the persons who formed the St. Louis convention were indiscreet or that their judgment was not good has no bearing on the case.

But that innocent and energetic Socialists, hating war and the over-riding of liberty and rights, should distribute this Majority Report is the concern of every Socialist.

Party members have been urged by those in whom they have the utmost faith and confidence to give the greatest possible circulation to the St. Louis majority report.

Without meaning to do so, those who drafted the report are plotting the downfall of their comrades.

What has happened at Indianapolis may happen anywhere. Public officials are empowered to stamp out anything they may deem treasonable.

The public mind is inflamed.

The majority report contains statements that may easily be interpreted as seditious.

Every Socialist who distributes this literature may subject himself to the charge of treason.

Under date of May 25, Thomas W. Williams, State Secretary of the Socialist Party of California, writes:

"I have been notified by the United States District Attorney's office of Southern California that the circulation of the Majority Report is in contravention of recent Congressional action and that the same would not be admissible to the mails or for general circulation."

Not to oppose what we cannot help and what it is too late to prevent, but to make the most of the opportunity for educating the people to the advantages of co-operation—this is the course that can be pursued profitably by Socialists. The war is not of our making, but we can take advantage of the opportunity it presents to push our propaganda and hasten the day of the coming of Socialism.

—o—

NOW comes a long line of editorials in the daily press, backed by "influential citizens," demanding that gambling in foodstuffs be "prohibited during the war." Is it wrong, then, to gamble in food in time of war and right in time of peace? Is it possible that influential citizens do not use their consciences in time of peace, reserving them for action in time of war only? When hunger strikes society above the belt in the region of the aristocracy, it seems to awaken "public conscience." Conscience becomes terribly rusty when it is so long between wars. How freaky a rusty conscience is, anyway! Saving food to feed men to kill other men is a freak of conscience that passeth all understanding. When gambling in food raises prices in times of peace until the poor are hungry, it is proof positive that the poor are shiftless and indolent and should work longer hours. But if prices rise in time of war until they annoyingly reach the rich, then gambling is a "crime against God and man!"

How fortunate it is for this poor world that the rich are blessed with a keen conscience!

Llano's Third May Day

By Robert K. Williams

MAY DAY dawned serene and bright. A spirit of anticipation seemed to pervade the atmosphere. For weeks May Day had been talked of and elaborate preparations had been made. Visitors from many parts of the state and from surrounding states had come to spend May Day in Llano. Members not fully paid, and others, visited the Colony for the first time and to enjoy the festivities of the day.

The first event of the day was the Pioneers' Parade. The first comers to the Colony, with single team and one lone cow in the rear, trudged along, representing the full quota of colonists and visible possessions of the Llano del Rio Colony in 1914. Following the first pioneers came quite a procession of arrivals of the year 1915. The line was headed, of course, by the founder, Comrade Job Harriman, and as many others of the original board of directors as were in the Colony for the celebration. Cheers greeted the members of 1914 and

Athletics at Llano on May Day, when a number of Llano athletes made excellent records in outdoor sports

1915 as they passed in review. Something seemed to rise in the throats of many as memories of the past surged up while they waited the procession.

A tremendously affecting thing it is to witness a large body of people doing the same thing at the same time. When one realizes what this group of people are in Llano for, and what the trudging group meant, a vision overcoming the hardships of the past compensates for everything. After all, it's the spirit that counts.

Athletics were held on the open road and some commendable performances were recorded. The standing jump, the mile run, the broad jump and several other events were of unusual record. One of the pathetic things of life is to witness "old timers" attempt to come back. Age creeps on us so slowly and unconsciously, providing one is healthy, that waning power is not suspected until the reserve is drawn upon, and ageing muscles and reserve fail to respond. Some of us who prided ourselves on our ability to jump and do other feats of strength, agility and endurance, discover that in the mad race for something to eat we have neglected to store Nature's power, and when a test came we hit the ground like a frog loaded with too many woolly worms.

For fear people may not know to whom I refer, and think it is they that are referred to, I will state that one of my greatest joys was to out-jump the other fellow. I'm afraid to mention how far I used to jump, but of course it was some jump. When I stood on the jumping board and looked at the best mark I mentally commented on the lack of spring in the other fellow. But, but—when I jumped! It was no less a mental shock than a bodily one to discover that four or five feet had been extracted from my record. However, one bright spot remains. I beat one fellow, and it happended to be Assistant Superintendent Kilmer.

Athletics continued during a great part of the day, and the results are recorded elsewhere in the LLANO COLONIST, and right proud will these vigorous fellows be in after years (when our publications will run a column "Forty Years Ago Today") when they discover some May Day their names shining forth as stars of ancient magnitude. Perhaps forty years from now they can sympathize, and appreciate my state of feelings now.

The crowd congregated within the spacious hall to hear the speeches of the day. The hall was filled, as is usual, to overflowing. Dr. John Dequer was the first speaker on the list. His subject was "The Significance of May Day." Dr. John is an eloquent speaker, and it would be embarrassing to him for me to tell what other people said about his speech, but really it was inspiring, and the marvel to me is where the deuce he learned all the stuff he told us, and how he ever acquired the mellifluous flow of language. I know lots of people twice as old as he is who don't know a quarter as much. He touched lightly on the past and builded on the future. He told of the solidarity of labor and what May Day meant and would continue to mean. His remarks were highly appreciated, and prepared the audience to hear Comrade W. A. Engle tell of the origin and history of the flag, what it stood for and what it should stand for. Comrade Engle has been with the Llano movement since its inception and has been a close student of its affairs, being one of the board. He has also been identified with the labor movement for years. Being a public speaker, he acquainted himself with the lore of the past and interested the large group with his intimate knowledge of the flags of the ancients.

Comrade Job Harriman, the president of the company and founder of the institution, arose amid applause and remarked that, as the other speakers had gone into past and future, he would confine himself to the present and tell of the things done and doing. He gave a brief history of the Colony and interested many newcomers and inspired them with an even greater hope. Comrade Harriman has the happy faculty of making things plain. Members arrive so frequently that much of the history of the Colony is a closed book, and an occasional rehearsing of the past keeps clear the difficulties overcome and the plans entertained for the future.

When these wonderful speeches were going on I regretted that I didn't have a memory as permanent and retentive as a phonograph record. I am sorry that it is impossible to repeat what was said, or to convey to you the mannerisms, the tones used and the spirit that ebbed and flowed like a wave, as the speakers played up and down the gamut of human emotions. As the years pass, and the trials of the present become a thing of historic and pleasant memory, those of us that were permitted to hear these men will remember, and always with a comparison in mind. You've always noticed that things of

yesterday were better than those of today. I used to have a pepper-and-salt suit that my sister gave to the missionaries, which was the best suit of clothes I ever owned. No tailor ever made such a good suit since. It's just the same with the buckwheat cakes that Mother used to make. Llano of May Day, 1917, will linger as a pleasant memory and no May Day can ever again compare, no matter how big or how impressive the following ceremonies will be. The first cow, of tender memory, which the Colony owned is now spoken of with reverence and adulation. Ancestor worship is easy of explanation when one looks at things in the light of passing events.

At the conclusion of Comrade Harriman's spech the crowd repaired to the grove north of the hotel and formed themselves in lines to be served at the two places of refreshment with barbecued meat and other eatables. Two converging lines of people, each almost ten rods in length, filed past the serving tables until after three o'clock. Colonists and visitors all enjoyed the barbecue.

The Maypole dance, which was to be given in front of the hotel, was transferred to the east side on accout of the west wind, which made graceful dancing difficult. The girls deserve great credit for the performance, which was witnessed by a large circle of attentive lookers-on.

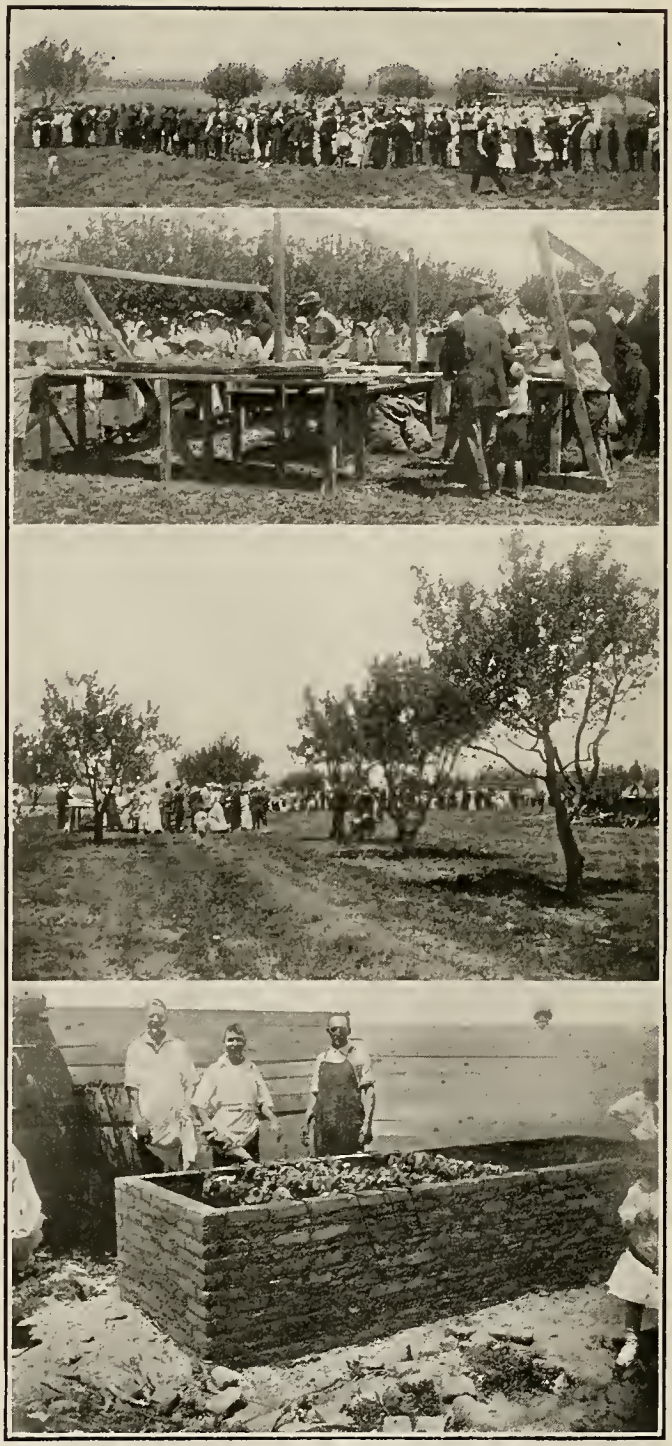
In the evening, promptly at 7:30—Llano time—the Llano Dramatic Company offered its special program—the farce comedy, "The Mishaps of Minerva"—prepared for May Day. Arrangements were made for a two-night stand, as the Assembly Hall does not accomodate all who wish to attend, and there were a hundred visitors in Llano for May Day. So it was decided to repeat the show on Wednesday night and visitors were given first rights on Tuesday night, the hall being well filled on both nights, with ushers and doorkeepers handling the big crowds.

The performance was so well given that it has since been decided to offer it in the small towns of the valley. With twelve amateur but well-trained actors in the cast, with the Llano orchestra, with the stage lighted by electricity generated by a steam engine rebuilt in Llano, the wiring and installation done by Llano electricians and helpers, the stage built by Llano carpenters, and the scenery arranged and painted by Llano talent, the show could well be called a "home production."

The play was a two-act production, and the performers had their parts so well that interest never flagged for a moment. It was well handled throughout and made a decided hit.

The day finally concluded with the dance, the hall being even more crowded with visitors and home people. Everyone had a good time, and the third May Day celebration was voted a greater success than any of the preceding ones.

There's a description of the May Day events and, after glancing at it, I find it totally inadequate to express just exactly what was put into the day. While we all enjoyed the parade, the athletics, the addresses, the barbecue, the dance, yet there is something more about the whole affair that is clear out of reach. I can't express it. No use of me trying, and I don't believe any one else can do full justice to the day. There's a something about May Day that feels like a Fourth of July, a Thanksgiving and a Christmas. The dearth and chill sometimes here and there, a sadness of joys and sorrows experienced, and hopes and resolutions for the future of New Years, are all combined in this day. When looking at the track events, it is not merely a competitor we see; it is not the paraders in the march we see when we see the winding cortege. It's something else. It's the spirit that we feel, the something intangible that weaves the universe about and binds human



Scenes at the barbecue on May Day, showing diners lining up at the serving stands; bottom, barbecuing the meat.

hearts and purposes human minds to a goal far beyond.

No use talking, there is a spirit in Llano that is unusual. There is a community of interest that binds, and it is not entirely economics. Powerful though the urge of economics is, yet life is a hopeless morass without the sweet interchange of human affection. Dollars and property cannot take the place of heart throbs, and no callous connection of gold ever ties a knot that holds.

Llano, indeed, stands for something else, quite something

else, than dollars and property and possessions. Dollars and property and rights and titles are absolutely necessary for the permanence of our existence, yet if we traded entirely alone on this our movement would fail, and our living out here on these pleasant slopes would be in vain.

The story of Llano must be told over and over again. Each month sees new readers of our literature, and perhaps for the first time in their lives a hope is thereby instilled. The unfortunate part of it, however, is that many people read their hopes into the lines. I am trying to reach the great mass of people who have just heard of us but are not acquainted with our movement, and make them see conditions as they exist. But it's impossible. One man left a note for me when he left for his home back East to "enter the treadmill," as he expressed it, saying that the literature of Llano did not half express the spirit or tell of the things done or the potentialities. This made me feel good. Therefore it was some shock to listen to a gentleman from the southern part of the state say: "I am very much surprised. You haven't got anything done that I can see. Three years' work! You haven't accomplished very much."

Recently I met a man who lives fifteen miles from here. He was here the first few months of the Colony's struggles. He told me that he was astonished beyond measure at the development shown. Really he ought to know what he's talking about, for he has 160 acres and has but thirty cleared, while our clearing runs into the hundreds. Another neighbor remarked that we surely had done a lot in three years. He said he hadn't done very much in that time. A woman told me the other day that she would die if she had to stay here a month. Another woman, who went in the same party over the ranch, said upon returning that she thought this was the greatest place on earth and was going to return here as quickly as possible.

The Colony is big enough and strong enough to stand up under most any strain and can stand knocks as well as boosts. While knocks and unpleasant things are not delightful, yet they come with a certain welcome and helpfulness, for it keeps us from getting overenthusiastic.

As for myself, I am enthusiastic over the future and present possibilities of Llano. There are others here who are not as enthusiastic as I. There's a reason, of course. There's a reason for most things. In the early struggles of any enterprise every one cannot be expected to be happy and contented. Our housing is not and has not been what we want. It's the hope of better housing that keeps many of us enthused. Anyway people are not constituted alike. I can eat most things. Some are not so fortunate, and consequently marvel at my internal arrangement. It just happens so, and I take no credit for anything. If we have starch, I eat it. If we have something else, I eat that also, and say little about it. I was in the commissary a few days ago and heard a woman give an order for lard. We didn't have any. She wanted to know how beans could be made palatable without fat pork. This question disturbed her very much. It wasn't my problem, so I could look on with amused tolerance. There are some who eat to live and while eating live in the future. Some of us live right now, every minute, and the big problem presents itself three times a day. A man came with his family, and returned to the city because he couldn't obtain eggs and cream at all meals. So what is one's problem is of no moment to another, but perhaps that other has a hobby on something else and is as offensive as possible while dilating on his own likes and dislikes.

Hope is a tremendous lever to raise oneself above the annoyances of life. One of the hard jobs is to create something out of nothing. Few ever succeed at it. Llano comes nearer succeeding at this particular job than anywhere else, at least in this county. We started with nothing, and worse than nothing—we were thousands and thousands in debt, with an organized world against us. We have lived and grown, perhaps not fat; at any rate we have lived. The struggles have been hard. We had to find men—men of tact and managing ability, and men with vision. They are here, lots and lots of them, and more will come. But, please, please, do not think Llano is a ready-made heaven. It is not. There is work to do. Every one with the intelligence of a mosquito knows that labor produces everything, and if they know and realize it, they should know that all good things come to those who labor for themselves.

Llano is set in the midst of competition and it is still an unexplained group. Under capitalism and while working for the other fellow, it is generally known that the results of one's labor goes, in most part, to the owner of the job. Here it is not so. The results of labor in Llano, so long as it is productive and constructive, go to the mass as a whole, and, in proportion, to oneself. This is true. Once the labor here gets on a self-supporting basis, the division of the proceeds will not go to any small group, but to the group as a whole.

So far as I can see, the future of Llano lies in the soil and its allied industries. I mean by this, farming and cattle or live stock. There are many industries that will grow out of Llano and be self-supporting as a separate entity, but the success of the whole enterprise depends on land and water. The land is here, as is well known; the water is here, too, not merely according to my judgment, but according to the experienced judgment of engineers. A visit to the fountain head of the supply of water awakes a new hope in the breast of most experienced men. However, this is not universally so. A man came here not long ago who lived on the bank of a broad river. He said we had no water. Of course not, in comparison with the vast stream he was accustomed to.

A girl about thirty-two, I should judge, told me she was accustomed to all the luxuries of the land. I was abashed. I felt for a moment as if I was in the presence of greatness, and even yet when I am close to a great man or woman I shiver, so I shiveringly asked her what particular branch of business, if she had one, she followed. She proudly said she worked as a domestic in the homes of the rich, and therefore the larders were always open to her. Llano held no attractions for her, and she left to seek her vision in the palaces of the great overlords.

The above divergence is to show you that Llano is impractical and hopeless to some, and a wonderfully real and hopeful theme to another. How do you account for it? A half-dozen people sit down at the same table and eat the same things, and three get sick. Why? Every school of healing will answer that question differently. How, then, can Llano be made a place of satisfaction to every one?

Some have left Llano, and more will go, but many more will come. Those who remain will be the inheritors of the labors of the past. The world is not quite old enough to inculcate the lessons of co-operation sufficiently to make a deep and lasting impression. However, the earth is being driven to it. The great war is setting the pace, and organization and co-operation is now almost worldwide, although the products are not distributed on an organized basis as yet. However, there's hope of this, and the sooner every one realizes the necessity of getting together the quicker will the great food and economical problems be worked out.

May Day

By Dr. John Dequer

MAY DAY is of all days a day of joy in every country not stricken by the grim hand of war. In time of peace May Day is a festival sacred to Labor throughout the civilized world. May Day, the day of flowers, love and song. May Day, the day when the land man sees the growing grain present its promise of a life-giving harvest. May Day embodies the spirit of hope for the year. And in working-class circles it embodies the ideal of emancipation from economic slavery. It is a day sacred to the hope preached by the prophets and teachers of the race. It promises to the world that out of the seed of Labor Martyrdom shall some day spring a harvest of justice, truth and righteousness.

The blossoming trees, the flowering shrub, the waving grass, the singing bird with love pain vibrating in its little heart as it sits swinging by the nest of its mate, hoping for the safety of the brood that is to be, proclaim the natural world filled with the creative passion, proclaim the love hour of Nature. The flowers in color, the birds in song, the beasts in their noblest bearing, rejoice to-day. All Nature shouts the onward march of life. May Day, the day of life triumphant for man and beast.

Nature as such knows neither war or peace. Only mankind, with their artificial society, have strangled love and enthroned hate among themselves. They have crushed the heart to make room for the brain. They have killed the heart to exalt the flesh. Civilization based on class government has opened the pit of Gehenna and let destruction loose in the world.

Throughout the world of Nature there is always struggle and death between species. Joy for one is often brought with pain for others. Still much of life's span is but love's sweet agony. It rewards itself in the new life born. It gives us the joyous lamb at play. It gives us the yellow-mouthed nestlings on their bed of down. It gives the calf and the colt, trotting by their mothers' side. True, they were born in agony, but they live in joy. A joy to themselves and the being that bore them. They live true to the law that all reach a heaven of happiness through the reefs and shoals of pain. We win the joy of rest only as a reward for struggle.

The hawk still preys on the dove only to lay it at the feet of its young. The wolf still slays the sheep to feed her cubs. The cougar purrs with delight over the carcass of a fawn. All Nature is still "red in claw and fang." The love passion is seen only in the species, but not between the species.

Here man is an exception. Civilization has given him power and knowledge; it has robbed him of justice and fellowship. The natural world slays alien species for food. Man walks to the goal of his ambition on carpets of kindred flesh.

"Yet I doubt not through the ages
One eternal purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened
With the process of the suns!"

These cruel, heartless, soulless, hypocritical conflicts, who knows but they may be the birth pains of a new social organization that shall be as beautiful and just as the present is powerful and cruel? Who knows but that with the death of kings, the fall of thrones, the bankruptcy of treasuries, with the ruin of the commissary of the world, will come a new era fathered by necessity and mothered by love? But our hopes do not alter the realities of the present situation. Our hopes do not silence the guns. Our hopes do not break the bayonets. Our hopes do not extinguish the bombs. Our hopes do not take the man from the ammunition and return him to the plow. Our hopes do not stem the crimson tide that stains a thousand fields. Our hopes are as vain as our prayers, unless they stimulate us to action. Unless hoping leads to doing, our hopes are of no avail.

Labor and love are the redemption and the resurrection; work and wisdom the portals of salvation for mankind.

To do the social deeds will ere long not be a venture, but a necessity. To care for the broken, the halt and the blind made by war will become a universal duty. Love divorced from charity, kindness purified by knowledge, humanity compelled by circumstances, will lay the foundation for a new earth. And when the new earth is won, heaven will be gained.

After this war will be the resurrection. Not the theological resurrection of dead men, but the spiritual resurrection of dead virtues. Justice, equality and brotherhood will rise as from the tombs. After this war the world will be redeemed from the threefold curse of interest, rent and profit.

After this war we shall see the salvation born of production for human needs. We shall be saved from the destruction born of avarice and greed.

When the smoke has cleared and the passion died away mankind will celebrate a glorious May Day in a new era—an era where the self shall feel its dependence on the whole. We shall celebrate a May Day of Nature, taking our children to our hearts, instead of to the recruiting stations.

We will celebrate a May Day by beating our guns into tractors and our shells into reapers. We shall celebrate a May Day throughout the world as we celebrate it here to-day.

There is something almost prophetic in the birth of Llano. It is more than mere circumstance. Less than four months before the outbreak of the war the foundation of Llano was laid. The first successful co-operative colony was started. Like John of old crying in the wilderness, "Make straight the paths of the Lord," so Llano cried from her nest in the desert, "Co-operate and live." While the battle raged from Liege to Arras, while blood flowed from Riga in Europe to Bagdad in Asia, while hell's grim fury grasped all the Old World, Llano, small and insignificant, cried its message of peace and union to a bewildered world. She labored to change the dust of the desert into gardens of grain.

She battled with the rocks and thorns of Nature and of ignorance. Her literature went out into the highways and byways, into the fields and hedges. She drew the mind from scenes of blood to scenes of peace. Many came and stayed to fight with us. Some went back to the jobs and bosses of capitalism. To-day we celebrate a victory—a victory not without pain, but without blood; a victory not counted in dead and wounded, but in fields and orchards, in herds and industries. We celebrate a victory of co-operative achievements, won against capitalism outside and ignorance inside and wilderness under foot. We are battling to win the state of California to our ideals. We seek to conquer the world. The Angel of Co-operation has come to redeem us from chaos. Necessity, the great transformer of men and institutions, sent her. She broods with gentle ardor over a self-sick world. She inspires new motives, erects new standards. Through the wreck and ruin of the old she moves, breathing hope, inspiring vision and pointing the way.

Without her presence Llano would be impossible; without her benediction upon the efforts of our brains and hands, mankind would destroy itself. Co-operation is the life and resurrection of the human race.

Efficiency

By L. W. Millsap, Jr.

DID you ever meet this popular will-o'-the-wisp? If so, you are a very fortunate person, because striving for efficiency is like chasing a rainbow. By the time you have painfully arrived at the place where it was when you started after it, it has danced merrily on ahead, leaving you to still struggle onward.

This term has become very popular in the last few years and is handed about as cheerfully and carelessly as a new slang phrase is by a bunch of rah!-rah! boys, and a person who cannot put "efficiency," "psychology" and "submarine" all into the same sentence gets a quiet look of pity from his or her companions.

It was the man in overalls, with greasy hands, with black finger-marks on his face, with his back covered with dust and his pockets sagging with monkey wrenches and other miscellaneous hardware from crooked wires to crank shafts, that put this term into the spotlight and made it popular.

Athletics formed one of the chief attactions on May Day. Below is one of the serivng stands.

Efficiency is the accomplishment of results in the best, easiest and quickest way. Now it is a fact that the human brain is stimulated to action by watching the operation of mechanical devices. It is also nearly always necessary to use mechanical devices when efforts are made to accomplish results in better, easier and quicker ways. On account of this fact it is habitual for mechanics, as a rule, to be on the lookout for better methods to estimate the possibility of satisfying the need and to devise methods for the accomplishment of the end in question.

He has talked about it so much and has shown such marvelous results that the rest of the world has taken the cue and today we see in every line of activity time, energy and money devoted to the discovery of better, easier and quicker ways of obtaining the desirable things of life. Like other good things, man will misuse efficiency first and injure himself with it, then, having acquired experience, he will make proper use of it. In fact, he is going through that process now. He started out to get the desirable things of life in the best, quickest and easiest way, but he has become so interested in the best, easiest and quickest way that he has lost sight of the fact that it was only desirable things that he was after, and the present time finds him pulling down on his defenseless head an avalanche of very undesirable things, and doing it in the best, easiest and quickest way.

Meanwhile he is making discoveries and at the same time the will-o'-the-wisp is dancing along ahead, always out of reach. The best, easiest, and quickest way under yesterday's conditions becomes the worst, hardest and slowest way under tomorrow's conditions and our work becomes only relative to surrounding conditions.

Conditions set our standard and conditions change this standard from day to day. If we reach our standard on the day it is set by conditions we work at one hundred per cent efficiency. If we reach it a week later when new standards have been set, our percentage is very low, and so the will-o'-the-wisp beckons us on.

Think of the change of the standards in transportation. First we walked. It was the best, easiest and quickest way to get somewhere. Then we forced another human being to carry us. Then we devised a seat that could be carried by two individuals. Then we put wheels on this seat and dispensed with one individual. Then we put an animal in the place of the human being. Next we put an engine in place of the animal. Then we made the seat larger and carried a number of people. Then we made the engine smaller and still hauled the same load. Then we laid rails to run it on and lessened the time and energy; and so on ad infinitum. The canoe, the steamboat, the ocean liner. The bicycle, the automobile. The balloon, the airplane.

Every change made it necessary for manufacturing methods, habits and knowledge to also change, and every little change anywhere in the whole industrial fabric was felt eventually through the whole mass.

Confusion? Yes. What of it? If it is incident to growth, well and good; if it is not, there is no efficiency. Efficiency lessens confusion, change of conditions makes confusion in related things because it sets new standards. The valuable fact is this: the confusion it creates is temporary, while the lessening of confusion that it makes possible is permanent.

Let us take a concrete example and analyze it. Suppose a man starts manufacturing an article in a small, one-room shop, and this grows into a big factory. He adds one machine at a time and one building at a time until his plant covers several blocks.

At every step he has aimed to take the best, easiest and quickest way, but the chances are strong that he took the easiest and quickest way, and gave little thought about whether it was the best ultimately. Finally he realizes that something is wrong. He is not getting the results, so he analyses the situation and he may find something like this: His raw material is delivered on one side of the plant while the first process takes place on the other side. The processes carry the material from one detached building to another till the last process finds it at a point clear across the yard from where it

Part of the May Day crowd in line before the serving stands in the orchard. Over 1000 people were present.

must be delivered to the cars in a finished state. It has taken time, energy and money to transport material across those yards three times when once would have been much better, had the machinery been laid out in the proper order.

There is no cure but to shut down, move all his buildings, change the location of all his processes, and place them so that the raw material is delivered at the closest possible point to the first process, from which it travels the least possible distance to the next process, etc., until when the last process is completed it is found at the closest possible point to the place from which it may be shipped.

This is called "straight-line production." It causes temporary confusion to plan the route for the material in process, and then to move all the buildings and machinery to their places, in conformity with the proper consecutive order, but once it is done, less energy, time and money are required from that time on.

Llano has grown to the point where straight-line production must be planned and established in a number of places to prevent extravagant expenditure of time, energy and money, and, while the old way was the best under the conditions that developed it, a new standard must be set, and we hope to soon have some good examples of straight-line production.

Another modern efficiency measure is called "division of labor." Let us suppose that the labor question is repairing bicycles. In a shop where jobs are few one man must be able to do everything. He receives work, fixes tires, makes adjustments, does brazing and keeps books, or more often does not keep them. His business increases and he hires men. They all do as he does; that is, they do anything that is necessary on the job in hand. When his business grows to the point where five men are employed he realizes that something is wrong. He is losing, the men are dissatisfied, and he does not know why. Then he analyzes his trouble and makes a discovery. Two men wish to use the same bench at the same time and there is a local conflict of interest. One sharpens a tool for his purpose and thereby spoils it for his fellow worker. One estimates the price on a certain job and another estimates a different price on the same job, and there is endless conflict and loss. So after some study he changes his whole plan. He selects the best fitted man and lets him meet customers, and receive and deliver work. Another man is given a bench to himself and tools for the purpose, and he opens up the trouble and prepares the job for a more skilful man to finish. Another is given all the rubber equipment and he fixes all the tires. Another does assembling and makes all fine adjustments while the fifth does brazing and heavier work. From that moment on there is no conflict, the men discover better methods of doing the tasks in their division, a spirit of team work develops and the whole organization radiates success and grows.

These two examples will suffice to indicate methods. Besides these there are "quantity production," "standardization," "simplification of process," "working to schedule," "motion study," "scientific employment," and dozens of other efficiency measures that are employed in modern industry. As long as these are used to obtain desirable things and work to the advantage of all, everything is well, but when they are used for purely selfish purposes Nature asserts herself and the punishment is speedy and certain.

As Llano grows it is the hope of all that these methods will be established as rapidly as circumstances will permit, and, as all efforts will be directed to make them function for the benefit of all, it is easy to imagine how rapidly the will-o'-the-wisp will dance ahead and beckon us on into new fields of endeavor. With light hearts we will follow as Nature intended that we should.

A Social Puzzle

SOCIETY sat musing, very sad,
Upon her people's conduct, which was bad.
Said she, "I can't imagine why they sin,
With all the education I put in!
For instance, why so many maimed and sick
After their schooling in arithmetic?
Why should they cheat each other beyond telling
When they are so well grounded in good spelling?
They learned geography by land and tribe,
And yet my statesmen can't refuse a bribe!
Ought not a thorough knowledge of old Greek
To lead to that wide peace the nations seek?
And grammar! With their grammar understood,
Why should they still shed one another's blood?
Then, lest these ounces of prevention fail,
I've pounds and tons of cure—of no avail.
I punish terribly—and I have cause—
When they so sin aginst my righteous laws."
"Of grammar?" I enquired. She looked perplexed.
"For errors in their spelling?" She grew vexed.
"Failure in mathematics?" "You young fool!"
She said, "The law don't meddle with the school.
I teach with care and cost, but never ask
What conduct follows from the early task.
My punishment—with all the law's wide reach—
Is in the lines I don't pretend to teach!"

I meditated. Does one plant him corn,—
Then rage because no oranges are born?

—C. P. Gilman in "The Forerunner."

The Socialist City

By A. Constance Austin

DEVICES for minimizing the labor of housekeeping are an important part of the general conception of the Socialist city. The frightfully wasteful process by which women throw away their time and strength and money in a continuous struggle to deal with a ridiculously haphazard equipment in the ordinary home is one of the great and useless extravagances of the present system.

In our model city modern schools, with their athletics and supervised playgrounds, will relieve the mother of all duties except the purely maternal ones of loving counsel, comfort and never-failing refuge in the stress of human failings and disasters.

The central kitchens will remove the hatefully monotonous drudgery of cooking three meals a day, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and washing the dishes. A few improvements, such as stationary tubs, are in general use in the better class of homes in many progressive communities. It ought to be a penal offense not to have stationary tubs in dwelling houses, just as it is to have anything but sanitary plumbing. How many women have I seen bringing on permanent internal disorders by trying to lift the ordinary galvanized iron tub! However, it is a fact that a very small percentage of homes have these modern conveniences as yet. In our city the stationary tubs will not be important, as the people will own the central laundry and will be able to administer it so that their effects will not be damaged by carelessness, rough work and chemicals. It may be desirable to put a small outfit in one of the roof bathrooms, so that particular people can "do up" a few delicate articles when necessary, and hang them up on the roof, where they will get the benefit of the full blaze of the sun and will not be a disturbing element in the neighbors' view, as the roof balustrades and pergola will provide seclusion even on the outdoor second story.

Electricity will contribute its thousand conveniences—lighting, heating, power for vacuum-cleaning and sewing machines, egg-beaters, irons and who knows what devices the morrow may bring forth in this age of miracles. "Built-in" furniture solves the problem of unnecessary labor. Cleaning under heavy furniture has always been an element of danger for the frailer class of women and a temptation for neglect by the careless housewife. Beds that can be swung this way or that with a touch, and bookcases and sideboards that are part of the wall finish, all mean economy of strength and time and the achieving of real sanitary conditions. In the good old times the more difficult details of cleaning were often deferred by a desperately overworked housewife to a semi-annual cyclonic disruption of the home.

Some of the most beautiful modern homes have tile floors, which, beside having the harmonious tones of a Persian rug, are the beau-ideal of simplicity of cleaning and absolute clinical sterilizaton. A plan is contemplated in Llano by which their only objection—chilliness—is overcome. Highly finished cement is the next choice for floors, providing the same arrangement is carried out. Both these floors require a number of deep-naped small rugs, easily handled and placed in strategic positions. We expect—indeed, we are already making—very artistic rugs, which will be available to all our colonists, not just the chosen few. Waxed or painted wooden floors will probably, however, be preferred by the majority, from conformity to habit. The children, however, will have an opportunity in this, as in many other lines, to acquire habits based on more advanced standards of beauty and simplicity.

Another household bugbear is the windows. As in the model city these are nearly all French windows, and are not commanded by the neighbors, and as the breezes of Llano will all come over alfalfa fields and grasses of the parks, instead of dusty streets, they can open, which will call for much less cleaning. The glass of the sun parlor will be slightly coated with paint, like a conservatory, which will diffuse the light and reduce the cleaning to an occasional hosing. The sun parlor in any case should have a concrete floor, as it should be lined with vines and potted plants, and sprinkled every evening just before bedtime by sprinklers so arranged that by turning a switch every part could be deluged simultaneously. The same arrangement should obtain in the patio garden.

It is contemplated to deal with the fly nuisance in Llano by permanent self-cleaning fly traps, on wings, which at intervals would also provide the music. A compartment walled with screen netting, roofed with glass, with flowers and grass for a floor, could be built onto the outside of the sun parlor, which is also the dining room. This should be accessible only by a bird-proof turntable door at one end. This arrangement could be three feet wide and any length, an unimpeded flight of sixty-five feet being possible. A little fountain would give them permanent fresh water and baths. As any flies would be inevitably attracted to the dining room, the usual arrangement of some sugar and water and a slit would provide the flies with speedy elimination by Nature's method—and the birds with healthy exercise and normal conditions, which, however, would have to be greatly supplemented, as the fly crop would soon cease to be. Llano could incidentally develop a very profitable canary-breeding industry. It is thought that even mocking-birds could be induced to breed in such normal conditions. These and other fly-catchers would have to be kept in any case with the canaries, as these last are not fly-catchers, but only profit-catchers. Fly screens in the doors and windows—prolific source of annoyance and one of the little fretting conditions which reduce our vitality and efficiency—could thus be eliminated.

The window curtain is another household scourge. Good housekeepers—poor martyrs!—keep up a perpetual round of washing and stretching and pressing, under which the delicate fabrics quickly succumb and have to be expensively replaced. Bad housekeepers have soiled curtains, which are much worse than nothing. These ornamental draperies are of no particular service in keeping out sunlight or even prying eyes—(when real protection is desired, you pull down the shades)—but merely soften the lines of painfully crude window frames. A much better way of treating all wall openings is to make the frame so beautiful that no one will wish to mask it with muslin. The solid frame itself can be delicately carved in low relief in wood or stone, or painted in subdued designs. A whole new art industry could be developed in this almost virgin field. The actual opening could be further outlined by lacy tracery of wood or metal, which would accent the lovely vistas of our parks with a transparent frame visible even at night in a darkened room. Under these conditions curtains would become a pleasant eccentricity practiced by curtain-born housekeepers to whom these little conventions are the manifestations of their interests and activities.

(Continued on Page 26)

Making Wood Pulp for Paper

By R. A. Barber

IN TAKING up the subject of papermaking, the first step is the preparation of the wood, which is to be converted into pulp. Spruce is the best wood for the purpose, although other timbers are used, especially hemlock. None of the hard woods are suitable.

The wood is first cut into convenient lengths for handling. After the trees have been cut the desired lengths, the bark is removed either with drawshaves or axes. If the timber is of large dimensions, it is cut into shorter lengths and split into blocks of the proper size to be fed into the clipping machines.

Spruce and hemlock trimmings and cull pieces from sawmills, after being reduced to proper lengths, are also utilized in pulpmaking.

The clipping machines, or chippers, as they are termed, consist of heavy circular plates revolving at high speed in a sort of iron hopper. The opening through which the wood is thrust against the knives is box-shaped, between two and three feet long and about one foot square. This is set at an angle with the revolving plate, which gives a shearing cut to the wood. If the pieces of wood to be chipped were presented to the knives endwise and at right angles the result would be more of a grinding process and would not chip easily.

These chippers reduce the inserted pieces of wood into chips of varying sizes. They are carried on an elevater to a revolving wire screen similar to a corn popper, only very much larger. From this revolving screen the chips are conveyed to shaker screens, which remove all the fine sawdust-like portions, for the chips must have some length to produce fiber.

The chips are conveyed from the screens to bins located above the digesters. These digesters ar about forty-five feet in length and fourteen or fifteen feet in diameter, made of steel and lined with brick. The digesters are filled with the chips, and a liquid, consisting chiefly of sulphuric acid, is poured over them. The whole mass is then cooked with steam from seven to eight hours.

The cooked mass is blown by steam from the digesters into a tank with a perforated bottom, where the pulp is thoroughly washed with a hose for the purpose of removing the acid, dirt and other foreign matter that might have adhered to the wood.

After being washed, the pulp is passed over what is termed the unbleached screens, to remove any portions of the wood that may not have yielded to the digesters. The pulp is then submitted to a bath, composed mainly of salt electrically treated, for the purpose of bleaching. The salt is arranged in cells and submitted to a current of electricity, by which chlorine gas is generated. The bleaching liquid is composed mostly of lime and other ingredients having bleaching qualities, and is reduced to the proper consistency by adding water. The chlorine gas is also mixed with this liquid composition and held in solution. The pulp, having been properly screened, is now conveyed to the bleach tanks.

The pulp is again submitted to a washing process in the tanks, in which a portion of the bleaching liquid is mixed with the water, and as the pulp is conveyed from one tank to another the amount of the bleaching liquid is lessened until the bleaching is completed.

The pulp passes from the last bleaching tank over the other bleach screens, from whence it is conveyed to another washing tank. In this a long wooden drum of a peculiar slatted construction is revolving. The bleached pulp is mixed with water. The water, laden with pulp, passes into both ends of this revolving drum, passing out through the slatted portions. This causes the pulp to be thoroughly washed and at the same time has a tendency to break up any portion of the pulp which may adhere, so that the fibers may be distributed evenly through the water.

The water carrying the clean and bleached pulp passes on to another tank, where it is ready to be taken and pressed into sheet form. This process will be somewhat difficult to describe except in a general way.

Revolving in the last-named tank, which is about eight feet long, is a drum perhaps three feet in diameter, faced with rubber corrugated in a circular manner, not longitudinal. As this drum revolves in the water it picks up a portion of the pulp, which adheres to its corrugated surface.

Running horizontally above this drum and in close proximity to it, is a canvas-like sheet about eight feet wide, made from pure wool and rather roughly woven. As the drum revolves the pulp meets with the wool canvas and is deposited evenly on its surface. The pulp now meets a felt sheet of the same width running like a belt over the rollers. The roller running close to the woolen sheet is made of some polished metal, perhaps steel. It is called the press roll. Directly under this metal roll is a similar one, and over this the woolen sheet passes. At this point and for some distance the woolen and woolen felt sheets run together in close proximity. As the pulp is carried along on the surface of the woolen sheet it comes in contact with the felt sheet and at the same time passes between the press rolls and continues on between the felt and woolen sheets. This process squeezes out the surplus water from the pulp and at the same time converts the pulp into sheet form. Later it passes through a set of press rolls and becomes a sheet less than an eighth of an inch in thickness.

At this point we now have our pulp in a somewhat usable shape, but still too moist and tender to be handled. This

(Continued on Page 26)

Celebrating May Day.—Center and right-hand scenes show preparations for serving lunch to 1,000 persons.

Was Schmidt Guilty?---Job Har

[This is the second installment of Comrade Harriman's address in the trial of the Los Angeles Times dynamiting cases.]

SHALL I say perjury? Yes, perjury! It is easy to say perjury. It is easy for the District Attorney to scream perjury, which he did, but he showed no evidence. I shall not only accuse them of perjury, but I shall let the poisoned statements that fell from their putrid lips turn like the serpents they are, and sink their poisoned fangs in the very hearts of their testimony.

Let us first consider the testimony of the felon Clark of Cincinnati—Clark of Goosetown fame; Clark, who stealthily went to Goosetown and met a man with a basketful of dynamite, twenty pounds of 80 per cent nitro-glycerine! How remarkable! Just the amount and just the per cent that the prosecution would have you believe was placed in the Times Building. He told you that there were about twenty sticks weighing about one pound each; that they lay in his little basket without wrappers and did not mash or run together during the entire trip from Goosetown to Cincinnati and from Cleveland to Dayton, Ohio.

Eighty per cent nitro-glycerine, in sticks, put out by the manufacturer without wrappers, and carried in a warm car for hours without running together! What a statement! It would tax the ignorance of a mule and the credulity of a simpleton to believe it.

One hundred per cent is oil. Eighty per cent is soft and mushy. But listen! He took this mushy stuff and kept it all night in his home in Cincinnati and picked it up, stick by stick, and gently laid it in his valise and inserted a concussion cap according to his instructions, he never having performed such a feat before. Then he attached sixty feet of fuse, closed the valise and took the first passenger train for Dayton to do his deadly work. Do you remember the terrible havoc and fearful wreck produced by this infernal machine?

Listen! It was raining on that fatal night when he stealthily stole his way through the sleeping, peaceful city of Dayton, to River Bridge, and thence to the engine and crane, where this felon placed his infernal machine. Down close under the shoe of the derrick the dynamite was pressed and over it was placed, closely and snugly, an umbrella, to shed the drenching rain, that nothing might interfere with the deadly work. The fuse was lighted and the perjured villain found his way to the streets of the city and there waited that he might hear the terrible crack and know his work was well done. The devilish sound of twenty pounds of 80 per cent nitro-glycerine came crashing and roaring through the streets and lo! it only blew off the skin of this umbrella!

Look at it! The cloth is gone, but not a wire is bent or twisted. The enamel is not even disturbed.

Look at it! See the handle! It escaped scot-free! Not a crack or a scratch on it! Ah! his initials that he carved on the handle before he placed it over this terrible infernal machine are likewise undisturbed. Look at them! Placed there to tell who was guilty of the crime! He was not arrested, nor was the crane broken, nor any damage of consequence done. And for this reason, this perjured felon says he was not permitted to continue the work of destruction. Again I beseech you to inspect this umbrella. See the ribs and the stays and the handle and the staff unbroken and in perfect form and shape. You, gentlemen of the jury, know that this umbrella is telling you the truth. Every rib and stay tells you in no uncertain terms that the felon Clark is a villainous perjurer. They tell you that Clark never placed dynamite under the crane of the Dayton bridge.

They tell you that they were in Cincinnati at home with him that night. They tell you that this felon was put upon this stand to help hang this defendant with a lie. They tell you that the prosecuting attorney knows that the felon Clark was giving perjured testimony when he swore that this unscathed umbrella frame was pressed close down over twenty pounds of eighty per cent nitro-glycerine when it exploded. I had rather my blood would curdle in my veins than to present such evidence with which to take a human life. He would have you believe that twenty pounds of eighty per cent nitro-glycerine would twist and tear and break a six-inch steel beam while the frail reeds of an umbrella in equal proximity would go unscathed. You have a right to expect a lie from a felon and an equal right to expect good faith upon the part of the District Attorney. The rule is that when one is false in one thing that you should look with mistrust upon all he says or does. This rule should apply to attorney and witness alike.

It is upon the testimony of this felon Clark that the prosecution hopes to lead you to believe that violence began prior to 1906.

Now let us turn our attention to Mr. Noel's "tender-hearted," angelic felon, Davis of Massachusetts.

Once he, too, was an iron worker. He was no angel then. You should have heard the attorney for the Steel Trust de-

Correction

IN the May WESTERN COMRADE, on these pages, an announcement was made of the purchase of a great strip of territory in the San Joaquin Valley.

When the article was written and the advertisement inserted on the back cover page, all details had been concluded and it seemed that the deal was finished.

But the first negotiations had been made before the United States decided to go into the war. The prospects of a long and costly war, which would place additional burdens on all of the people, and which the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony could not hope to escape, led the Board of Directors to reconsider their first unofficial decision.

A visit was made to the new property. After this, a thorough discussion of the probable costs, the hardships that might be imposed by war conditions, and which cannot be foreseen though they may be judged by what the warring countries are going through, led the directors to take a different view of the matter.

The result was that they have decided that it is too much to attempt under the conditions which the Colony. together with the rest of the country, must face.

Therefore, the land purchase must be laid over, and all energy and

rriman's Address to the Jury

scribing his villainous heart to the jury who pronounced him a felon; a heart rich in abundance with all the criminal impulses known to the law. Wings? Not then! Barrels of iron, with triggers and nitro-glycerine, told the story of his virtues and his means of defense. His wings had not sprouted then. Only after he became a witness for the state was it that his wings loomed up and his angelic disposition appeared. When he was in real life, before he became an angel, and before his wings had sprouted, he was the possessor of a brace of substantial Colt's revolvers, and, though he wore them behind, he was unable to fly with them. Yet by his skillful use of them he was able to make others fly.

A strange and remarkable angel this! He was charged with an assault with a deadly weapon. An angel with murder in his heart, produced here "To tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God!"

What a travesty! And upon his word a man shall hang. He was as vicious then as he is now, and he is as vicious now as he was then. He was a felon then and he is a felon now. He was a liar and perjurer then, when he said he was not guilty. He is a liar and perjurer now when he says that so-called conspirators committed violence before the year 1906. Why, McManigal himself describes the first explosion and says that Hockin, the ringleader, did not know where to get the dynamite when they first met.

Dugan! Who is Dugan? He is the man who swore that J. J. McNamara offered to send him nitro-glycerine early in 1906. He is a self-confessed felon. Is there a single man on this jury who would believe that the prison doors would remain open to this felon if he did not tell a story agreeable to the prosecution? If his story were true, would it be necessary to open the doors to this non-union man in order to get the truth? He was expelled from the Iron Workers' Union. If the truth were against his enemies would he not tell it without a bribe? He is out of prison without bonds. The doors of the prison are open to receive him if his story displeases the prosecution in this case. Do you remember the umbrella story of Clark? Is there a man on this jury who can believe that the District Attorney did not know that Clark was perjuring himself when he told that umbrella story? Will the same District Attorney not demand as rigidly and receive as gladly the perjury from this felon's lips? Do you think that the prison doors would be opened to a double murderer in order to convict a so-called conspirator, if only to convict him of murder? Ah! There is more than human life at stake here. There are millions of dollars of profits at stake. And what is the life of a human being when money is at stake?

Destroy the labor unions and possible profits become real. Fail, and they disappear. Has not the Steel Trust sufficient power to open the doors for the desired perjured testimony? Would a man guilty of murder not perjure himself if such perjury would save his own life, even though it helped to murder another man? And is it any less a crime in the eyes of the prosecution to murder with a lie than to murder with a gun?

Who is this man Dugan? He is the man who shot and killed his wife and wounded his daughter in Indianapolis, Indiana, the home of the gentleman assisting in this prosecution.

WOOLWINE.—That is not in the evidence.

HARRIMAN.—Get the International Iron Workers' magazine and I'll read the story of the murder.

McKENZIE.—That is in the volume published some two years after the Times explosion, and was only introduced for identification.

HARRIMAN.—I beg your pardon. I thought the story of his murder was published in an earlier volume. This fact is not in evidence and hence this cloud shall be lifted from the gloom that shrouds the putrid character of this perjured felon. Without further comment I must therefore leave him with you, together with the other felons who testified that violence began before 1906.

The purpose of this perjured testimony is to throw the responsibility of violence upon organized labor while the opportunity was open for a fair fight in an open field. After the resolution was passed in 1906 the field was no longer open. A fair fight was no longer possible. Not only did the Steel Trust hold all the erection and construction companies in line, presenting a solid front, by refusing to sell steel to whomsoever faltered, and by forcing the association to pay the losses of each member, but in addition the Steel Trust, with all its influence, was able to direct the power of government against these union men. The energetic enforcement of this resolution cast a gloom over the entire organization and robbed the International officers of all hope of future success. They, more than all others, were conscious of the tremendous power arrayed against them. Their organization was dissolving. The men could not understand why defeat after defeat awaited them on every hand.

["Was Schmidt Guilty?" began in the May number and will run for several months. Back numbers, ten cents a copy.]

# of Error

sources given to a more extensive and thorough development of the resent holdings, amounting to about nine thousand acres.

The WESTERN COMRADE, in making the announcement, had get those pages into print in order to get the magazine out on me. When the article was written, there appeared to be not the ghtest doubt but that the deal would be finished before the magaines reached the readers. In fact, the deal seemed to be definitesettled.

However, though the particular purchase under consideration was ot put through, it shows what the general plan of the Colony is nd indicates what may be expected as an announcement in the future.

Notwithstanding the fact that there are thousands of acres adcent to the Colony that will undoubtedly be acquired, the intention the Llano del Rio Colony is to extend the holdings everywhere, curing tracts in various places so that the greatest possible variety products may be grown on lands owned and controlled by the olony. Wheat lands, cotton lands, tracts suitable for growing many nds of fruits, as well as timber lands and grazing lands, will come ithin the control of the Colony when the formulated policy is in ll operation.

Dearer Than Honor

By Ethel Winger

SUE WINTER looked up from her text of sociology to the couch where Anne Marshall was comfortably curled as she read. "I wonder how it feels," Sue asked, enviously, "to come back to the dorm and visit, and not to have to bother with lessons, to get all the fun of college without having classes interrupting your school work, to have time to read novels——"

"Why," replied Anne, "you long for some lectures to go to, and you get so lonesome for 'em you visit all of Father Flanders' classes and tag Sunny to his; and I'm NOT reading a novel. I'm studying the same thing you are—the same subject, that is. The difference lies in the fact that your book was written by some hidebound theorizer, in the orthodox style, while mine is interesting and deals with realities."

"Is it the text you used last year?"

"Heavens, no—child! It is Deming's 'Message to the Middle Class.' I wouldn't advise you to mention it to your prof. He might get a few ideas, and that would prove fatal. And this is 'War—What For?' I'm trying to review some points to use in my arguments with Don, to see if I can keep him from going off to 'somewhere in France.' "

"Why, Anne, you wouldn't prevent him from using this opportunity to serve his country, would you—and humanity—in this war for——"

"Bosh!" returned Anne, with the frankness one bestows on a best friend. "You make me sick. Of course, I would. I'll read you a letter from a highbrow friend I acquired this year. He can explain it to you better than I." She fished in a pocket and produced a typewritten page. "Listen:

" 'This war situation looks serious, doesn't it? In yesterday's paper I saw that they are planning more concentratedly on this measure for a 'selective draft.' It has been urged that the first installment be taken from those from twenty to twenty-five years of age, and of course that includes me. But I shall not go, if I can help it; it is against my principles. It is not that I am a coward, for I think that it takes more courage to face public opinion at home than bullets abroad; it is simply that all my instincts are against war—especially UNNECESSARY war, as this is.

" 'In any national crisis, it is supposed to be every patriot's duty to offer his life for the cause, whatever it may be. But I think it is his greater duty to investigate the cause, and, if it is unworthy, to refuse it allegiance. A war like this is a war against social order; it places nationality paramount to morality. It denies the teachings of the Prince of Peace. It makes beasts and butchers of people who call themselves men. I, for one, think we have a greater need for volunteers in the Army of Social Service. I could no more go to the trenches and wait destruction at the hands of men with whom I have no quarrel than I could go fight out here in the streets and kill the first passerby I happened to see. What is the difference? In either case I would be killing innocent strangers, my own brothers. I may be a mental coward and a moral pervert, but that is my sincere idea on the subject.

" 'I am convinced that there are others, untouched by capitalistic viewpoints, who feel as I do. Since it has been provided that married men probably will not be called out at first, the report is significant that six hundred men stood in line before the marriage license bureau in one of our large cities. I do not consider these men necessarily cowards; probably their minds, like mine, revolt against war, and they are using every legitimate means to avoid it personally.'

"And that's exactly how I feel about it! Now, don't you start an argument—wait until I get back. It's two o'clock, and I promised Father Flanders to be at his lecture room with these books of his exactly at two. Where IS my hat?"

Sue watched while Anne crushed on a small sport hat, secured by a band under her chin, and noticed how effectively the white felt contrasted with the gleaming black hair, the sparkling dark eyes and the rich brunette skin. She was a vibrant little figure, there before the mirror, hastily dabbing powder on her saucy nose, and smiling at her own piquant face in the glass. Turning to her friend, she announced: "I want your tennis racket."

"In the corner, dear," returned Sue. "Help yourself. But who are you tennising with today—Si, or Toby, or Nobby, or——"

"Why, Sunny Flanders—of course!"

"I might have known that. I don't mind you playing tennis with him, heaven knows. But I do hate to see you playing on that infant's affections; he's too big a dear to be turned into a cynic for life. Have a heart! Isn't it enough to flirt with the other fellows?"

"My friend, I'm not playing on anything of his except his tennis courts, and at that we usually use the college courts. I might flirt with him if he were like the other fellows—if he had tissue paper for skin, spaghetti for bones, and sour jelly between. But Sunny has too much sense—and I am merely his dear, motherly sister."

"But are you sure that's all? Since you've come back I've noticed——"

"I've not a second to listen," Anne broke in, as a dull red crept over her face. "If I don't beat it right now Father Flanders will be permitting himself the extravagance of tearing his hair. Thanks for the racket. Bye, beloved; see you later." And, playfully tapping her friend farewell with the tennis racket, she was gone.

Sue could not keep her mind on her book. What was Anne up to now? Did her blush disprove her words? Was her haste an evasion? Sue was sure that something was going on beneath that flippancy—but what? She pondered again over "the triumvirate," as Anne had dubbed herself, Professor Flanders and his only son—called "Sonny" by his father and "Sunny" by the adoring students, who loved his wholesome gaiety and refused to take him seriously. Western University had smiled indulgently the last two years when Anne would accompany the professor on his daily walk; it had grinned in open amusement when Anne and Sunny strolled off to the tennis courts, while certain upper classmen would watch with jealous disgust that "upstart" playing with the most popular girl in school. But Western University was frankly puzzled when Anne, Sunny and his father would go off every holiday, laden with inviting baskets, for a hike along the river. Anne was reckless, Sue thought. If Professor Flanders, a widower as he was, had not been the oldest, gentlest, most loved man on the faculty—of the scholarly, classical type you would expect in a Latin professor—and if Sunny had not been so irrepressibly boyish, friends with all the girls, but "queening" with none; and if Anne had not, notwithstanding her lack of conventionality, warmed her way into everybody's heart and stayed there because of her human touch, her comprehending

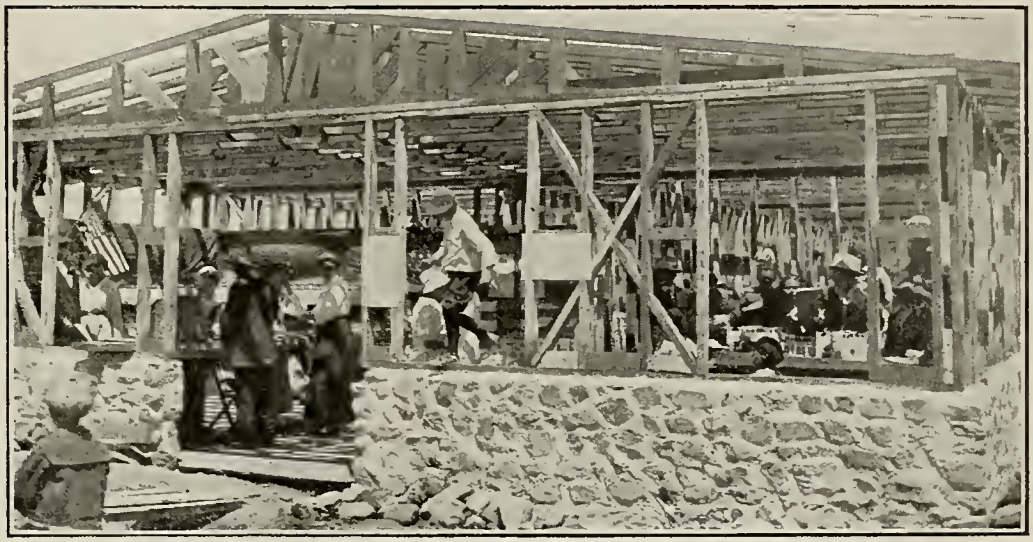
sympathy and her unending vivacity, she might have created a lot of gossip. But the three were so childlike in their enjoyment of each other, so frank in their affection, that nobody had the heart to disapprove. They merely pulled Anne away for as many engagements as possible outside the little circle, and wondered whether Anne were more interested in father or son and if father or son were more intrested in her. Nobody knew—except Sue. SHE knew that Anne always called the professor "father" and that during the entire course she had given him a daughter's affection and received a fatherly love in return. With him she discussed all her ambitions, her tendencies, her affairs, as well as philosophical questions of the day, in which Anne was unusually well versed for a girl of her age. Not until Sunny entered college, in Anne's third year, had she grown acquainted with him and gradually developed a sisterly affection for him. Anne had understood, as did Sue, that Sunny had a keen mind. He had taken all the available honors and scholarships as he went along, in spite of his relative youth, but, like the rest of the students, she never took him seriously, and laughed and played with him, and quarreled with him, in a big-sister attitude. Hers was the superior wisdom of twenty-three, looking down on the boyish precocity of nineteen. And she was inclined to "mother" him.

But Sue wondered. Did Anne realize what Sue had grown to suspect—that something lay deeper in Sunny's mind than that childish comradeship? She had watched him after Anne's graduation. A more serious look, somehow, was in his eyes. And Sue, as Anne's best friend, had noticed, because she saw more of him than anybody else. And she realized that it was largely because she was Anne's friend that Sunny sought her out very often. Always he would speak of her chum, and ask what news she had; and when Anne's long, entertaining letters came they would laugh and talk over them. Sunny was always happier on those days, and Sue named them "Sunny days." Did Anne realize what she was doing to him? Had her unusual knowledge of human nature, as applied to everybody else, failed her with Sunny because she never took him seriously? If Sunny had only been like the other fellows it would not have been so bad! When Sunny had triumphantly produced a letter from Anne, telling of visiting the campus the following week when her school was out, Sue determined to learn the true state of affairs. But, when Anne had arrived, they had so many places to go, and so many people to see, that they seemed never to have time for their old, intimate talks. And if conversation became gradually serious Anne would interrupt suddenly with some appointment, as she had this morning, saying, perhaps, "To be continued in our next." Well, Anne's visit would last a week longer, and some time——

The clock, striking half-past two, interrupted Sue's meditations. She sprang up, looked with chagrin at her unfinished assignment, snatched a sweater and, dashing off, was soon in the classroom, buried in the professor's serious explanation of the present war as a war for humanity, quite unconscious of the fact that, a floor above, Anne was having a talk with "Father Flanders" in the Latin room, and that they, too, were discussing the war and the drafting situation.

* * *

"Come, father," Anne was saying at the window, "just look at that group of boys down there. It's Si and Toby and Nobby Perkins. I love every one of 'em. They're all such manly fellows—you don't find many of THEIR kind, even in this old university. They're just getting in from surveying. Look at them—tall, strong young fellows—'fine material for the army,' as the speaker said in assembly this morning. Just think of it, father! The very type of men our country will need for constructive, not destructive, work. Yet, any time, they may be called out to the war and they'll go—and never come back, perhaps. They think it's their duty! You read those paragraphs of my letter—that's the way I feel. Father, you are the person who taught me Socialism, even if the college authorities don't know it. You gave me this book, 'War—What For?' and you understand it better than I. So you understand what I feel when I say I'd rather see Si and Toby and Nobby—yes, even Sunny!—and I like him best of all—I say I'd rather see them shot for treason for refusal to serve, if worst should come to worst, than to see them go back on their sense of right, their principle, and join the army! Wouldnt YOU? Wouldn't YOU rather see them die in the face of public opinion, martyrs to the cause of truth, than see them go off amid the cheers of the populace—to war—to die—however gal-



The reception room of the new dormitory, unfinished, was used by the Western Comrade for a display booth; besides the Comrade exhibit, a model of the Austin house plan was demonstrated to residents and visitors.

lantly — martyrs to the cause of the munition-makers? Wouldn't YOU?"

Anne's voice was tense. Her hands were clenched. Every muscle of her body was taut. Her blazing eyes, seeking those of the professor's, softened as she saw his had dimmed during her appeal, and she noted his anguish as he turned away and sank into a chair. But, still tense, she waited for a reply.

"Theoretically, yes, daughter." His voice quavered to a whisper. "Practically——"

The negation was clearly expressed, although he uttered no word. His head fell to his hands on the desk before him, and suddenly there swept through Anne the poignant sensation of his own anguish—with her own sorrow for him added to it. She knew that he was crying over and over in his heart, "My son! My sonny boy!" And because convention meant nothing to Anne, and because she was impulsively human, she went to the arm of his chair and put her arm around the old man's shoulder.

"Don't, father. . . . I didn't realize how I was hurting you. I didn't realize . . . I don't yet . . . but I understand . . . something of what Sunny means to you. I've never known a mother—or any father but you, or any brother but Sunny. And I never quite knew what it meant. I see better now that I was wrong—and selfish. I shouldn't have said that."

For a long time they sat in silence, neither trusting to speak. Then Anne went over again to the window. She caught a glimpse of Sunny, tennis racket in hand, going to the library —to meet her. All at once there was a tug at her heart. Glancing quickly away, she found the professor at her side, looking at her. She could not bear the pain in his eyes, for she felt the tears growing in hers as she turned away. He spoke:

"You were right, daughter—you were quite right. Disbelieving in war, and understanding many of the reasons why we are involved in this one, I should, in all honor, sacrifice, if needed, even my own son to that truth. You, as nobody else, understand a little how wrapped up I am in him—how dear he is to me—how doubly dear because he cost me his mother's life, and because I promised her always to take care of him, the care she would have given him. And it is easier for you and Sonny to have such strong hearts in a matter of this kind. Your aspirations are untried; your hopes are new. The world has not yet laid its heavy hand upon you. But I—I have lived most of my life now, and in living I learned deeply the truth you were reading in that book: that we may hold honor dearer than life, but that we cannot—MOST of us cannot—hold it dearer than the lives of those dearest to us. In Sonny I see his mother living again—her sweetness, her sympathy, her joyousness, her simplicity. Yet he does not lack the manly qualities, the manly strength, in which I failed today. HE would sacrifice his life for that principle, but I—I cannot!—would not! were a choice given me, sacrifice my boy! My boy! Always my boy, to me. If he is taken, I would die!"

There had never been such a moment in Anne's lifetime. In the presence of his emotion a sword seemed to pierce her own heart also. She loved him as she loved nobody else in the world. He had been a father to her. And it came over her, the truth of what he said: She might be able to sacrifice herself—or Sonny—for honor, but she could not bear to see her father bear the sacrifice of his son! For her father was dearer than honor! Dearer, perhaps, because he was not her real father, for a real father would have owed her the kindness that he had shown her from choice. That, in her life, was the thing that had always touched her girlish gratitude. He had given her so much of a father's love, without having had a father's responsibility. But he was speaking.

"It has been so, my whole life. I have been a coward—not for myself, but for others. It is as this book tells you. I was wheat; I hated tares. Yet I have not been willing to have all the tares pulled, because some of my wheat might come with it.

"I had the usual expensive, orthodox classical training of the men of my day, of my class. Not till I was almost forty did I finally embrace Socialism. My travels and researches had prevented saving. But I still felt young and brave. Then I married. I had my chair in the college, and my work here was all I was fitted for. Sunny's mother was delicate. It would be only a few years, I thought, until I would be able to get a start. I would stay here quietly and not advertise my new belief until I was in a better position to do so—until she would get better. But she never did. For her sake, I had to provide a few of the best things of life. I could not risk losing my position by flaunting my opinions for a while. Then when she died and left me Sunny, it was the same thing over. He was a sickly child, and I was so afraid of losing him. I kept him under a doctor's constant care. It was expensive. It was important to keep my place.

"Gradually I gave up all my plans. I was getting old. It seemed a hopeless game. I have kept my new light of truth under a bushel. For after all I was only a Latin professor, even though I was as high up as most in the profession. My temperament, my training, were unfitted for propaganda work. I have found little time for writing, and I dared not publish the manuscripts I had. So I have contented myself with indirect influence, lending my books mostly to young tradesmen in the town, and I am giving night lessons in English to the mechanics. They get my books, and perhaps after all my influence has been as great as if I had not been what I am, in a way, a hypocrite."

"You have! I know it!" cried Anne. "You have put me and others on the right track. And so you HAVE been actively working in the field. But there is Sunny again. What would you do if HE were called out?"

"I would have him go—if he will—and hope for the hopeless chance that he may be spared. And then——" His voice broke.

Something in Anne seemed to snap, and she burst out in a sudden blaze of passion: "Father! Isn't it terrible that we who know why—and how—the proposed war may be, that we who are not the dupes of public opinion, the press, the preachers, the capitalists, are forced by circumstances to submit! Or, perhaps, if the militaristic spirit increases, to risk our lives by refusal! There are thousands who think they are fighting for democracy, for their homes, when they go to war. Knowing their sincerity, I can only admire their courage. But how CAN they think they are fighting autocracy, as opposed to democracy, by slaughtering the workers of the nations? How can they think they are fighting to defend their homes by overthrowing the same kind of homes of the same kind of people, with whom they have no quarrel and whom they have never seen? How blindly they will fight at the command of their autocrats! Why can't they see the root of things? We can't help them—they won't be helped. We can't tell them—they won't listen. And we can't help the ones who DO know the causes but who are the victims just the same—like Si and Nobby and Toby and Sunny! Surely something will be done — a brighter, sunnier day will dawn——" She saw her growing incoherency and flushed, but plunged on. "I haven't any right to be selfish, I know.

How can I hope that Sunny and MY friends will be spared—and hope that other girls' brothers and friends will be killed instead? But Sunny, in his fineness, his wholesomeness, like a ray of sunlight on a gloomy day, a breath of fresh air in a vitiated atmosphere—to see all THAT wasted—don't, father! If he goes, I will be more than your own daughter—you will always have me, you know." A tear dropped on the sill before her, falling on the open letter she had read to him. It struck the last paragraph. Dumbly she looked at it, unconscious, and suddenly its meaning flashed to her. "Since it has been rumored that married men probably will not be called out at first——" Anne's heart skipped a beat and then went pounding away. What an idea! COULD she? A musical chime, contrasting with her turbulent mood, sang slowly through the hour.

"Three o'clock already!" she exclaimed. "I promised to play with Sunny at three. And listen, father! I've first thought of a way out—maybe. I'll tell you later." She tried to laugh, but it was a hysterical little laugh, and impulsively she kissed the professor right on the bald top of his bowed head. Laughing again, now merrily, she had seized her racket and was tapping down the steps before the astonished man could recover his senses.

As Anne hurried through the building she forced her face into its usual expression, pausing at the door to make sure that her smile was on straight. Then, with an effort, she fell into her long, athletic stride. She made a vivid picture in her white middy suit, with its blue collar and red tie, for the last hour had put a heightened color in her face and a deeper flash to her eyes. The freshmen all turned to stare, for she was a stranger to them. To avoid the students thronging the class, she "cut campus," something no underclassmen would dare to do; but in spite of her hurry she was delayed all along the way by juniors in their corduroys asking how long she would be there, and by the seniors, distinguished by their somber sombreros, who wanted to know if they could go to the movies or some dance that night, or to-morrow night, or the next.

Sunny, watching impatiently from a library window, saw all this, and tried in vain to kill a certain green monster inside him, which, like the beast of Hercules, seemed to grow larger with every blow given it. As Anne neared the building he suddenly became absorbed in his "History of Art" and, with splendid concentrated enthusiasm, began taking notes from his book. He wrote: "Fra Angelico (1387-1455). Painted madonnas of the gentle, insipid type, like that Toby out there. Same inane grin that would make you wonder if anybody were home, if you didn't know already there wasn't." He seemed to derive comfort from the process, and he continued. "Fra Filippo Lippi (1402-1469). Too bad that Guy Perkins wasn't named that—would just have suited him. It's a double-decked shame that Titian (1477-1576) died before he saw that tie Si Lentz is wearing; he might have got a few new ideas in coloring——"

He turned a page, for he sensed, rather than saw, Anne coming toward him, pausing to whisper some greeting to students at various tables. With painstaking care he was writing out: "Ghirlandajo (1449-14——)" when an unceremonious poke from Anne's racket closed his book and gave him the cue to look up, registering complete surprise.

"What do you think this is?" demanded Anne with mock severity. "Greek art? Then kindly stir your pediment groups, or all the courts will be full."

Sunny looked significantly from the clock to the face above his chair and, rising, prepared to go. As they started he suggested, still significantly: "Who is twenty minutes late already? A gentleman of honor keeps his appointments religiously—religiously, get that?"

They were hurrying along the campus now. "I left father's room promptly at three," defended Anne. "That old library clock——"

"Is exactly with the chime. It seems to me it takes you a long time to walk half a block." He grinned at her—significantly again. "If you're that slow on the count, I won't have any trouble in beating you in love-games today," he added, and wished he had not, for somehow that sounded significant, too. So he began to bounce the balls alternately against the ground.

"Better conserve your energy, then," Anne warned, "if you're going to beat me. A year of wielding the birch should have improved my strong right arm." But she hardly knew what she said, and walked along in silence. Somehow all her old "pep," physical and mental, deserted her. She must think hard how to break the news to him. Well, she would wait until the game. She threw herself into serving with all her might. But she could not play! And so her most ignominious defeat in all their history went on record. Sunny won two sets of love-games!

He approached her at the net with grave solemnity. "This is too cruel. I won't play any more with you; it's too much like the regulation but reprehensible habit of taking candy from kids."

"Why!" exclaimed Anne, with airy indignation. "I merely gave these two to you, so you wouldn't feel so badly next set——"

Sunny's immoderate laughter interrupted her. "Har! Har! She says she gave 'em to me! All right—I took 'em. Now I'll take your racket, too, and we'll take a hike, but first you'll take my sweater, or you might take cold, and——"

"You seem to be good at taking everything but suggestions," cut in Anne, icily—a favorite pose, and one which Sunny hugely enjoyed.

"Sure. I'll take suggestions, too. Got any for me?"

"The biggest one you ever saw." A wave of crimson spread over her face.

"I've got a suggestion, too—this: S'pose you tell yours? What is it?"

No answer.

"What is it?"

No answer.

"All right," he conceded. "I'll have nothing but silence, and but very little of that."

Anne laughed—"I was just thinking."

Sunny clasped his hands and rolled his eyes piously to the skies. "Thank heaven for that," he intoned, fervently.

But somehow the usual careless badinage fell flat. They both sensed it and quit talking. How long they walked, with only occasional remarks, they scarcely realized until Anne called attention to the sunset.

"We'll watch it from here." Sunny pulled her to a log. "This seat was made for us. Rest your back against the tree."

Anne obeyed as a child might have done. He looked at her closely. "You're tired," he said, gently.

Something in his tone made a thrill quiver through her body. "You're cold, too—poor girl! Let me pull your collar up." His fingers tenderly buttoned the throat of the sweater, and when he had finished he let his arm remain around her shoulder.

She made no motion of restraint, but sat with half-closed

(Continued on Page 26)

Forcing System in Farming

By Wesley Zornes

LLANO points the way. The world is in the throes of a death struggle. Germany is fighting for industrial supremacy. The United States, due to her commercial relations, has been drawn into the terrible vortex. The food supply is dwindling. The people are facing a situation which means undernourished and underfed men, women and children.

In this world crisis every eye is turned toward the farmers, and appeals are being sent out in order that they may see the seriousness of the situation. Every available means to increase the food supply of the nation is being sought. Under the instruction of trained agriculturists, lots and even lawns are being planted to garden stuffs, and still the cost of living continues to climb.

In spite of President Wilson's earnest appeal to the farmers and the speculators in farm products not to speculate on the nation's foodstuffs, every farmer is planting the crop that will bring him the most returns.

Lots are being held at exorbitant rentals by real estate sharks, gamblers in the nation's welfare. The South is still planting cotton, because cotton will bring better returns than other crops. The President's appeals go unheeded in the mad rush for profit.

In spite of the urgent requests of the Department of Agriculture, a very large proportion of the land is standing idle. Some of the best agricultural lands of the sunny Southland are left as harborers of weeds. Land that should be growing from two to three crops of vegetables yearly are only producing one. Sometimes total failure rewards the poor serf or renter.

Fine potato soil is being planted to barley, for more ready cash can be had from hay at the present price. Large walnut groves are left totally barren. Wide strips of land that could be producing foodstuffs are left to leach away, in utter disregard for the fertility of the soil.

Farm owners, in a great many cases, live in the city and rent. The renter must get as much as possible from the soil, for rentals must be met. They naturally, sometimes through ignorance, often wilfully, crop the soil until almost depleted, and then move to another tract. In a great many cases no attempt is made to replace the wasted elements of the soil. In Virginia there are large tracts of land ruined by continued tobacco growing. Similar conditions are prevalent in almost any large agricultural region in the United States.

According to the Agricultural Year Book, 1914, no Southern state is giving sufficient attention to the producton of foodstuffs, either for human beings or live stock. The state of Texas imports annually more than fifty million dollars' worth of wheat, corn and oats.

Individualism in agriculture has outgrown its usefulness. Its utter disregard for soil fertility and its waste in the application of labor has in the present crisis shown us that a more efficient method of handling our soils must be evolved, or our country will perish in the struggle for existence. Inefficiency and gross neglect present themselves on every hand. The crisis is near. We must produce more foodstuffs. The great agricultural revolution is upon us. Our farms must be intensified. Machine methods must be evolved, for, with war devastating the world, the flower and manhood of our land will be called to the colors. Labor will be scarce.

Large farm tractors will become an actual necessity. Already manufacturers have had an increased demand for tractors, due to the prohibitive price of horse feed. The small farmer will cease to be a factor. He will soon find himself in competition with machine methods, and as the hand mechanic has been replaced by machine labor, so will the small farmer be forced to the wall by superior methods of production.

J. Ogden Armour, head of the meat trust, is advocating socialized production in order to increase the food supply. Secretary Lane threatened possible confiscation by the government of all unused lands in reclamation tracts of the West.

Agriculturists of the country favor a great industrial army, which would be controlled by the government. Edward Bellamy's great industrial army, it seems, is about to materialize.

As the war progresses, the great powers will be forced, through economic stress, to adopt the most up-to-date and scientific methods known to agriculture. Upon the agricultural output depends the final outcome of the terrible struggle which marks the beginning of the decay of individualism.

What is to be done? The nation stands helpless against the fangs of the speculator and the land shark. Individual inefficiency spells national failure. We have preacher-farmers; doctors, lawyers and even school teachers have tried hard at winning a sustenance from Nature.

Trained agriculturalists represent a helpless minority of the great composite whole. Individually they are lost in the maelstrom of prejudice and superstition that has befogged the brains of so-called farmers for years. Collectively, their training can be used and transmuted for the good of all.

Through their direction waste places will bloom. Soils will be adapted to the crops. Soils will be rebuilded. Great tracts of wheat lands throughout the Middle West can, with methods already evolved, double the yield. What ignorance has torn down, science will rebuild. The ignorant doubting Thomas who has an orchard full of weeds will be relegated to the junk heap.

With experts at the head of every department, efficiency is an assumed fact. Instead of mechanical and professional farmers, Llano's Agricultural Department will be a department of trained farmers. Llano's farm is a farm of specialization. Rapidly specialists are heading every department. This idea of specialization is growing, and not only will there be specialized farmers, but specialized workmen.

Out of chaos we have one guiding star. Llano stands as a monument, around which will grow the great agricultural future—Llano, our hope, our vision; the guiding hand of progress, that points the way from industrial chaos into the Great Co-operative Commonwealth of the future.

When is a Cow Profitable?

(J. W. Ridgway, Texas A. and M. College.)

One cannot too often emphasize the importance of every dairyman keeping a record of the individual performance of every cow in his herd. This subject has been worn threadbare at every dairy meeting held during the last ten years. Nevertheless, dairymen must realize that it is the only means by which they can realize their source of profits, and unless they do this they are in the dark regarding their business, and no individual or concern can prosper under such conditions. The fact is outstanding that a cow producing under 200 pounds of butterfat in a year is an unprofitable cow. In this connection, attention should be called to the value of the manure, a by-product which is often overlooked.

News and Views in Agriculture

How to Plant Vegetables

(United States Department of Agriculture.)

MANY home gardeners wish to know whether it is safe to plant any vegetables in the open ground while there is still some likelihood of light frosts. To aid these home gardeners, the specialists have worked out the following grouping of the common vegetables according to their ability, if planted in the open, to withstand spring frosts. These directions do not apply, of course, to the planting of seeds in hotbeds or seed boxes to secure plants which afterwards are to be transplanted.

Group 1.—Plants not injured by a light frost. These may be planted as soon as the soil can be put in good condition: Cabbage, Irish potatoes, early peas (smooth types as distinguished from wrinkled), onion sets, and salad crops, such as kale, spinach and mustard. At the same time start in seed boxes in the house or in hotbeds tomatoes, eggplant, peppers and cauliflower.

Group 2.—Vegetables which should be planted only after danger of hard frost is over: Lettuce, radishes, parsnips, carrots, beets, wrinkled peas and early sweet corn.

Group 3.—These should be planted after all danger of hard frost is past: String beans and sweet corn (late varieties). A few early tomato plants may also be set out, but care should be taken to protect them from any sudden chilly weather, by providing a shelter of newspapers, boxes, etc.

Group 4.—This group should not be planted until all danger of frost is past and the ground has thoroughly warmed up. Included in this would be: Cucumbers, melons, squashes, pumpkins, Lima beans, tomatoes, eggplant and peppers. Plants of tomatoes, eggplant and peppers which have been grown in boxes or hotbeds should be ready to set in the open at this time.

In order to insure a steady supply of vegetables, crops like beans, peas and lettuce may be planted every three or four weeks, whenever the space is available. Some of these can be planted in the spaces made available by removing the other crops.

If your garden is small, do not attempt to grow potatoes or late sweet corn. It is better to select half a dozen crops which the family likes than to grow fifteen or twenty. If the size of your plot is less than 40x100 feet, or 4,000 square feet, it usually is not advisable to grow late potatoes or late varieties or sweet corn.

Succulent vegetables of all sorts contribute bulk to the diet, and so are valuable from the standpoint of hygiene, because within limits bulkiness is a favorable condition for normal digestion and also of importance in overcoming a tendency to constipation. They are also among the important sources of necessary mineral matters in the ordinary diet.

* * *

Rural Credits

(Dr. Ellwood Mead, University of California.)

The passage of the farm loan bank act creates a new era in financing the farmer. The act grew out of the increasing needs of the farmer for money. Farms have to be better equipped, more money is needed to carry them on. It costs more to grow fruit and other high-priced crops than it used to cost to grow wheat. In every way the farm requires more money in its operation than it did twenty-five years ago. But we have just come to realize that fact. We have passed a law that looks after the interest and business and commercial enterprise which enables farmers to get money at a reasonable price and on the right terms. But until the passage of the farm loan act there was no means provided that would help the farmer to get money at a reasoinable rate of interest or on long enough time to enable him to pay it back out of the earnings of his farm. This act will give the farmer forty years of time, with the privilege of paying up at any time within five years. It will enable him to pay it off in uniform yearly payments, instead of having to pay it off in a single large payment or in a few large payments. If, as seems probable, money can be furnished at 5 per cent, then the addition of the payment of 1 per cent on the principal, or 6 per cent in all, will pay off a debt in thirty-six years. In other words, under this act the farmer can pay off his debt, principal and interest, with a lower annual payment than he now makes for interest alone. It is expected that these banks will be ready to do business this spring.

* * *

Dried Pears Profitable

(F. G. Stokes, Horticultural Commissioner, Kelseyville, Cal.)

The demand for dried pears is certainly on the increase, the markets ever widening and the price with an upward tendency. The question as to whether or not to dry pears is generally settled by the price paid for the particular product, there being much variation in the sugar content and texture of the Bartlett, whether irrigated or non-irrigated, and by the ratio of evaporation from ripe fruit to dried. Where pears in one county dry out from four and five pounds green to one pound dried, in many other localities the ratio is as high as six and seven to one. The higher the ratio, naturally, the higher the cost of manufacturing the dried ton for market. Where it costs, without figuring on wear and tear of plant and interest on investment, from $35 to $40 labor, etc., to turn off each dried ton, in some other places it costs $50 or more, assuming the same scale of wages to be paid; and then, on the side, it might take one or two tons more of the fruit per dried ton. For this reason alone, many counties find it more profitable to sell their pears green to the canner or in nearby cities or to ship in refrigerator cars to the Eastern markets.

* * *

Choosing Breed of Swine

(United States Farmers' Bulletin.)

There is no best breed of swine. Some breeds are superior to others in certain respects, and one breed may be better adapted than another to certain local conditions. The essential point is that after the farmer has once decided upon the kind of hog to raise, he should stick to his decision and develop the chosen breed to its highest possible standard. It is not feasible for one individual to raise several different breeds and bring them to perfection. In making his choice, too, the farmer should be guided by the kind of breeds already established in his locality. If he selects one of these, he is not likely to make a mistake. . . . There are two distinct types of swine—namely, the lard and bacon types. The principal breeds of the lard type are the Poland-China, Berkshire, Chester White, Duroc-Jersey and Hampshire. The principal breeds of the bacon type are the Tamworth and large Yorkshire, both of British origin.

Co-operation the World Over

Notes About the Chief Co-operatives Gleaned from Many Sources

The Extent of Co-operation in The United States.

It is roughly estimated that there are 870 co-operative stores in this country. Only two out of the forty-eight states of the Union have been reported as not having co-operative stores. Perhaps fifty of these are prospering; the remainder are not on a firm basis, and are struggling for life because of the inexperience and disloyalty of members within the group and vicious competition on the outside. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, however, the future for the co-operative movement in the United States was never brighter.

The greatest success in the co-operative store movement has been attained by the United Mine Workers in Illinois. The membership of these stores consist of several different nationalities, yet complete harmony reigns constantly. Twelve of these stores in one quarter did a business of $200,000.00, and declared an average dividend on purchases of over eight per cent. These Illinois stores are federated into what is known as the Central States Co-operative Society, have a central auditing system, plan to establish central buying, and intend to unite with the store societies of neighboring states.

Co-operation among the farming class is growing by leaps and bounds. The Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union is active in twenty-three states and has three and a half million members. The purpose of this organization is to encourage all forms of co-operation. The organized farmers in Oklahoma have a hundred successful co-operative stores. One of the most important agrarian movements is the Non-Partisan League in the Northwestern States, the purpose of which is to organize a general revolt of the farming element against exploitation by affiliating with the labor unions and by establishing agricultural co-operatives. This movement is, perhaps, the most powerful in America. Co-operative marketing organizations are springing up by the hundreds. In California, this movement is best typified by the California Associated Raisin Company, the California Fruit Growers' Exchange and the California Almond Growers' Exchange.

Industrial or mechanical co-operation has not been so successful. Usually this is due to the failure of the organizations to work in connection with the organized consumer. Among the successful ones, however, can be mentioned three glass companies, one boot and shoe concern, two laundries, three barrel manufacturing companies, five bakeries and three cigar factories. The Independent Harvester Company has several thousand farmer members. Five successful silk co-operatives exist in Paterson, New Jersey. Three highly successful printing and publishing co-operatives are operated by the Finns in Chicago.

* * *

An Illustration of Practical Co-operation.

From Arcadia, Florida, comes an instance of the value of co-operation and the broad spirit of mutual helpfulness which it inculcates. The orange growers of that community are associated into an organization known as the Associated Orange Growers. During February, a hard frost damaged the orange crop, and many of the members would have secured nothing for the year's work had it not been for the co-operative spirit shown by the more fortunate ones. The extent of the damage was determined by the Association, and sixty per cent of the value of the total crop was voted to each member, regardless of the damage suffered by each individual. Men who had not suffered were paid but sixty per cent of the worth of their crop. Those who had no crop to sell were paid sixty per cent of the value of the crop they might have had had no frost injured it. The fortunate shared with the unfortunate, and each member fared comfortably as a result of the year's work.

* * *

Effect of War on the Co-operative Movement

In considering developments likely to affect the general welfare of the movement after the war, it is well that we should remember the things that have gone before. For nothing else proves how very ably the co-operative movement has kept its head, so to speak. Its cautiousness may be said to be the chief factor of its stability. The outbreak of war brought with it all the possibilities of an economic crisis; commercial breakdown seemed imminent. The co-operative movement, however, remained wonderfully true to its traditions, did much to avert a food panic, and kept retail prices at normal levels in many places while its pre-war stocks lasted. During the war it has further demonstrated the value of working-class control of the means of life as a check to profiteering. During 1915 some 210,714 new members joined the movement, taking its total membership to close upon the four-million figure. Its sales increased by fourteen and a half millions, while its total sales reached the gigantic sum of one hundred and two millions. The financial position of the movement is practically unaffected by the war. It fact, it may claim to have been strengthened by the general prosperity of the movement and the growing utilization by the Trades Unions of co-operative banking facilities. No section of the nation has stood more firm, in fact, all through the changes of the war than the co-operative movement. Statistics prove it will emerge from the war considerably stronger in membership, finances, and one dares to add, moral purpose.—George Stanton in **Co-operators' Year Book**, England.

* * *

Shortage of Tin for Canned Goods.

All tin is likely to be commandeered by the English Government. All co-operative societies using tins for packing and other purposes are preparing for a future shortage.—**The Prodncer**, England.

* * *

Canadian Co-operative Apple Production.

Canadian apples today are known the world over, and, while the industry is still in its infancy in some parts of the Dominion, it is well established in others, as, for instance, in Nova Scotia, where for some years past the organization of co-operative fruit companies has made notable progress. There are now over thirty-two of these, and most of them are in the combination known as The United Fruit Companies, which probably handles something like half the season's apple crop of the province.—Walter Haydn in **The Producer**, England.

* * *

Co-operation the Keystone of Civilization

Modern civilization is based upon confidence and co-operation. Confidence is the foundation upon which all modern business rests; co-operation, the keystone that unites the separate units and gives strength to the whole structure. The progress and advancement of a certain article together with its trade prestige or superiorities, are usually found in exactly that degree that its producers may have co-operated to that end.—California Almond Growers' Exchange.

* * *

Value of Growers' Organizations

The value of growers' organizations is no longer a matter for theoretical discussion. It is a demonstrated, practical business fact, now in actual successful business operation. It is also not true that co-operative business is extravagant and inefficient. This is a purely theoretical assertion which "practical" men have parroted so often that they have hypnotized themselves into believing it. The chief wastages, extravagances and crookednesses are, and always have been, in private business. The best-run agricultural marketing institutions in existence are the semi-governmental Landwirtschaftsrath organizations in Germany, and the completely governmental currant cartel in Greece and coffee pool in Brazil. Illiterate Russian peasants, in their political mirs, look after their farming business better than their educated neighbors under private ownership. If the evidence of facts means anything, it means that the traditional business theory about private efficiency and co-operative inefficiency is a pure hallucination.—Fresno Morning Republican.

* * *

Government Issues Bulletin on Co-operation

The importance of the modern co-operative movement is shown by the fact that the United States Department of Agriculture has recently issued a bulletin from the Office of Markets and Rural Organization which deals exhaustively with the subject of co-operative stores in the United States. The history of the movement is delved into, the plan of organization in general treated comprehensively, and the methods of financing, crediting, purchasing, selling and accounting discussed in a broad manner. The publication is written by J. A. Bexell, Dean of the School of Commerce, Oregon Agricultural College; Hector McPherson, Director, Bureau of Markets, Oregon Agricultural College; and W. H. Kerr, Investigator in Market Business Practice, Office of Markets and Rural Organizations, United States Department of Agriculture. The bulletin may be secured by writing to the Department for Department Bulletin No. 394.

Reviews of Recent Readable Books

By D. Bobspa

"The Truth About the Medical Profession."

"The Truth About the Medical Profession" gives the views of an honest physician, J. A. Bevan, M. D. Humor and sarcasm, ridicule and satire, abound in the philosophical book. The introduction by the son of Dr. Bevan, Mr. Gordon Bevan, and his notes constitute a large part of the text. The bugaboos of the medical world are shown in broad daylight, and the reader of this treatise will no longer fear the quackery of the medical leeches upon society.

The author bases his philosophy on economic study and disease found to be in large measure the result of low wages, ignorance of the people, and the need of the physicians to operate for practice on the poor that they may filch large fees for similar operations on the rich. Operations, vaccination, the doping with drugs, and the whole range of medical hocus-pocus that helps to kill off the human race and keep the people from getting their share of the world's goods, find an enemy who intelligently dissects their hollow claims.

It is shown clearly that it is absolutely impossible for the medical profession to be honest and live. Dr. Bevan quotes examples of the criminal ignorance where the medicine killed patients—contending that medicine hampers nature in its cures and any patient will recover far better without than with the concoctions guessed at by physicians.

But it is by no means only as an exposure of the quackery of medicine the book is worth while. Dr. Bevan and his equally gifted son have caught a broad vision of democracy. They have brought to bear on their philosophical studies a wide range of general information and clear intellects. Hardly a phase of human activity is left out of the rapid-fire survey of human society. The medical craft is only one of the many-sided citadel of special privilege attacked by the Bevans. Their little book ought to be widely circulated. It is time humanity cast aside the hoary myths of the Dark Ages. We laugh at the "medicine man" of the naked savage and submit calmly to more silly and far deadlier practices on the part of our own bungling physicians. "The Truth About the Medical Profession" ought to circulate as freely as the Sanger propaganda and the Walsh report. It is a sane, non-hysterical, economic, philosophical, human document with an enlightening message. (Price $1. Published by the author, 914 Myrtle street, Oakland, Cal.)

* * *

"In the Claws of the German Eagle."

The first sane book on the Great War from the pen of a newspaper correspondent has fallen into my hands. Albert Rhys Williams tells his experiences of the early days of the conflict in 1914 in his sketches, "In the Claws of the German Eagle." Mr. Williams spent seven years as a social worker in the slums of Boston and New York; so mere battle sights were tame to him. He dedicates his book "to those who see beyond the red mists of war." In our present state of national hysteria it will be well to read this unbiased book by a cool-headed American.

He tells of the unavailing search of weeks in all Belgium for a bona fide atrocity specimen. There were terrible evidences of the full horror of war, but the atrocity victims were always "back in such and such a village, etc."

"Let no one attempt to gloss the cruelties perpetrated in Belgium," he continues. "My individual wish is to see them pictured as crimson as possible, that men may the fiercer revolt against the shame and horror of this red butchery called war. But this is a record of just one observer's reactions and experiences in the war zone. After weeks in this contested ground, the word 'atrocity' now calls to my mind hardly anything I saw in Belgium, but always the savageries I have witnessed at home in America.

"For example, the organized frightfulness that I once witnessed in Boston. Around the strikers picketing a factory were the police in full force and a gang of thugs. Suddenly, at the signal of a shrill whistle, sticks were drawn from under coats and, right and left, men were felled to the cobblestones. . . . If in normal times these men can lay aside every semblance of decency and turn into raging fiends, how much greater cause is there for such a transformation to be wrought under stress of war when, by government decree, the sixth commandment is suspended and killing has become glorified. At any rate my experiences in America make credible the tales told in Belgium."

Much of the author's aplomb came from his experiences with Gremberg, a Belgian private. "If I had been born a Boche, I know that I would act just like any Boche. I would do just as I was ordered to." "But the men who do the ordering, the officers and military caste, the whole Prussian outfit?" "Well, I have it in for that crowd, but you see I'm a Socialist, and I know they can't help it. They get their orders from the capitalists." . . . "Well, I suppose that you are pretty well cured of your Socialism, because it failed, like everything else." "Yes, it did, but at any rate the people are surprised at Socialists killing one another—not at the Christians. And anyhow if there had been twice as many priests and churches and lawyers and high officials that would not have delayed the war. It would have come sooner; but if there had been twice as many Socialists there would have been no war."

A picture of Gremberg forms the frontispiece of the volume—one of the many graphic pictures from war photographs. The writer is fair and unprejudiced. He gives scores of intimate pictures of life in both the armies of the Allies and of the Germans in those early days of the war. (New York. E. P. Dutton & Co.)

* * *

"The Principles of Natural Taxation."

C. B. Fillerbrown, author of "A. B. C. of Taxation" and "Taxation," brings his subject to date in "The Principles of Natural Taxation," "showing the origin and progress of plans for the payment of all public expense from economic rent." The book contains portraits of Henry George, Edwin Burgess, Sir John Macdonnell and Thomas G. Shearman. Part I., "The Authorities," deals with Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill, Patrick Edward Dove, Edwin Burgess, Sir John Macdonnell, Henry George, Rev. Edward McGlynn and Thomas G. Shearman. The second part treats of the following sidelights: "A Burdenless Tax: The Threefold Support Upon Which the Single Tax Rests"; "Land: The Rent Concept—the Property Concept"; "Taxation and Housing: The Taxation of Privilege"; "Thirty Years of Henry George, with a Record of Achievements"; Henry George and the "Economists"; "The Professors and the Single Tax"; "A Catechism of Natural Taxation." The appendix reviews briefly the theories of the Physiocrats, Thomas Spence, William Ogilvie, Thomas Paine and Herbert Spencer.

"The object of this compilation," writes Mr. Fillerbrown, "is to trace the metamorphosis of the land question into the rent question; of the equal right to land into the joint right to the rent of the land; of the common use of the earth into the collective enjoyment of ground rent; of the nationalization of land into the socialization of its rent; of private property in land, including the private appropriation of its rent, into the public appropriation of that rent without disturbance of the private ownership of land."

There is a great deal of matter that will be new to most general readers. In view of the national indorsement of the Great Adventure campaign in California to restore the land to the people immediately, the volume should have a special national significance. (Chicago. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

* * *

"Social Forces in American History."

A comrade in Kentucky a few years ago took A. M. Simons' "Social Forces in American History" and James Oneal's "Workers in American History" as his texts. It was nearly a year before the parents learned what he was doing to their children. He is now out of the teaching profession. You can't have the truths of American history taught in the American schools. You were taught a lot of lies cooked up to make you patient slaves.

The People's College of Fort Scott, Kansas, is conducting a low-priced course in American history, conducted by Mr. Simons, consisting of thirty lessons. You can learn all about it in a booklet giving the outline of the course by sending a card to the college. The studies are based principally on "Social Forces in American History."

Recently I have looked over the revised edition of this volume. It is one of those books that ought to be in every home, for surely it is worth while for the working class to know the truth about American history.

Do you know what three inventions destroyed feudalism? That most of the "Revolutionary fathers," including Samuel Adams and George Washington, were smugglers and land speculators? That the organized labor movement of a century ago demanded universal suffrage and founded our public school system? Why the first labor unions after the Civil War were secret organizations? These and scores equally valuable are told by Simons in his history. It is based on the best researches of the leading college authorities, nad not one fact is in dispute. Yet not one school in America except the People's College dares proclaim it as its textbook. It is written in calm and scientific language, in scholarly style. (New York. The Macmillan Company.)

Dearer Than Honor

(Continued from page twenty-one)

eyes, watching the dying colors of the sky. She had thought it was going to be easy—but NOW!

Impulsively she reached out and took his hand. That would make it easier. Suddenly she stiffened up, and slowly, haltingly at first, she began the dreaded "suggestion." Then fluently, eagerly, earnestly, she threw herself into her words. for that was Anne's way. Unfolding her plan, she held his startled, fascinated gaze, explaining, as she went, her reasons for it. Then abruptly she stopped and dropped his hand. She had poured out her impulsive plans and now she felt cold. A dull feeling of pain surged over her, and with the fleeting of her impulse came the frantic wish that she had not spoken. What could he think? If he would only say something! She looked at him; the misery in her eyes was matched in his.

"Anne!" His words seemed a cry, although he spoke quietly. "Ever since you've known me you've been hurting me. The time you spilled hot sulphuric acid in the lab, and it burned through my tennis shoes to my instep; the day you accidentally scratched my arm with your absurdly long fingernails; and when you scarred my face with your ridiculous fencing. And all the time you've treated me like a baby, and flirted with all the other fellows. But all that was nothing to this—when you imply that you want to make a sacrifice of yourself and marry me just to keep me from having to go to war. Maybe I'm just a kid. But I'm old for my years, in spite of what you all think. I'm more of a man than you think. I'd rather die a thousand times than do that! Just to keep me and father from being hurt!"

"You don't care, then?" breathed Anne, abashed at his vehemence.

"About dying? No! When you feel that way. About YOU, Anne? I've always cared! I think you knew that even if I never told you. You wouldn't have taken me any more seriously than the others. I am just that young upstart."

His bitterness stung her. She, too, was suffering. She put her hand on his shoulder. "But Sunny—there's your father; and I can't see any other way out if the 'selective draft' takes the proposed form. If you go to war and get killed, it will kill him. I told you everything he said. You are dearer to him than his life—his honor. You don't like the idea. But it might save his life. Your father, Sunny—isn't HE as dear to you—as LIFE?"

"You know he is!" he exclaimed, hotly, "and in honor I should be willing to do this thing—since you wish it. But you are forgetting the rest of what you said. My father is dearer than honor, and even for honor's sake I could not sacrifice YOU!"

Anne had not foreseen this. It was something terrible—yet wonderful! For a moment she forgot her plea, and asked, smilingly tremulous: "But the old Spanish idea, Sunny? 'I had not loved thee half so well loved I not honor more!'"

"That is a theory! I don't believe it! If it is true, I am a coward." He stood up and looked down at her. "Anne! what are you doing?' He stooped to pull her hands away from her face. "Anne! Don't—please!"

She arose and, unashamed, let the tears fall down her cheeks.

"Don't, Anne!" he begged. "You say you wish it, but it is just one of your sympathetic impulses—perhaps a sense of duty toward father and me. It isn't right. You don't love me—I've known that too well! And I cannot let you do it—even for father's sake. Such a sacrifice from anybody would be horrible. From YOU, Anne, it would be intolerable!"

"Sunny, dear." Her voice shook, but she met his eyes squarely and she put both hands on his shoulders. "Maybe you did know part of the truth before, but it's wrong, now. I knew you pretty well—better than I knew myself; and, even if I didn't admit it to myself, I did know that you cared for me. . . . But I didn't know, till now, that I really cared for you, too—that way."

The Socialist City

(Continued from page fourteen)

It must be remembered that women are as individual in their tastes and abilities as men, only their expression has been rigidly repressed into one channel by their economic slavery through the ages. The fact that the girl very commonly "takes after" the father, would be enough in itself to vitiate the theory of the intrinsic conventionality of women. Relieved of the thankless and unending drudgery of an inconceivably stupid and inefficient system, by which her labors are confiscated and her burdens aggravated in every possible way, she springs forward with astonishing elasticity and power. To accuse her of lack of originality and organizing capacity is most unjust. These manifestations have been imputed to her as crimes. She has been most strictly drilled from babyhood to isolation in the home and to conformity, while her brother was stimulated to aggressive individuality by contact with the larger world. In the Socialist City the home will no longer be a Procustian bed to which each feminine personality must be made to conform by whatever maiming or fatal spiritual or intellectual oppression, but a peaceful and beautiful environment in which she will have leisure to pursue her duties as wife and mother, which are now usually neglected in the overwhelming press of cooking and cleaning.

She will also have time in the intervals of her rightful occupations, or when they are unfortunately denied her, for the activities which are personal expressions, her individual contribution to the welfare of the community.

Making Wood Pulp for Paper

(Continued from page fifteen)

brings us to the drying process, which consists of a series of hollow iron drums, thirty-eight in number—one row of nineteen above the other, but not directly so, the edge of the upper being over the center of the lower. These drums are somewhat longer than the sheet of pulp to be dried and are heated on the inside with the exhaust steam from the engines.

As these drums revolve slowly the damp sheet of pulp passes over them, first over the top one and then down under the lower one, and so on through the series of drums in a continuous ribbon-like sheet of snowy whiteness. After the sheet leaves the drums it is reeled on a shaft about sixteen inches in diameter. As it is being reeled, two circular, knife-edged disks cut the sheets into three sections as it is wound into a roll.

After the roll has acquired the proper size, the three sections are taken from the shaft on which they have been wound, and each section is wrapped with the same material, cut in proper dimensions for the purpose, and bound and tied with heavy cord.

In this form the pulp is then shipped to regular paper mills, where it is converted into paper for high-class magazines and other high-class paper.

First American Conference for Democracy and Terms of Peace

REALIZATION of the futility of the convention of the Socialist party held in St. Louis, April 7, and which adopted a majority report that has already involved prominent Socialists in trouble with the authorities, has undoubtedly animated some of those prominent in that convention who are instrumental in calling the First American Conference for Democracy and Terms of Peace, May 30.

Some of the cooler heads at the St. Louis convention warned the convention of the danger in which they placed themselves and their comrades in adopting and recommending for circulation the majority report adopted at that time. The "Milwaukee Leader" under date of May 19 in a news item reports . . "United States authorities, without warrant or observing any process of law, raided the state headquarters of the Socialist party of Indiana and seized all literature bearing on war. . . The raid is thought to be due to a speech made in the Senate of the United States by Hustings, Wisconsin, when he bitterly attacked the majority report on war and militarism of the National Socialist Convention."

The WESTERN COMRADE, in editorials, pointed out the danger contained in the majority report. Already the danger has been made apparent. California representatives were unable to carry through their clearly outlined program of constructive measures, pertinent to the needs of the day and built on the vital issues of the war.

The New York conference is assumed to be called by those who realize that the Socialists of America have failed at the moment of the supreme test. There is no other radical organization envisioned to the degree of being able to see through the immediate issues of the day on toward the end of the war with its reconstruction period. American Socialists are denied, by the American government, the right to participate in the convention called to be held in Stockholm; passports will not be given them and severe penalties are threatened for any American Socialists who defy the government and take part. American Socialists have not justified the United States government in believing they are wholly loyal and the attitude will be unfavorable to them so long as this condition prevails.

There is left, then, no organized movement in the United States that is gifted with foresight to plan ahead. Therefore, leading Socialists, radicals of other activities, and those prominent in great social movements have united in calling the conference. Invitations have been sent broadcast, as follows:

> You are cordially invited to participate in the First American Conference for Democracy and Terms of Peace, which is to be held in New York City on May 30th and 31st.
>
> The purpose of this conference will be to clarify public opinion of the issues arising out of America's participation in the war; to devise means for safeguarding American liberty and democracy; and to formulate the demands of forward-looking Americans as to the terms of the coming peace.
>
> It is also hoped that from this gathering will result such co-operation, co-ordination, and solidarity of the democratic forces of this country as will make their voice most effective in the councils of the nation.
>
> The enclosed tentative platform will serve as the basis for the discussions of the conference. It is presupposed that organizations and individuals participating are in substantial agreement with the principles set forth therein.
>
> We earnesly request that you appoint delegates to represent your organization at the conference. Kindly facilitate the administration of the undertaking by a prompt reply.
>
> Very sincerely your,
>
> EMILY G. BALCH,
> Former President, Boston Woman's Trade Union League
> JOSEPH D. CANNON,
> Organizer Inter'l Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers Union
> MORRIS HILLQUIT,
> Member National Committee of the Socialist Party.
> RABBI JUDAH L. MAGNES,

The reason for the conference is given in the "Call to Action," which states:

> A CALL TO ACTION
>
> It is now less than six weeks since the United States entered the world war. In that short space of time the grip of militarist hysteria has fastened itself upon the country; conscription is being placed upon our statute books; the pernicious "gag" bill is about to be forced through Congress; standards to safeguard labor, carefully built up through years, have been swept aside; the right of free speech has been assailed; halls have been closed against public discussion, meetings broken up, speakers arrested—and now the danger of a permanent universal military training law confronts us.
>
> While all this military organization is going on in America, rumors of peace come to us from Germany, Austria, Italy and Russia. Shall it be said that we, the latest to enter the war, are less concerned about the early establishment of a peace based on justice for all?
>
> We call on all American citizens to unite with us in the First American Conference on Democracy and Terms of Peace, at the Holland House, on May 30 and 31, to discuss how best we can aid our government in bringing to ourselves and the world a speedy, righteous and enduring peace.
>
> May 7, 1917.

A tentative program is announced, organizing and executive committees have been appointed, and the support of broad-minded, energetic, influential men and women throughout the United States have been secured. The invitation is signed by:

> James H. Maurer, Harrisburg, Pa.; Victor L. Berger, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; A. J. Boulton, Brooklyn, N. Y.; James J. Bagley, Brooklyn; Rose Schneidermann, New York; John C. Kennedy, Chicago; Edward J. Cassidy, New York; Joseph Schlossberg, New York; E Baroff, New York; Henri Bereche, New York; Roy Brazzle; Mary Kenney O'Sullivan, Medford, Mass.; Arthur LeSueur, Kansas City, Missouri; Algernon Lee, New York; James O'Neil, Boston, Mass.; Harry Laidler, New York; Julius Gerber, New York; Julian Pierce, Washington, D. C.; Job Harriman, Llano, California; Winter Russell, New York; Harry Weinberger, New York; Rt. Rev. Paul Jones, Salt Lake City; Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago; Rev. Richard W. Hogue, Baltimore, Md.; Rev. Sidney Strong, Seattle, Wash.; Rev. H. L. Canfield, Woodstock, Vermont; L. Hollingsworth Wood, New York; David Starr Jordan, Stanford University, California; Simon N. Patten, University of Pennsylvania; Scott Nearing, Toledo, Ohio; William I. Hull, Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania; Harry L. W. Dana, Columbia University, New York; Lindley Miller Keasbey, University of Texas; Harry A. Overstreet, New York; Rev. Irwin St. John Tucker, President Hobo College, Chicago; Brent Dow Allinson, Cambridge, Mass.; Grace DeGraff, Portland, Ore.; James McKeen Cattell, New York; Randolph Bourne, New York; May Wright Sewall; Daniel Kiefer, Cincinnati, O.; Amy Mali Hicks, New York; Frank Stephens, New York; Mrs. Glendower Evans, Boston, Mass.; Helena S. Dudley, Waltham, Mass.; Lenora Warneson, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Lola Maverick Lloyd, Winnetka, Ill.; Mrs. Elsie Borg Goldsmith, New York; Margaret Lane, New York; Edward Berwick, San Francisco, Cal.; John Reed, Croton-on-Hudson; Edward T. Hartman, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. L. C. Beckwith, Providence, R. I.; Miss Crystal Eastman, Croton-on-Hudson; Anna F. Davies, Philadelphia, Pa.; Henry R. Linville, New York.

Letters from Our Readers

Colonist for Twenty Years

Editor Llano Colonist: My first attention was called to Socialism in reading about the Ruskin Colony in Tennessee some twenty years ago. Thus my idea of co-operation and Socialism was linked from the beginning. My first lessons in Socialism taught about the Co-operative Commonwealth and National Co-operation. I read the Coming Nation, the Appeal to Reason and other literature describing the workings of the Ruskin Colony from its beginning to its untimely death in Georgia. I read a paper two years, the name of which I have forgotten now, established by a colony which flourished on the shores of Puget Sound many years ago. I can't recall the name of that colony now. I was an earnest seeker for their faith and an eager reader of their progress. My wife and daughter wanted to go. The pictures they saw of this colony life, showing the blessings of co-operation, was a rising star in their lives. But alas! this colony, too, went down! "Faith" in Socialism—died. But I hung my faith upon political Socialism and fought the good but losing fight.

The Farmers' Union and many growers' associations came upon the scene with their plans of co-operation, but these all fell far short of giving the relief the world seeks.

Without going into detail as to the failures of Socialist efforts at co-operation, I will say right here that unless the Socialist party proves its faith by its works, as you and others are doing, it will die a natural death. The Oklahoma Socialist party, in its last state convention, adopted a report indorsing all co-operative efforts, inside or outside the party.

How encouraging it is to learn, afer all the dismal attempts at co-operation, of the brilliant success at Llano! Again the wife and children ask to go, and we are straining every effort to make our desire a reality. Tired and sick of the competitive war, we hope soon to dodge our enemy and flee to the "City of Refuge"—Llano.—G. M. Fowler, Okla.

* * *

Likes Llano Papers

When you print "Write what you like best in our paper" you are asking something rather difficult from us, who are not accustomed to expressing ourselves in writing.

First, I like the spirit of Socialism breathed in every line; the points of view and the conclusions to which Socialism brings one are much needed. Most Socialists are converts and require the education your paper gives how Socialism works out practically. I was in hopes you would give an example of Meyer London, our only Socialist Representative. When the war started he brought a measure before Congress to put an embargo on foodstuffs going out of the United States. No one spoke on the subject, and he was the only one who voted for it. Because he was a Socialist, he had the vision and the conscience to stand for the Socialist principles, and it is only now, after nearly three years, when the damage is done, that Congress has waked up enough to wrestle with the subject.

Another thing I like about your paper is that it attends strictly to its own business, which is to exploit Llano and Socialism. The usual newspaper is of two kinds, both tiresome beyond endurance, and you have avoided both these kinds—the city paper, with its encyclopediac knowledge, and its "mays" and "it is saids," which leaves a confused jumble in the mind; and the country newspaper, which aims to have absolutely nothing in it—not even the local news—for fear of making somebody mad.

Your paper is condensed and, while entertaining on account of the life it expresses, it also gives us the world news, for which we pay for the paper.

I don't know that it is the way the paper "is made up," as they say, but it is the kindred spirit I find expressed in it; hardly worth mentioning, but little things I had thought of for years that I never heard any one say, and it pleases me to read it in your paper. For years I have said the house I was going to build would have a flat roof, and, while my friends said I was crazy, your paper said it was the way Llano houses were to be built. The common sense and the advanced spirit of the experiment of Llano appeals to me wonderfully. It does my soul good to read in the paper of the plans that are to be for the benefit of all. The communities in which I have lived have been absolutely hidebound. No one can or will do anything never done before, because no one else has ever done it. Your paper tells us in Llano you are free from such bondage.

MRS. G. L. SHURICK, Ohio.

* * *

Thinks Everyone Should Subscribe

I received all the literature you sent to me, and, after reading almost every word with great interest, I was very much pleased with the splendid progress that is being made by the Llano colonists. It is indeed inspiring to know that in a short time such progress has been made towards the great ideal and principles upon which our future civilization must be shaped.

In order to show the extent of my interest in the Llano Colony, I inclose money order for the WESTERN COMRADE and LLANO COLONIST. Furthermore, I wish to declare my intention to apply for membership in the near future. Fraternally yours, M. B., Arizona.

May Day Parade of the first comers to Llano, with inserts showing two groups of the early colonists of 1914-15.

* * *

Much Interested in Llano

Dear Comrade: You wanted us readers of the Western Comrade to vote upon the articles printed in the Western Comrade from time to time, and express our preference, giving first, second and third choice, etc. Now, comrades, I have no particular choice to give in what I have read in the Western Comrade, for almost every article has met with my approval, and to make a choice would, to my mind, be showing partiality among the writers. There is not an article in the Western Comrade but what I have read, and I am so anxious to get all the news that I can hardly wait from time to time for the next issue to come. And, so that I might hear from the Colony more often, I subscribed for the Llano Colonist, and by getting the Colonist once a week it seems to shorten the time between each issue of the Western Comrade. For my part I want to hear from all, and upon all things, that will show what the colonists are doing, and what is in the minds of comrades, pertaining to the developing of all our ideals. By writing and expressing our thoughts that come into our minds from time to time, regardless of the correct way of expressing them, only tend towards broadening our minds upon the things for which we are striving, and often put a thought into another mind who can with more accuracy express the thought so as to accomplish the desired result.

ROBERT S. DARNELL.

Aditorial by the Circulation Manager

Can You Combine Practice With the Study of Theory?

A SHORT time ago we tried out a little experiment.

We wrote a letter to each of the persons in the Grand Membership Circulation Contest asking for their experiences in getting subscriptions for the Llano Publications.

And here is the argument that we found our contest members met most frequently:

> "I already get so many Socialist papers that I cannot take another; haven't time to read those that I am already taking."

The Llano Publications are the only ones in the country that tell of the principles of Socialism being applied.

Now what would you think of a man who went to church every Sunday and said his prayers every night and devoutly and sincerely worshipped God, but who refused to make an effort to put the principles of Christianity into general operation?

You would laugh at him, of course.

But stop a minute. What of the Socialist who reads of the Socialist theory, absorbs every word of the wisdom of Marx, knows the "Communist Manifesto" by heart, is on the mailing lists of many Socialist papers and magazines, yet will not study the practice of Socialism?

The Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony is the practice of the principles of Socialism. It makes no difference whether you believe co-operative colonies can succeed or not, the fact remains that virtually every Socialist principle is in active, every-day use in Llano today.

What's the use of learning all the fine points of Socialism if you don't make any attempt to put them into practice? What would be the use of learning all there is to know about medicine if you would refuse to treat a patient?

When any Socialist tells you that he has so many Socialist papers that he has no time to read any more, direct his attention to the fact that he is missing the fruit of all his study.

Make it clear to him that he is theoretically right, but ask him if he knows for certain that Socialism will work. Ask him how he could prove it to an unbeliever.

In Llano we are practicing Socialism. No other paper in the country can tell of the progress this handful of brave Socialist pioneers are making.

You know how we respect the old-time Socialists who went out and soap-boxed on the streets, who got themselves put into jail because they were Socialists, who sacrificed friends and home and fortune and everything for the sake of the principles they believed in. They were courageous, stout-hearted men and women.

But what of these modern Socialists who have the courage to put into present-day operation the things they believe in? Are they any less courageous? How open-minded is the Socialist who refuses even to read of what they are doing? How can he hope to convince other people that Socialism is practical and beneficent, when he will not himself show faith in the thing he stands for?

What can you expect of the unconverted when Socialists themselves refuse to investigate, or even to read of, the progress of the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony which is demonstrating the things they have preached for so many years?

These are not idle questions. They are the questions that we expect our readers to ask Socialists everywhere. They are the questions that point the difference between mere ineffectual talk and purposeless opposition to existing conditions, and the positive position of really doing the things we think are right and which we are asking others to accept as being right.

Socialists everywhere are discouraged, disgusted, hopeless.

But there is no reason to be. Our principles are correct—Llano is proving that. It is the application of them that the people are looking for. Our method of teaching must be adapted to the time. We have virtually graduated the primer class in Socialism. The people of the country are willing to concede that Socialism is probably right. But they demand proof.

They are now promoted to another class. We must teach this new class. The old propaganda they know. They do not want it over and over again, any more than a little child wants to read the same book over and over.

Our opportunity is greater than ever before. The whole world is teaching Socialism as never before. It is our time to profit by it. But we must take advantage of the conditions of the day if we are to do this.

Llano is the example. It is the most perfect and complete example of co-operation in the world. It convinces. We must direct the attention of every Socialist to it. We must get every Socialist to use it as an argument, the most convincing of all arguments. And to do that it is necessary to push the circulation of the Llano Publications. Will you help? Will you get just one Socialist of your acquaintance to reading of the actual practice of Socialism?

The COLONIST is 50c a year, or $1.00 for a club of three. The COMRADE is 75c a year, or 50c in clubs of four or more.

Both to one address are $1.00 a year or 75c in clubs of four or more.

Canadian rates are $1.00 a year for either the COMRADE or the COLONIST. No club rates apply outside of the United States.

The Truth About the Medical Profession

By John A. Bevan, M. D., Columbia University.

(Inventor of the Oesophagoscope)

Grand Ave. Temple Bldg., Kansas City, April 13, 1917.

". . . It impresses me very favorably indeed."

"I find a splendid philosophy underlying 'The Truth About the Medical Profession,' which goes far deeper than the exposure of quackery, and its subtle sarcasm and humor are delightful. The writer's mastery of his subject is apparent, as is his fundamental democracy and knowledge of the ills which beset humanity." —Extract from letter from FRANK P. WALSH, Chairman of Federal Commission on Industrial Relations.

"'The Truth About the Medical Profession' gives the views of an honest physician. Humor and sarcasm, ridicule and satire, abound in the philosophical book. . . The bugaboos of the medical world are shown in broad daylight, and the reader of this treatise will no longer fear the quackery of the medical leeches upon society. . . Hardly a phase of human activity is left out of the rapid-fire survey of human society. . . The book ought to be widely circulated. . . It is a sane, non-hysterical, economic, philosophical, human document with an enlightening message."—Extracts from review in OAKLAND WORLD, May 4, 1917.

RYAN WALKER, the well-known cartoonist, writes: "I have delayed in acknowledging 'The Truth About the Medical Profession,' because I wanted to read it carefully. I enjoyed your caustic and keen satire, and I only wish that you could get a wide circulation for your showing up of the fakes and humbugs of the medical profession."

—— One Dollar a Copy ——

Order from the **LLANO PUBLICATIONS**, Llano, Calif.

Wanted

YOUNG MAN, about to take up residence in Los Angeles, wants FURNISHED ROOM with congenial private family. References given. Please address, stating rent by month,

E. Geist, 427 Investment Building, Los Angeles.

What Are You Good For?

Did you ever try to find out?
Are you employed at work for which you are best fitted?
Do you KNOW or are you GUESSING?
Your children--what will you advise them to do?

The science of Character Analysis will answer the questions you have asked yourself. It is not fortune telling. It is not guess work. It tells you what you are fitted for and gives you the reasons. It tells you why you have not succeded in what you have attempted and will show you in which lines you can hope to succeed.

An analysis of yourself will cost you something and it is worth many times what it costs; but information about it—that is free. Just write: "Send me free information about Character Analysis and Vocational Fitness." Write your name and address very plainly. Send it to:

P. O. Box 153, Llano, California

CLASSIFIED ADS

Rates: 25c a line for one insertion; 15c a line thereafter. Twelve words to the line. Advertising payable in advance.

"THE NEW EARTH." Ocean beds become vast fertile plains. Earth watered from within; even deserts bloom. Deductions solidly based upon divine laws. Fifty cents, no stamps. Cross Publishing House, Nuevitas, Cuba. JJA

FOR SALE.—BREEDING RABBITS. BELGIANS, NEW ZEALANDS, AND Flemish Giants. We can supply all ages up to eight months. For further information address Rabbit Department, Llano del Rio Colony, Llano, Cal.

Law Book Free

STUDY LAW, and become the man of power in your community. The farmers of North Dakota captured the State Government, and found that they needed law-trained men in office to fight the big interests which have their lawyers in the Legislature to make their laws, and in the Courts to defend and interpret them. There are opportunities awaiting YOU. Get ready for them—study Law at home in your spare time. We prepare you for the Bar examination. Guarantee bond for refund of money if dissatisfied. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Hundreds of successful students enrolled. Fourteen-volume Law Library upon enrollment. Low cost—easy terms. Be independent. Be a Leader. Write today for free law book—"Law and the People."

THE PEOPLE'S COLLEGE, Dept. D,
FORT SCOTT, KANSAS.

Reduced Freight Rates

on Shipments of

Household Goods

from all Eastern points

to California

Members of the Llano del Rio Colony will find it especially advantageous to make their shipments through the

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.

443 Marquette bldg, Chicago; 324 Whitehall bldg, New York; 640 Old South bldg, Boston; 435 Oliver bldg, Pittsburg; 1537 Boatmen's Bank bldg, St. Louis; 518 Central bldg, Los Angeles; 855 Monadnock bldg, San Francisco. WRITE NEAREST OFFICE.

Can You Reduce Weight?

Information regarding my Obesity Treatments is contained in a little booklet and consists of fully explained systems of dieting, exercises, bathing, manipulative movements, and various other essentials to effect the desired results. Persistency in this common sense and proved treatment will surely bring results in your case as it has in others. No drugs are used; it is a natural and beneficial way of reducing flesh. It gives full details for daily conduct. In sending remittances, state what portion you particularly wish to have reduced and emphasis will be given as to what treatments will prove most beneficial.

Full $5.00 Treatments, $3.00 **Mrs. C. M. Williams, Llano, Cal.**

Telephone Home A-4533

HARRIMAN & LEVIN

Attorneys at Law

921 Higgins Building Los Angeles, Cal.

June 30 Closes the Contest

This is the month to get in your best work.

The results have been gratifying. Thousands are reading of the Colony who had never before heard of it.

Discouraged Socialists have seen the dawn of a new hope. Sane methods of educating the people to Socialism have inspired constructive Socialists with new zeal.

Non-Socialists have been interested in the theory of Socialism through reading of the success of applied principles. Concentrated Socialist effort instead of scattered, sporadic work is achieving results.

It is impressing the reading, thinking public.

Now for a Whirlwind Finish

The contest began with the beginning of 1917; it closes when the year is half through, June 30.

Workers throughout the country are spreading the story of "Co-operation in Action."

As soon as possible after June 30 the premiums will be awarded.

Some one will get a membership.

Someone else will get half a membership.

Others will be well rewarded for their efforts in the behalf of Socialism.

Now is the time for every contestant to do his part. No matter whether a prize is the reward, or whether the only reason is to spread the news of Socialist achievement, let's work to make June the biggest month of all.

Let's have the story of Socialism in Practice going to hundreds of new readers as a result of June work.

Will you do your part?

Literature for Free Distribution

The Llano Publications have just had printed in the Llano shop a number of leaflets for free distribution.

We ask your co-operation in getting them before the people to direct their attention to Llano and "Co-operation in Action."

Here are the titles; send for as many of each as you can distribute to advantage, ordering them by number:

No. 1. Civil Life or Llano Life?
No. 2. Socialism is Succeeding in Llano Today.
No. 3. Age Limit a Tragedy.
No. 4. Is This Socialism?
No. 5. Socialism in the Making.
No. 6. Will Your Children Follow in Your Footsteps?
No. 7. Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony Succeeds.
No. 8. Watch Co-operation in Action!

THE LLANO PUBLICATIONS, LLANO, CAL

Wanted--A Comrade

to take over a thirty-acre ranch and provide for two old people a few years, and have the farm for pay.

A little capital and good reference required.

Address: S. Whipple, R.F.D. No. 1, Box 25, El Centro, Cal.

Llano Job Printing

The Llano del Rio Printing and Publishing Department is now equipped to handle job printing.

Cards, leaflets, booklets, stationery, etc., will be handled in a satisfactory manner, and at prices which will compare more than favorably with those found elsewhere.

All work will be given the union label unless otherwise requested. Every employee is a Socialist and a union man.

The Llano Publications, Llano, California

WANT JAN. 1914 COMRADE!

¶ The files in the office of the WESTERN COMRADE lack the JANUARY, 1914, number. Anyone having a copy will please communicate with the Western Comrade, Llano, Cal.

announcing another $2000 contest

first prize—a LLANO MEMBERSHIP
second prize—500 shares Llano stock
third prize—200 shares Llano stock
fourth prize—100 shares Llano stock
5, 6, 7, 8th prizes—50 shares each, Llano stock

other special premiums to all who send in more than 10 subscriptions

Contest Commences July 1, 1917

and continues until Dec. 31, 1917

The Llano Publications have secured stock to be used in the Second Grand Membership Circulation Contest.

The success of the Contest started in January and which closes June 30th was great enough on May 1st to justify holding another, and plans were made at that time to announce it in the June WESTERN COMRADE.

The day following the close of the Contest now running, the new one will begin. All subscriptions received during the last two weeks of June may be credited on the new Contest, IF SO REQUESTED.

Send in at once for literature and supplies, for instructions and suggestions.

Apply at once to be enrolled as a contestant in the new Contest. Be all ready to start at the earliest possible moment.

Write at Once for Full Particulars

get an early start—begin at once

The Llano Publications, Llano, California

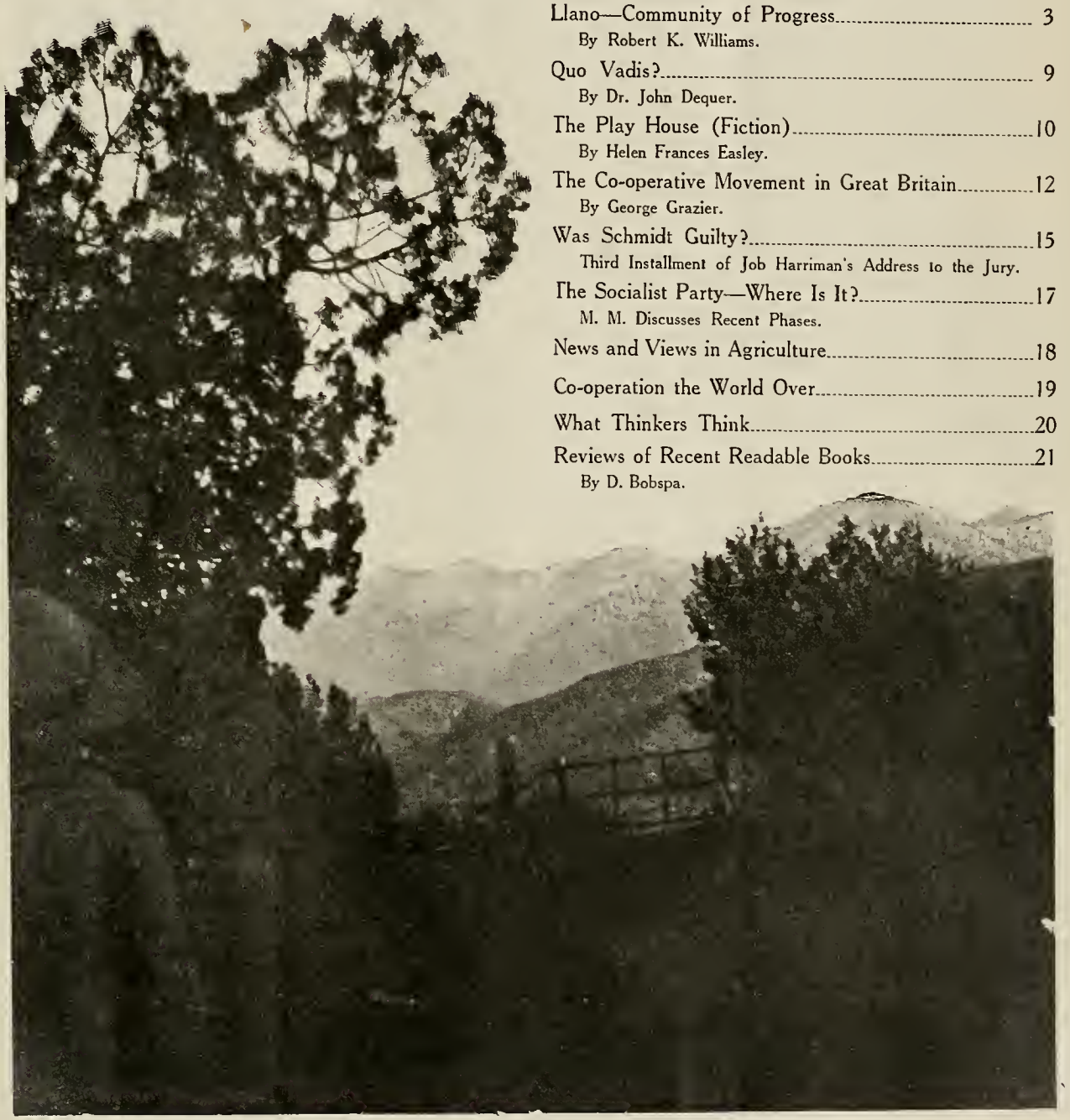
July 1917 Price 10c

DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE OF THE WORKERS

THE WESTERN COMRADE

THROUGH POLITICAL ACTION AND COOPERATION

Constructive Editorials by Job Harriman



Llano—Community of Progress 3
By Robert K. Williams.

Quo Vadis? 9
By Dr. John Dequer.

The Play House (Fiction) 10
By Helen Frances Easley.

The Co-operative Movement in Great Britain 12
By George Grazier.

Was Schmidt Guilty? 15
Third Installment of Job Harriman's Address to the Jury.

The Socialist Party—Where Is It? 17
M. M. Discusses Recent Phases.

News and Views in Agriculture 18

Co-operation the World Over 19

What Thinkers Think 20

Reviews of Recent Readable Books 21
By D. Bobspa.

The Gateway To Freedom

Through Co-operative Action

THE LLANO DEL RIO CO-OPERATIVE COLONY is located in the beautiful Antelope Valley, in the northeastern part of Los Angeles County, Southern California. This plain lies between the San Gabriel spur of the Sierra Madres on the south and the Tehachapi range on the north. The Colony is on the north slope of the San Gabriel range. It is almost midway between Palmdale, on the Southern Pacific, and Victorville, on the Santa Fe railroad.

The Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony is made up of persons who believe in the application of the principles of co-operation to the widest possible extent. Virtually all of the residents are Socialists. It is a practical and convincing answer to those who have scoffed at Socialist principles, who have said that "it won't work," who have urged many fallacious arguments. In the three years since it was established, the Colony has demonstrated thoroughly the soundness of its plan of operation and its theory. Today it is stronger than ever before in its history.

GENERAL INFORMATION

The Llano del Rio Colony is the greatest Community enterprise ever attempted. It was founded by Job Harriman, May 1st. 1914, and is solving the problem of disemployment and business failure. It offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the workers and their families.

An abundance of clear, sparkling water coming from mountain springs is sufficient to irrigate thousands of fertile acres. The climate is mild and delightful, the soil is fertile, and markets are not far distant.

The Llano del Rio Colony is a horticultural, agricultural, and stock-raising enterprise, with such manufacturing as will supply the needs of the colonists, with perhaps something to sell when the Colony has grown.

It is a perfect example of Co-operation in Action. No community organized as it is, was ever established before.

The purpose is to solve the problem of unemployment by providing steady employment for the workers; to assure safety and comfort for the future and for old age; to guarantee education for the children in the best schools; and to provide a social life amid surroundings better than can be found in the competitive world.

It has more than 800 residents, making it the largest town in the Antelope Valley. More than 200 children attend the schools. Part of the children get meals at the school; some live at the Industrial school all the time. The Montessori school is in operation, taking the children from 2½ to 6 years of age. A new school building is soon to be built on the new townsite. The County school and the Colony Industrial schools are both in operation.

The Colony owns a fine herd of 125 Jersey and Holstein cattle, 100 head of young stock are on the range, being heifers and calves up to 2 years of age. Over 100 head of horses and mules, including colts, are owned by the Colony. These, with the tractors and caterpillar engine, four trucks, and numerous autos, do the hauling and the work on the land.

A recent purchase of Duroc-Jersey sows gives the Colony thirty-eight registered high-class breeding sows and two splendid boars, the nucleus of a great development along this line. Many new pens have been built. Registration will be kept up and the raising of fine hogs made one of the leading industries. There are also some fine Berkshires, and a large number of grade sows.

Much nursery stock has been planted, a vineyard of 40 acres put out, and many fruit trees set this spring. The Colony has more than 400 acres of orchards.

Community gardening is successful, and an increased acreage will be put in each year.

The ideal is to farm on an extensive scale, using all manner of efficient labor saving machinery and methods, with expert and experienced men in charge of the different departments.

Llano possesses more than 668 stands of bees. They are cared for by expert bee men of long experience. This department expects to have several thousand stands in a few years.

The Colony has secured timber from the San Gabriel Reserve, and has a well equipped sawmill. Lumber worth $35 to $40 a thousand costs the Colony only a few dollars a thousand.

Social life is delightful, baseball and football teams, dances, picnics, swimming, hunting, camping, all being popular. A band, several orchestras, a dramatic club, and other organizations assist in making the social occasions enjoyable.

Alfalfa does extraordinarily well at Llano. Much has been planted and the acreage will be increased as rapidly as possible. Six good cuttings a season can be depended on. Ditches lined with cobblestone set in Llano lime, making them permanent, conserve water and insure economy. They will be built as fast as possible.

A square mile has been set aside for the new city. With the sawmill running, the lime kiln producing a very superior lime, and with sand and rock abundant and adobe brick easily manufactured, the time is near when permanent buildings will be erected on the new site. It will be a city different in design from any other in the world, with houses of a distinctively different architecture. Houses will be comfortable, sanitary, handsome, home-like, modern, and harmonious with their surroundings, and will insure greater privacy than any other houses ever constructed. They are unique and designed especially for Llano.

LLANO INDUSTRIES AND INSTITUTIONS

Among the industries of Llano, to which new ones are constantly being added, are: Printshop, shoe shop, laundry, cannery, cleaning and dyeing, warehouse, machine shop, blacksmith shop, rug works, planing mill, paint shop, lime kiln, saw mill, dairy, cabinet shop, nursery, alfalfa, orchards, rabbitry, gardens, hog raising, lumbering, publishing, transportation (autos, trucks, tractors), doctors' offices, woodyard, vinegar works, bakery, fish hatchery, barber shop, dairy goats, baths, swimming pool, studios, two hotels, drafting room, post office, commissary, camping ground, Industrial school, grammar school, Montessori school, commercial classes, library, women's exchange, two weekly dances, brass band, mandolin club, two orchestras, quartets, socialist local, jeweler.

PLAN OF ORGANIZATION

Following is the plan which has proven successful: Each shareholder agrees to buy 2,000 shares of capital stock. Each pays in cash or installments, $1,000. Each pays in labor, $1,000. Each receives a daily wage of $4.00, from which is deducted $1.00 for the stock he is working out. From the remainder comes his living expenses. Whatever margin he may have above deduction for stock and living expenses is credited to his individual account, payable out of the surplus profits of the enterprise. If an installment member falls ill, is disabled or disemployed, the Colony gives him every opportunity to recover and resume payments. In no case will he be crowded. If he finds it impossible to resume payments, we will, upon request, issue stock for the full amount he has paid. This is transferable and may be sold to his best advantage. In this we will endeavor to assist wherever practicable. Corporations are not allowed by law to deal in their own stock.

HOW TO JOIN

Write today for an application blank, fill it out and send together with a remittance of $10 or more to secure your membership. You can then arrange to pay $10 a month or more until you can so adjust your affairs that you can make final payment and join your comrades who have already borne the first brunt of pioneering.

Address Communications regarding membership, general information, etc., to the

Membership Department

Llano del Rio Company

LLANO, CALIFORNIA

Political Action Co-operation Direct Action

The Western Comrade

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Entered as second-class matter November 4th, 1916, at the post office at Llano, California, under Act of March 3, 1879.

PUBLISHED EACH MONTH AT LLANO, CALIFORNIA.

JOB HARRIMAN . . . . . Managing Editor. FRANK E. WOLFE . . . . . Editor.

Subscription Rate—75c a year; Canada $1. Single Copies 10c; clubs of 4 or more (in U. S.) 50c. Combination with LLANO COLONIST $1.
Publishers and others are invited to copy at will from the WESTERN COMRADE, but are asked to give credit. Nothing copyrighted unless so stated.
In making change of address always give your former one so that the mailing department may be certain that the right name is being changed.

VOL. V. LLANO, CALIFORNIA, JULY, 1917 No. 3

Editorials By Job Harriman

GREAT excitement prevails everywhere over the food situation. As time goes on the excitement will increase until it develops into a spasm centered in the abdominal regions. A food famine is as inevitable as the tomorrow is to come. Yet many Congressmen not only oppose conscription of food, but they are opposed to a clause in the food bill which would enable the federal authorities "to find out exactly how much food there is in the country, where it is stored, and who owns it." They fear that "such powers will be destructive of individual liberty and will violate the sanctity of property."

Individual liberty and the sanctity of property have already been violated. In fact, there is no longer any such animal as the sanctity of property. When Congress passed the conscription law, by means of which two million men may be taken even against their will, they dealt a death blow to the sanctity of private property. If men may be called contrary to their will and forced to bear arms, surely property of every kind may and will be seized with which to feed and maintain these same men while at war.

Is it possible that members of Congress think that property is more sacred than human life? Or is it true that the law does not reach their lives and that they wish also to hold on to their property? Some are suggesting that the merchant should only make a reasonable profit. Why a profit at all? Are the poor soldiers, whose lives are being taken, getting a reasonable profit? Are they getting anything?

Is it not time that a dead level be struck? Shall we not treat man as man and nothing more? Is life dearer to the man who has property than to him who has none? If there is any difference in the anxiety of the rich and the poor, it is not due to the sanctity of their lives, but in the "sanctity" of their property. He who believes in the sanctity of property, being the owner, should go to the front and defend the sanctity of property by the strength of his right arm. Why should he be permitted to stay home and hide, cowardlike, behind his property?

The question of the hour is a question of service. This will continue to be the question as long as the war lasts. Property and person will be seized. If any favor is shown, it should be shown to persons and not to property. It is more human to save man than to save property. Then, too, live men will produce and replace property, but property will mold and decay without the constant help of the hand of man.

This war sprang out of the sordid greed of man for profits, and it will last until the pain and the anguish of the wounded and bleeding millions shall have smothered and buried sordid greed and melted men's hearts and souls with sympathy and love and inspired them with a persistent passion for mutual aid. This is the day of reckoning of private property. When the clouds of war shall have rolled away private property will have become a thing of the past. Common property and mutual interests will have come as a healing balm to the hearts of men, and with it the lion and the lamb will lie down together and men will dwell in peace forever.

—o—

EVERY industry is a little monarchy. Every owner of an industry insists upon running his own business as he sees fit. He insists upon buying labor as cheap as he can, and using it each day as long as he can.

These are the necessary sequences arising from private property. Competition all but compels the enforcement of these rules. Everything tends to induce them, and to support the owner in their enforcement.

The owner of the poorly equipped and less efficient industry is compelled by necessity to enforce these rules, while the owners of more efficient factories are induced to enforce them by the enormous accruing profits.

These owners, possessed of economic power, play such a part in the elections that they succeed in electing men of their own views to the Legislature. These legislators enact these rules into laws, and thus the state or government becomes a composite of the little monarchies.

Militarism is, therefore, the child of private property, and has all the vitality of the industries that exist under its sway.

It is in the industries that lies the secret of the tremendous vitality of the German and English imperialism and the unstable and low vitality of Russian imperialism.

Germany, England and France are industrially developed

to high efficiency. Russia's industrial development is in its infancy. Their respective imperialistic vitality is measured accordingly.

With her 200,000,000 people her militarism does not compare in vitality even with that of France. Give her fifty years of individualistic development and she will sweep over Europe like a tidal wave.

The United States possesses tremendous imperialistic vitality. Its industries are developed in many instances to the highest efficiency, yet one fatal weakness will develop in our European campaign. It seems to have escaped the attention of those directing our forces. Surely, if they had considered it they would have paused longer. They forget that the field of battle is three thousand miles from our seat of supplies and the ocean is swarming with submarines. True, our necessities will compel a much higher and more efficient form of industrial and agricultural organization, but, however efficient it may become, it cannot, in our opinion, overcome this enormous handicap. The distance is too great.

Far wiser were we if we should tell England to draw upon her colonies for reinforcements, and tell Russia to pour in her men while we organize a mechanical and agricultural drive and thereby furnished food for them all. It is to be feared that the terrible slaughter that must take place along the trenches, accompanied by an enormous loss of life that is almost altogether unavoidable, by the submarines sinking our transports, may result in an uncontrollable reaction as soon as a food shortage develops. Were the course suggested above followed, there could be no shortage of food, and hence no reaction.

—o—

THE position of the Socialists regarding the war is generally misunderstood. The fact that Socialists are opposed to this war is immediately construed to mean that they are pro-German and are opposed to assisting the Allies. This construction is made by some Socialists who have been prominent in our movement as writers, but whose judgment has never been taken seriously by the party.

Charles Edward Russell, who was strongly in favor of the Syndicalist school in 1912, now leaves that school, the most radical anti-war faction of our party, and goes off almost alone into a pro-Ally war campaign. There are several others of the same type. They will not have a following either of their former factional associates nor of the more constructive faction of the party.

The real reason why the Socialist party is opposed to this war lies in these facts:

1. That they look upon this as a war between the powers for the domination of the world's commerce. In that they feel that they have no interest. There is, however, diversity of opinion on this point. They all oppose imperialism, believing that imperialism arises out of capitalist institutions, or at least out of private control of economic conditions.

2. The Socialists of the world have met in international conventions for years; they look upon each other as comrades in the same cause; they are bound together by a common literature, a common interest, a common feeling of real friendship and brotherhood such as is known only among the oppressed, and the thought of going to war and shooting each other is unbearable. If there is an organization on earth that should be regarded as conscientious objectors, it is the Socialists of the world. All national lines are to them merely geographical lines. Their brothers in Russia, or Germany, or France, or Austria, or Italy, are as dear to them as their brothers in New York, or Massachusetts, or Illinois, or California. They are separated only by geographical lines. Our race prejudices have long since perished. In the light of this fact, and of the further fact that we have always fought brute force as a means of building society (but have always advocated brotherhood and peace), can the late Peace Conference be understood.

Every international Socialist should be exempt from international military duty. He has a far deeper feeling and, if forced to military duty, would suffer greater pangs of grief and conscience than any religious sect on earth.

—o—

HOW strenuously all of the papers are engaged in dodging the inevitable! But, dodge as you will, the hour has come and you must pay the price of your wrongdoing. You are trying to eat your cake and keep it. Before you are through you will find it an impossible task. Eat it you must—but keep it you must not. You wanted the war that you might make money out of it; but, alas! you have the war, and its necessities will consume both your money and your privilege of making money.

Come, capitalist neighbor, let us reason together. This is your government, isn't it? You have made the laws, haven't you? You are satisfied with the government's defense of your property, aren't you? You are making money out of the high prices of everything, aren't you?

Now, when the government called for soldiers, they did not volunteer. The government believed conscription was necessary, and so did you, didn't you? And conscription became law.

The government needed money to carry on the war, didn't it?

It issued bonds and offered them for sale, and you approved of it, didn't you?

It wanted money for two purposes:

First—To pay the men and to loan money to the Allies.

Second—To buy munitions and food.

Again you thought this was right, and again you approved, didn't you?

Now hold your breath. Your cake is going. The government will conscript the money you have made while prices were high. You will not buy bonds with it. You think the Allies are bankrupt, don't you? You are afraid to buy bonds, aren't you? You are afraid your own government will become

bankrupt in its effort to finance the Allies, aren't you? That is the reason you will not buy bonds, isn't it?

That is precisely the reason why the government will be compelled to conscript your money, isn't it? If this war is right, conscription of your money is right, isn't it?

But this is not all. Prices are soaring so high that the producers and gamblers in merchandise and food are consuming all the money that the government is getting for the bonds it sells. Hence it will have no money, if this continues, with which to buy food, or pay soldiers, or loan to the Allies. But if the government fixes prices the farmers and others will quit producing, won't they? You would not blame them for quitting if there is no money in it, would you?

But what is the government to do? It must have money to pay men, and good cheap food to feed them and the Allies, and money to buy munitions, and money to loan to the Allies.

What must she do now? She will be compelled to conscript the food, and the resources, and the men to operate the resources, won't she? Your money will be conscripted, won't it? Your privilege of getting money by producing or by selling merchandise for more than it cost will be taken from you, won't it? And that is right if the war is right, isn't it? Now hold your breath.

That is State Socialism. Before you would surrender to it, you required millions of men to be murdered in the trenches. Do you not see that your greed has led to the most terrible crime of all the ages? And will you still cling to your money and force the war to continue? This war will not end until capitalism is consumed by the all-absorbing forces of this war, and the hearts of men are melted like shot in this terrible crucible and merged in brotherly love.

—o—

IN TIMES of war the feelings and forces that make for peace are all but forgotten. Those who are involved in wars, and especially those who are directing the military force, become lost and so absorbed by the surging power of which they are a part that all opposing ideas and forces seem to them to be wrong. They become the more convinced that the opposition is wrong because, temporarily, they have the power to crush or overcome it. They forget that the desire for peace is an abiding and persistent urge. The more opposition there is to peace and to peaceful measures, the more peace is desired. The finest mental and heart forces of the world are for peace. They stand on the brink of the trenches, the tomb of six million men, and cry with unutterable anguish: "Is it not enough?" "Are we fiends incarnate?" "Are we maniacs indeed?" "Is there no love left in our hearts?" With a deaf ear, the commanding powers moves millions of men in a constant stream to the brink, and pushes them over into the slaughter and to death. Once, could be forgiven; but what is to be said of those who force the butchery of men, day after day, week after week, month in and month out, year after year, and still cry for more blood, more arms, more men to bleed and die?

And shall we be blamed for demanding that our government lay down its arms? Do we hear them say there is no escape? That they must fight? That conditions have forced, and are still forcing, the issue?

True it is, that this war is the result of the economic conditions prevailing in the world. And have the powers, at this late hour, just come to realize this terrible fact? Realizing it, are they still blind? Do they hope to find safety in implements of war, in the grip of men whose hearts are inspired by greed, hatred and revenge? Peace and safety are not found there.

Rifles, cannon and swords are evidences of danger, and not of safety. Backed by revenge, hatred and ambition, the implements of war have become a world menace. They will destroy the institutions from which they sprang, or the energies of the race will be exhausted and man will relapse into another dark age.

The foundations of peace must be laid in economic institutions. We cannot fight each other in our every-day business life and at the same time learn to love each other. The fruits of contention and conflict are hatreds. The fruits of victory are ambition for greater victory and greed for greater gain. The victor and the vanquished are always enemies, whether that victory be in the industrial or military battlefield. A century of struggling in the commercial and industrial battlefields has hardened the hearts of men and prepared them for the more acute and horrible world conflict.

The war will not end until the elements of war shall have passed away. The hour of transformation is at hand. The overwhelming needs of the world will force the amalgamation of all industries under social control. The conflict between individuals in the business world will end. Man will unite in a common struggle to save the race. The love of each for his own family will enlarge into a love for the race, and in the heart of love will safety and peace find an everlasting dwelling place.

—o—

TYRE and Sidon, Babylon and Egypt, the Caesars, the Charlemagnes, the Napoleons and Cromwells, have had military power sufficient to have made their governments immortal, if force could do it. But always there is in brute force the germs of death. Russian imperialism has forced its tomb. German imperialism has aroused the antagonism of the world and will soon go down. The brutal imperialism of England, of Italy, of Turkey, of all the world, has aroused the antagonism of the people of the world and must go down. The European trenches are the tombs of imperialism. In them will every crown and scepter be buried. Over the trenches the world's heart will bleed with sorrow. It will bathe its lost ones in tears. It will visit the sentence of death on force as a rule of life. It will tell men to recompense evil with good. It will teach the children of the world to love one another and so fulfill the law.

Llano—Community of Progress

By Robert K. Williams

UNUSUAL weather the nation over, and, it is said, the world over, an unprecedented late spring has delayed crops more than two months in Llano. At this time last year the alfalfa had been cut twice; this year but once. However, a greater acreage is in this year, which will more than compensate for the lack of crop at the first cutting. Garden truck is behind hand, and the climate has not been at all up to standard. It has been cold and disagreeable in many ways. Reports from various parts of the country say that weather vagaries are general. So Llano is no exception, but must receive the good and bad with the rest of the world.

Progress, however, may be reported in the garden and field, and everything points to a good crop for this year's canning, both of vegetables and fruits. It is now beginning to get warm in the valley and evidence of new vegetation is springing up on every hand.

The great valley is a mass of flowering plants and the ground is really carpeted with varicolored flowers. Bees are busy and it will not be long before a new and greater crop of honey will be harvested. The bee industry in the Antelope Valley offers many attractions for the bee man, as the flower season is longer than is generally found in other parts of the country.

Visitors are coming more freely than ever to Llano. Indeed, few days pass that do not bring interested and curious people to Llano. Llano has much to offer, but it is a fact that she has not enough to offer. One of the reasons that Llano has not grown faster from a farming and industrial point of view is due to the fact that people come so very fast. People come faster than houses and places can be built. The war, instead of stopping the influx of people, will doubtless make it greater. Conditions are becoming so on the "outside" that living is growing harder and harder, and Llano offers about the only place of refuge and safety in the country.

Most people who come are willing and anxious to put up with any sort of housing to secure the opportunity of staying away from the turmoil of competitive strife that is found on the outside. It is a curious thing that, notwithstanding small and inadequate housing for over two years, a place has been found for every one who was willing to put up with the necessary inconveniences.

However, things are getting better. The road to the timber land is almost finished. Hauling actually could be done over it now, and there remains but sending the tractor after the logs to start the mill sawing. When the hum and buzz of the sawmill is heard new hopes and aspirations will fill the hearts of every one. Vexatious delays have occurred in the construction of the road, and minor accidents stopped, for the time, the work of going ahead. For instance, work on the road was stopped for more than two weeks by the delay in the arrival of a spark-arrester which the government insisted must be put on the tractor before it could be put to work.

It is very hard to count on things. When an institution such as Llano is growing and the diversion of labor is so constant, promises cannot always be kept. It has been remarked often that some people here make promises and then don't keep them. That is perfectly true. Conditions, as has been said, control Llano. When one goes on an auto trip promises go for nothing. Accidents too frequently occur, and to say definitely when one shall be at a certain place under such conditions is practically impossible.

The finishing of the log road and the starting of the sawmill has been expected and promised from time to time. Accidents and unusual delays occurred and set back the operations. These things are not within control. It would be perfectly easy to make promises and keep them if conditions were standardized. This condition obtains, as well as the other one of families arriving with household goods, demanding homes and a place to store the furniture. We run a hotel and a warehousing and a housebuilding department.

The question is still asked when we shall begin work on the upper townsite. No one can definitely answer that. Promises are good, of course, for an early beginning. It would seem all possible urge is behind it. There are a half-dozen good reasons why we should move from this townsite to the one on the slope above. Our intentions are good, and yet there seems something just across the horizon of unaccountable things that prevents us from going ahead. However, we believe that it is a question of lumber as much as anything else why the work has not been started.

Another View of Scenery Close to Llano.

A few Sundays ago some of the men and women of the printing and publishing department went to the old brick yard and made a few large adobe brick as a matter of experiment. Up to the present these bricks seem to be standing the weather all right. If the brick are a success, it was the intention to start the print shop first and finish that, and then the homes of those who work in that department on the new townsite. Adobe brick 6x12x18 inches seem to fill the bill in point of size and can be made quickly, using the old method of mixing. However, there is nothing absolutely definite about this plan. Many changes may occur.

When the newcomer drives over the upper townsite he is inspired with the view. For this if for no other reason the town should be moved. Hills off in the blue haze loom large and grand to the north, east and west. Small hummocks miles and miles away break the monotony of the great valley.

Desert land has a peculiar fascination for most people. Some like the mountains and the majestic grandeur, but the desert has a mysteriousness that cannot lurk on a mountain crag. Light and shade changing, ever changing, lend a charm beyond expression and has to be viewed to be recognized and appreciated. Desert men come back again and again to the magnitudes where solitude lends the allurement. An Easterner for the first time sees little in Western plains, covered with nothing but sage, cactus and wild flowers. However, after a study of these plans is begun and the aroma of their foliage sinks into the blood they are lost to the old ties of the East.

Some of the worst detractors of the West often stay to become its best boosters. It is surprising how little general knowledge obtains in regard to California valleys. The great valleys seem to be different to every person, and it is seldom one finds that the distant impression is correct. One man from New York was surprised and disgusted to find "nothing but sand and sage more than 1,600 miles east of Los Angeles." He had forgotten his geography and allowed his feelings to talk.

The Colony is doing many things, and at all times keeping in mind the one idea, that of getting a living. Work on the ranch, tilling the soil and growing things, is uppermost in the minds of those having in charge this important work. Urgent demand come from all sources to increase the output of vegetables and wheat. Recently a comrade arrived from Arizona. He was refused beans at a grocery store unless he would plant them. This demand for more food, while seemingly an old-time trick, cannot help but make for ultimate solution of the age-old question. When the little gardener finds it easy to raise stuff with a little help, he will soon see that it would be much easier to raise and consume with much more help. Llano, through its co-operative efforts, offers to the willing worker such an opportunity, and a growing army of practical co-operators is beginning to learn about it.

When a newcomer is asked how he learned about Llano he usually mentions some paper or book or one of our publications. This shows that the printed page is reaching farther and farther, and it is only a matter of time until a great host will be acquainted with Llano and its efforts to secure economic freedom. It has been mentioned that the war condition will bring people to us. Personally I believe this to be true. Evidence shows, since it was definitely known that the United States was going into war, that a new impetus was given to inquirers and the arrival of families. Economic conditions will doubtless continue to grow more and more embarrassing, so that the common man and woman will have great difficulty in even existing. Of course, it is recognized that many industries will be operated more than ever, but there are a vast crowd of poor people in the nation and jobs are quickly snapped up.

Freedom at Llano is a real thing. The thralldom of bills, which is a nightmare to every salaried man or a man working for wages, is not a factor at all in Llano. We get what we need from the commissary, or else eat at the hotel, and when the month rolls round nothing but a statement, showing credits usually, is received by the worker. Credits, such as we work for, have a real value. They connect directly with the stomach. You cannot come into the hotel and eat unless you possess a ticket. The ticket is as good as any twenty-five-cent piece. This one fact alone is a fine argument against the necessity of money, though it is the reigning thing, and we must not change the system too abruptly. We must grow into it.

The commissary is growing and expanding in a way that will make for the betterment of that department. It is true, everything cannot be kept there. We haven't got the money to lay in a big supply of this and that. We must keep such supplies as are demanded by the average. This we try to do. The commissary department is always busy thinking out methods to improve the condition of the shelves.

The question has been asked why people leave Llano and go to other parts and go to work. There are, of course, many reasons, but the most potent, in my mind, is the lack of a few ready dollars with which to buy some of the commoner of little luxuries and things they are accustomed to. We are not self-supporting, and it will be some time before we are. Until we make it from the land, through live stock, or industries, or some method of financing not yet adopted, we must deny ourselves luxuries. Of course, those that are contemplating coming and have read of us for a long time know the conditions obtaining and are striving to accumulate sufficient to pay their way in and still have something left over.

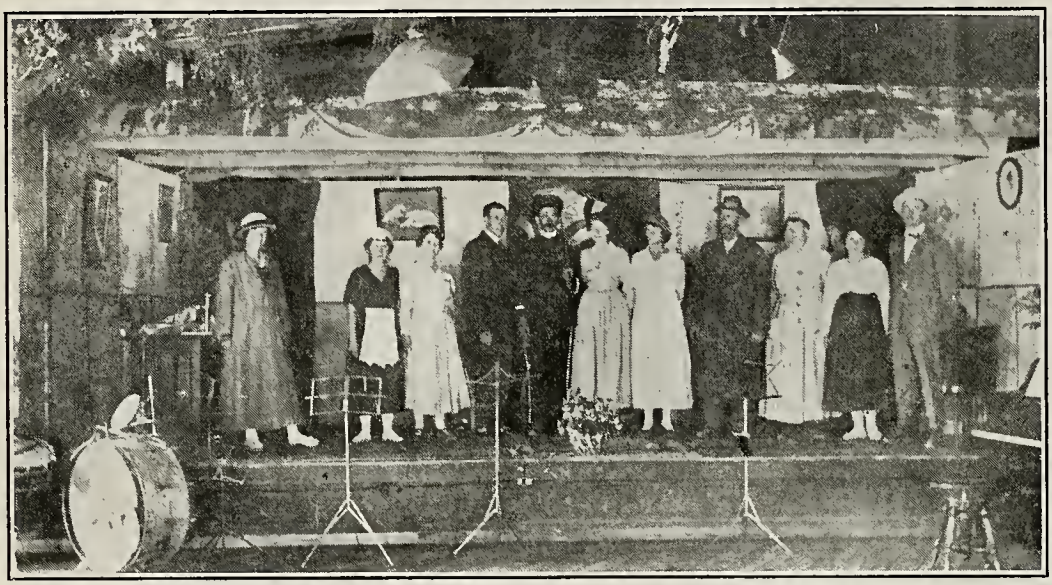
I would like to see every new member comfortably provided for. A few extra dollars in Llano goes farther than anywhere you ever saw. We carry the ordinary things, but are not rich enough and old enough to carry a big line of merchandise. When the time comes that the Colony can pay some of its wages in cash, there will be a happy crowd in Llano. I heard a crowd dreaming about the time when the Colony would be self-supporting and every one had cash in his pockets to spend. The consensus of opinion was that, while they themselves did not want the cash, they thought it would make for content and happiness should it be known that every one could get cash when he wanted it; which reminded me of the story of the old man who thought he would draw his money from the bank, fearing it was unsafe. When the teller handed it over, the old fellow shoved it back and said:

1. In the Cabinet Shop. 2. In the Mill Yard. 3. The Tin Shop. 4. View in Machine Shop.

"Oh, you still have it." Oftentimes a knowledge of the possession of a thing is sufficient to make one content.

The nights in the high mountains are still cold. The snow has melted slowly. A little later in the season much more water will flow. In the meantime work on the tunnel is progressing. Considerably more water has been secured by opening up the old tunnel. The work of crossing the creek on or near bedrock will be pursued. Arrangements to allow the Big Rock to flow down the 3,000-foot tunnel are made, and when this is actually done a great deal of seepage will be avoided and thus saved. At the mouth of the tunnel a new ditch has been dug, and, being straighter, will, when cobbled, conserve and bring to the land more and better water. The engineers and all those interested in this phase of the development of the ranch are sanguine over the water improvement.

It is too early to speak of preparations for fall food conservation, but it may be remarked in passing that a great quantity of beef and pork will be arranged for, so that the coming winter will not see a shortage on this score.



The Llano Dramatic Club which offers such good amusement at intervals for the benefit of the Llano Colonists.

In coming to Llano, I wish again to impress upon you the necessity of bringing as much of your household and personal effects as possible. All these things have been useful to you, and they will be doubly so here. Don't forget this. Also bring as much of your clothing as you can. Don't despise the homeliest rag. This is the time of saving, so be saving. I would advise you to bring as many work clothes, stockings, shoes, etc., as you can. If you do this, you will be less of a draw upon your comrades here and, in addition, feel a greater sense of independence. We, of course, try to supply every want, but it is impossible, and shortages will occur and transportation often fail. Don't forget, also, that dollars are good everywhere, and they are good to have when you want a luxury or two that is not carried in the commissary.

The spirit of the Colony is good, and there is a steady determination ever prevalent of making Llano the first successful colony and beating by a long time the inevitable cooperative commonwealth that will be born out of the world war struggle.

In last month's story of the May Day celebration an oversight occurred in my story which caused me serious embarrassment and chagrin. It was no less than an account of Llano's first baby show. I herewith append a resume of the artistic affair, and beg the indulgence of sixteen mothers whose hearts were delighted with the receipt of blue ribbons for their babies.

Mrs. Robert K. Williams evolved the idea of Llano holding a baby show on that festive and historic occasion. The crowd was right for it and the setting was perfect for its holding. The mothers with babies fell in line and enjoyed the spirit of a baby show to the fullest.

Assisted by Comrades Frank E. Wolfe and Mrs. Wolfe and Mrs. M. G. Buxton, arrangements were quickly made for holding the baby show in the assembly hall after the barbecue had been disposed of. Bunting tacked to posts placed in a semicircle held back the eager crowd which pushed its way to the front to view the little tots held on the laps of proud mothers or nestled among snowy drapery in buggies. Sixteen mothers brought their babies.

Before beginning the exhibition, Comrade Wolfe, in a felicitous address, told of baby shows he had attended and judged, and said that years could not dim the joy of a mother who received a prize to show to the child when grown to manhood or womanhood. At the conclusion of his remarks, George Bowers, manager of the dairy, made a request to exhibit the latest arrival in the Colony. Mrs. Williams and the others were puzzled for a while at the request, little dreaming what he had up his sleeve. However, they gave him glad permission to show his friend's baby.

Mr. Wolfe was assigned the duty of awarding the prize to the best baby; he, a diplomat at all times, decided that as Llano babies were the best babies, the handsomest babies and most perfect babies, that a blue ribbon be given to each mother for her baby.

When the hearts of the mothers were made glad by the receipt of a first-prize blue ribbon and the cooing infants were safely and snugly tucked away in their go-carts, imagine the surprise of the committee, and the gale of laughter and surprise, when Bowers came trudging into the hall with a two-day-old calf pulling at his forefinger. The sturdy little bovine was not at all disturbed by the unusual noise and the peals of merriment, but followed greedily on and almost swallowed Bowers' hand. Proudly picking up the young Holstein scion in his arms, Bowers walked around the room, and his little one received fond pats and many "Oh, dear, isn't he cutes." George was as proud as a mother when a floral wreath was flung around the bulging neck of his pet.

Quo Vadis?

By John Dequer

THE working class argues, quibbles and fights.

The capitalists plan and scheme and set the wheels in motion.

The working class speculates on, instead of experimenting with, the laws that govern man and society. They talk loud of economic forces on which they have no grasp. The capitalist meanwhile appropriates the earth. The thinking ones among the workers revel in mental fireworks, while the capitalist rejoices in material accumulation. As a rule the capitalist is not very intellectual; but he knows how to invest, and it is this that renders him substance, and substance gives him the power to buy the specialized brain of the workers.

He pays them for their specialized work, and if they do not deliver the goods he fires them without ceremony. Hence, if you, as a worker, want to sell your brain power, you must have a brain worth buying.

A marketable brain is one that has accumulated experience and trained functions. To acquire these means concentrated application. Concentration of thought upon the work in hand is the keynote of education.

Education was given to the workers only because trained brains were needed in the business world. All brains, however, are not of equal power and capacity. There is an almost immeasurable gulf between the gibbering idiot and an intellectual giant. There is a long cry between Henry Dubb and a Shakespeare. Their brains have different capabilities, different inclinations and desires.

The flaming brain is not a class product, but a freak product. It is a case where nature, in the distribution of vitality, has endowed the head with a more generous amount of cerebral activity. This, more than subsequent environment, produces the leader, the manager, the capitalist. When nature overendows a single faculty we have a genius or a crank.

While science has proven that acquired characteristics are not inherited by progeny, it has also proven that freaks transmit themselves persistently. The freak favorable to special environment will multiply there and become a type, a variety, and finally a distinct species, even as man is a species allied to but distinct from anthropoid apes (chiefly in his environment).

Among both working and capitalist classes certain freaks are born. They are termed "idealists." They are about as well fitted for the modern competitive business world as the nether regions are for a powder house.

The idealist is a being in whom the soul inclinations are stronger than his equistic instincts. They forget self oftentimes in their passion for the mass. They differ one from the other in many ways, but in this they are a unit in that they possess large social hopes and fears.

The modern world has no real room for them. They are prophets in their own country. Their idea of right and wrong, their soul-passion to care for the weak and preserve the afflicted, appeal to the ears of many. Hence the idealist finds his work on the soapbox, on the platform, in art or in literature. If he is mentally not strong enough to reach these vocations, he will work at something else under protest, but show marked tendencies to the aforementioned fields of activity. The idealist, be he man or woman, is a prophet of things as they, in his or her judgment, ought to be. The capitalist, on the other hand, is a master of things as they are. The idealist has ideas—mostly unsaleable.

The capitalist accumulates the things that feed the stomach. He also seeks after and develops the talent needed to run the world's business for him. He patronizes the scientist, the inventor, the discoverer, when these worthies have demonstrated that they have something out of which the capitalist can make money. True, he will freeze them out, if he can; that is true of the small ones, whose ideas are more interesting than useful.

Do not misunderstand me. I did not say that the capitalist produces anything. I say he accumulates, and at the smallest cost in time or money to him. He therefore watches each opportunity, and, as he is no sucker, he generally investigates, or sees that some one who is competent investigates, the bait before he swallows.

Mrs. Capitalist often sympathizes with the poor. She is charitable to them as long as they are grateful for her smile and don't strike. The agitator often proves interesting to her. Thus we see the wild-eyed agitator, the long-haired, moon-eyed, philosophical anarchist, sometimes in her company and sometimes even in her home. But you seldom hear that he has married into the family or become a partner in her husband's business. He is looked upon as a well-meaning, wholehearted, pleasantly conversational pest, who may be depended upon to say something perfectly awful, thereby adding breeze and zest to the otherwise prosy lives of the idle ladies in the homes of the masters of industry. A few times I have been so invited, and I am frank to say that I felt as if I were an odd-looking bedbug whom they dared not kill for fear of being personal. In spite of an occasional dinner party, however, the idealist generally dies poor.

Why? The answer is simple. Life renders two types more or less distinct. These types look at life from different angles. One wants and seeks liberty, and is willing to shoulder the responsibility that liberty entails. The other type wants freedom from responsibility, and therefore has to take the slavery that such freedom entails.

The capitalist sees where markets may be opened, and he buys newspaper editors, preachers and teachers, to produce a spirit needed to get that market. He therefore shoulders tremendous risks in finance, while the workers, as a mass, rather fight than think. If they, as a mass, thought, there would be no fight, no profit and no capitalists. Here the idealist shouts, "Fight is wrong, profit is wrong, capitalism is wrong."

But profit is here, fight is here, capitalism is here. What are you going to do about it? Argue, of course.

This world is not run by argument. It is run by work and thought, by brawn and brain. Both are expenditures of energy, and in the competitive world men's labor power can be bought at its value, as food and clothing, and his brain power at a rate often not much higher. The thinker can turn his thought into cash and his money into comfort and power by the system of markets. There is a great incentive to selfishness. A worker who is endowed with executive brain, who brings his cerebral action upward to a high efficiency, is paid more so as to create a distinction between the workers. There is not room for all in a superintendent's office, we are told. Granted: but the room in the really responsible places has not yet been overcrowded. The fact that the common labor market is generally congested only shows that the mass of

(Continued on page 22)

The Play House

By Helen Frances Easley

CEDRIC watched the little girl crossing the lawn toward him. She must be the one his father told him about the night before, when he had come back from his alternating six months, as he himself called his absence, having heard some one speak of the decree which governed the movements of his baby life.

Cedric liked girls. Even if other boys did call him a sissy, and even though he was seven years old and almost a man, he liked their pretty, soft dresses, their flying curls, if their hair happened to be curly, or a bobbing "Dutch cut," if that happened to be the mode of their coiffure. Of course, he wouldn't have wanted such things for himself, but for girls they were lovely; girls just couldn't be girls without them, he argued. And this new one appeared to be all that he could desire. Her eyes were veritable violets, and her hair, a somewhat frowsy mass of curls, seemed to be a nest of sunbeams. And she appeared to be younger than he—much younger. Why, she couldn't be more than six!

"Hello!" she said, with a most engaging smile. "Are you the boy that lives here?"

"Sometimes," he responded.

"Yes! I know. I've been waiting most of two months, I think it is, for you to come home. It's been such a long time. My mother said you lived here part of the time, and somewhere else part of the time. I think it's such a funny way to live!"

"I've always lived that way," Cedric maintained, stoutly. He did not like to have the dignity of his position assailed. "And," he added, somewhat timidly, "I like to travel." A hundred miles is, after all, quite a trip for a boy to make alone.

"Oh! So do I," replied his visitor, "but I just couldn't do without either my father or my mother. The three of us go everywhere together! We are all just crazy about each other. Daddy says he has the nicest family in the whole world, and mother would just die without him, I know. Why, when he is gone just a day or so she watches for him to come back, and the minute he gets in the house he holds her close in his arms, and she pats his cheek or runs her fingers through his hair—it's curly like mine—and calls him her big boy! That sounds funny, doesn't it, because Daddy is a really man. Does your mother ever call your father a big boy?"

"No," Cedric responded, slowly. "No, I've never seen my father and mother together. People call them divorced. I guess that means they don't live together, and they never love anybody 'cepting me. When I go to mother's she holds me up tight and says 'His father's mouth,' and cries on my head a little; and when I come home father mumbles something like 'His mother's eyes more than ever,' and kisses me hard and almost squeezes the breath out o' me; but that is all they ever say about each other, and they haven't anybody to love but me."

"But I suppose you do have awful nice times!" Here the innate motherliness of woman was uppermost in the desire to sooth and conciliate.

"Oh! yes," the boy responded, brightly. "Mother and I have lovely times together. We go to most places together, and she has the cunningest little 'lectric runabout, that I can almost run by myself, and we have such nice little parties, and mother tells me the nicest stories, nicer than Cinderella and Jack the Giant Killer. I do get sort of lonesome for her stories, but of course my father is awful busy"—with a valiant effort to shield the man—"and I can't expect him to play with me like a lady would; and anyway I'll soon hear lots of stories—I'm going to start to school in September. I'm seven years old! But one time father and I almost had a picnic, almost. It was just before I went away last time. Father said he would take me to his little cabin, so Jane packed the big lunch basket and we went in the automobile. It is just a teeny little ways, but the lunch basket was too heavy to carry, so that's the reason we rode. Why, I could find my way there all by myself, I'm sure! We went to that cunning little cabin, and father unlocked the door. It was just like a play house, furnished with the nicest things, and we walked through the three rooms, and all of a sudden father said: 'Son, we can't stay here!' I was so 'sprised, 'cause the little house belongs to him, but when I told him so he only shook his head and locked the door again. We went 'way back in the trees, where we couldn't see the little house at all, and ate our lunch; and it was pretty nice, only father was sort of quiet; but I should like to see that little house again."

"So would I," the little girl agreed, her interest stirred by the boy's description of the little house and the cunning furniture. "I just love to play house. I have one for my dolls, only it isn't big enough for me to get into. Do you think we could go there some time and have a little picnic?" Her eyes were very wistful.

"Oh! lets." Cedric rose eagerly. "I'll tell Jane, and we can go now," but he was restrained by a little hand which pulled him down again onto the lawn.

"I can't go now," the lips quivered, although the child struggled bravely to control them. "I can't go without asking my mother, and I haven't seen her this morning. Nobody has paid any 'tention to me since I got up; even Daddy didn't have anything to say to me. I had my breakfast in the kitchen. Why, my hair hasn't been combed even!" Her voice rose shrilly and she was perilously near tears. "And I was so lonesome, so when I saw you here I came right over!"

Cedric's manhood asserted itself. He reached out timidly and touched the shining curls.

"Oh! pooh! little girl"—here he remembered that she had not told him her name—"I wouldn't care about that. Why, I like your hair that way; it makes me think of the sun fairies my mother told me about. And if your father and mother don't treat you nice any more we'll run away to the cabin. We'll go to-day!"

It was an alluring proposition and brought the pink to her cheeks. She was contemplating it seriously, when suddenly a voice broke the stillness.

"Alice! Oh, Alice!"

"That's me!" the child said, sitting up straight. "Oh! how funny—I didn't tell you my name. I know you are Cedric Wyler, but I guess you didn't know that I'm Alice Roberts."

"Alice! Oh, Alice!"

The voice was coming nearer, and suddenly a pretty maid, with face flushed and eyes shining, found the children.

"Oh! there you are, honey!" There was no censure in her voice. "I've been looking everywhere for you. Guess what is over at your house. A baby brother!"

Alice was up and flying across the lawn in less time than it takes to tell, and Cedric, watching her, was filled with jealous rage. He had been sure that he had found a playmate; she had almost consented to run away with him, and here she was

returning to her family, the family who had neglected her for a whole morning, returning to them gladly. A baby brother, indeed! Probably she would never come back again if she had a brother of her own to play with. He gulped back the lump in his throat, and Alice, halting at the edge of the lawn, turned suddenly.

"Oh! Cedric!" she called. "Of course, I have to go home now, but I'll come back soon, for I like you lots! I 'most forgot to tell you."

It was comforting, and Cedric, greatly mollified, turned toward the house, walking slowly. But the nearer he came to it the quicker became his steps. A brilliant idea had come to him. He mounted the broad steps, a sturdy little figure, and hurried to his father's study.

"Father."

"Yes, son."

"I want a brother—no, a sister!"

"Why, son, whatever put that into your head?" exclaimed the man, amazed at the request.

"Alice, the new little girl. They have a baby brother at their house. I guess he just came this morning. Anyway she just found out about him, and I think I'd like to have a sister!"

"But what would you do with a baby in this house? Who would take care of it? I'm afraid that neither you nor I would have time, and Jane is busy all the time, as it is."

Cedric dug his heel into the thick rug and twisted his hands in the pockets of his diminutive "knickers." He was going to mention a subject that was carefully avoided, as if by mutual consent. He had never been denied the right to speak of his mother, but he always did it timidly, and very seldom, for he felt that the conversation made his father uncomfortable. However, he felt very brave to-day, and his words came steadily as he looked straight into his father's eyes.

"Why, I thought maybe if we got one, maybe we could get my mother to come back and take care of it. Don't you think maybe we could 'range it?"

"I'm afraid not, my son. It's quite out of the question. Now run on and play; you see I'm very busy now. I'll see you soon."

He strove to speak lightly and succeeded well enough to deceive the boy's ears.

Cedric walked to the door, opened it and stood with his hand on the knob.

"All right, father. I didn't mean to 'sturb you. I just thought I'd talk it over with you. Alice thinks we're awful queer, and I don't like to be queer. I didn't think you would like it either. But she thinks it is funny because our family is divorced. She says none of theirs could ever get along without all the rest, and when her father is gone for just a little while her mother waits and looks for him, same as if it was a long, long time, and when he comes home he holds her close up in his arms, an' she pats his cheek, and runs her fingers through his hair, an' calls him her big boy. It sounded sort of funny to me, but nice, and I thought maybe—maybe——" The little voice trailed off apologetically. He had taken far too much of his father's time, and so the door closed on the imploring gaze of the big brown eyes, so like his mother's.

Malcom Wyler was a young man, only a few years over thirty, but as he pushed from him the papers, in which he had lost all interest, he seemed very, very old. The face which he buried in his hands was working convulsively. What a mess he had made of life! How vain were all his efforts! The boy was beginning to awaken, and his little glimpse of other people's happiness would constantly cause him to wonder and think. He might never ask, but there would always be the desire for an explanation.

"Pats his cheek and runs her fingers through his hair!"

Ugly sobs shook the man. The boy's words had crucified him. His heart was fearfully and cruelly torn by the memories so ruthlessly brought to mind.

"Her big boy!"

No one could ever be sweeter than Laura, no one could speak love names more caressingly—or have been truer, he added it haltingly, almost grudgingly, for his pride was dying a hard death. He had been to blame; he knew it now, he had known it for a long, long time, but it was too late. He himself had made it too late. He could never go back; his attitude had been absolutely unpardonable. No matter how humbly he might ask for forgiveness, it would never be granted now. He had waited too long, and though he was finding his punishment well nigh unbearable, he had to admit that it was just.

He did not appear at lunch. When Jane went to his door to announce it, he excused himself, saying that he had not finished his work and that he had better not leave it. So Cedric ate hurriedly and resumed his watch on the front lawn. He found the house across the road very interesting. He wondered what the new brother looked like anyway. He had never seen a teeny-weeny baby, and although he was sure that he had been one himself, he had no distinct recollection of what it was like. Anyway he must be quite wonderful, and perhaps Alice would not come back for a long, long time, three days maybe, at which thought a blurriness of which he was ashamed came into his eyes. He was thinking very lonely thoughts when he was amazed to see Alice waving at him; not only that, she was coming across the road!

He ran to meet her, his face radiant, and she greeted him with a little, gurgling laugh.

"That brother is the cutest thing," she confided; "so little and soft, but sort of red; only I don't mind that a bit; the nurse says it will wear off anyway. But he and my mamma are taking a nap now, and so we have to be so creepy quiet, so I asked Annie if I might come over to see you, an' she said 'Yes' right away, that I could stay all afternoon. Everybody is so smilly and happy over at my house that they act just like they was glad to let me do anything I ask 'em."

She twisted her belt nervously as she went on shyly.

"And couldn't we go to the little play house? Next to my brother, I keep thinkin' of that little cabin you talked about, and I do wish I could see it!"

Her tone was very wheedling and coaxing—an absolutely unnecessary quality, for at the mere mention of her desire Cedric responded with alacrity.

"I just guess so! An' wait a minute. I'll ask Jane to fix us a lunch, just a little one, 'cause we must hurry and get started. An' I'll tell her we're going to have a little picnic."

Several hours later, just at dusk, Annie, the maid of the Roberts household, came in search of Alice, and in turn she and Jane ransacked the Wyler premises for the children. They could find no trace of them.

"Well, bless my soul!" exclaimed motherly old Jane, "Cedric came in and asked me for a lunch and said that he and Alice were going to have a picnic in a play house. Has Miss Alice a play house?"

Annie shook her head.

"Then where do you suppose the little scamps went? I never heard Cedric talk about a play house before, and I supposed it was some contraption of the little girl's!" She meditatively

(Continued on page 22)

The Co-operative Movemen

I HAVE been requested to tell you what I know about the co-operative movement in England. It is just about six years since I left there, and, needless to say, those years have been very eventful. The whole world has been passing through a series of events which will leave their mark on history's pages for all time.

I well remember that about the time I left England, and for a couple of years afterward, great business was being done by the emigration agencies. Everything that could be done to show the alluring West in a good light and to make it attractive was done—on paper. At that time there was a tremendous army of unemployed, which bid fair in a very short time to deteriorate into an army of unemployables. This condition, allowed to develop, was sure, sooner or later, to prove a great menace to the existing order of things. Capitalism had already run its course; its industries were no longer able to absorb the requisite proportion of the labor power available in order to keep the system running smoothly. We know full well that capitalism, for its successful operation, needs an unemployed reserve. But we also know that when that reserve grows to undue proportions it is inevitable that trouble will arise. Emigration was a kind of safety valve and served the purpose of easing the pressure. But, with all this, the workers who were left and who could secure employment were still able to produce such a surplus that the markets continued to be glutted. There was not only a surplus of the commodity labor power, but also of the commodities that labor produces. The reward of productiveness was starvation.

One need not be very observant to be able to understand how this condition was brought about. The very fact that any one can find some other individual who is willing to give employment and pay wages has more in it than appears on the surface. Industrial concerns do not employ men and women because they love them. They employ them because their labor is a source of profit to themselves. Now, because I happen to have been born in England and have referred to the condition that existed there, do not think that I wanted you to believe that it was a condition peculiar to that country alone. It was not. All the countries of Europe were in the same fix. All had the same problem to solve. If markets could only be found, the problem would be solved for a time. But no such markets were to be found, however.

Industrial unrest was the order of the day. The standing armies were being used to quell the revolting workers. Unemployed demonstrations and hunger marches were every-day occurrences, and each country seemed to be competing with its neighbor to see which could make the most pretentious demonstration. I doubt whether the acts of diplomacy performed by the members of the various governments to appease the demands of labor have been surpassed even by anything that has been done in the great world war. Thoughtful men and women wondered what was to be the result of this condition. The more acute it became, the nearer the great crisis when the system must break down. Even you in this comparatively new country had begun to experience the same kind of thing. Hired thugs were sent into the disturbed areas, the captains of industry held the upper hand, and Ludlow is one of the jewels in the crown of capitalism in this country.

From what I have said, are not some of you able to understand clearer what precipitated the great struggle that is now in progress between the nations? Do not jump to any conclusions about the cause of the present war, unless you have been a student of economics. The science of economics has always been spoken of to the workers as the dismal science, but, if we only knew, it is the key to the whole situation that millions are trying to understand at present.

The mountains abound in picnic spots where Llano citizens may enjoy their vacations.

But, you will ask, what has this to do with the co-operative movement in England? I hope to show that it has much to do with the co-operative movement, not only in England, but all over the world. And I shall try to show why I think the co-operative movement is going to solve the difficulties that have arisen from the competitive struggle—not only in solving labor's problem, but also in making such a thing as a war between nations an impossibility.

We must understand that, in an industrial sense, England is much older than this country. She was well developed before this country got its start. In fact, I suppose that most of the machinery at first used in this country was brought over from England, paving the way unconsciously for a rival in the commercial field later. All phenomena takes place in due season as the conditions which produce them develop. The co-operative movement is older in England than in America for the reason that the conditions were ripe for the birth of such a movement. The co-operative movement had in England a Socialistic origin, for its founder was Robert Owen. Owen himself avowed that his grand, ultimate object was "com-

n Great Britain

By George Grazier

munity in land," with which, he hoped, would be combined "unrestrained co-operation on the part of all, for every purpose of human life." It is thus important to associate co-operation with Robert Owen, for, although co-operation did not have a continuous development from that time, he had the same idea that is guiding the movement, and that is guiding us here in Llano. The modern co-operative movement in England may be said to date from 1844, when a few men in the town of Rochdale, in Lancashire, commenced what may be termed "the process of joint stock storekeeping." It is true this is something different from the proposition of Robert Owen, but we shall see that from the beginning there has been a gradual development taking place, and there is a growing desire for that "unrestrained co-operation on the part of all, for every purpose of human life."

The Rochdale pioneers were a few workingmen, who, instead of shouting about the high cost of living, simply combined their very limited resources, appointed their directors and managers, bought their supplies direct from the manufacturers, and supplied their members with commodities at first cost, thus eliminating middlemen's profits. The same thing was done in other towns and cities, and there is hardly a town or city there now without its co-operative store. That was all right so far, but any one who takes the trouble to analyze the position would soon find that if that was all the co-operative movement was going to accomplish it may as well have died at its birth. Because, although the organizations concerned could supply their members with commodities at a somewhat lower price, this advantage would soon be counteracted. So long as these men were working for wages, producing for manufacturers, how long would it be before wages decreased in proportion to the decreased cost of living? The men whom they had eliminated from the system of distribution would become their competitors for the positions which the manufacturers had to offer. Wages would fall again to subsistence level and the co-operative storekeeping would be of no advantage. But the co-operative movement did not stop there, and the men who saw the necessity of a distributing medium controlled by themselves, soon discovered that they in fact gained nothing unless they began producing as well. They learned what was necessary by trying to do something. They might have theorized to this day. The main thing was to act. They did so, and the result is the co-operative movement as it stands to-day, gaining in strength in proportion to its economic power, wielding political influence because of the force it can command by and through the possession of vast economic resources. During 1916 the combined organizations did one thousand million dollars' worth of business, one organization alone transacting a business averaging five million dollars per week. Wheat lands in Canada and tea plantations in Ceylon are owned by them. They are acquiring land in England and raising vegetables and live stock. They own eight flour mills, and last year 3,185,963 sacks of flour were milled and delivered to the various distributing societies. This was made into bread, biscuits, cakes, etc., by co-operative labor. The only eight-hour-day match factories and cake, biscuit, jam and pickle factories in England are operated by them. One of the biscuit factories alone turns out 1,750,000 cream crackers every day, in addition to its other products. They are making their own shoes, clothing, bedding and furniture, and can construct any kind of building, from a rabbit hutch to any first-class public building. Printing establishments are owned and controlled by them, and they even own vessels for carrying cargoes which have been raised by them or purchased abroad for their consumption.

Many such beautiful scenes as these are within walking distance of Llano Colony.

You will readily understand from this that the co-operative movement there, although a comparatively recent arrival, is gaining such power and momentum that it is to-day one of the forces that is fast changing the whole industrial and social outlook. Let it not be thought that all this has been brought about without opposition, or that it is so strong to-day but what capitalism takes every opportunity to challenge its bid for supremacy. For instance, the tea brokers of the country have always conducted a campaign against the C. W. S., and even at the present time are doing so. What moves them to do so is the desire to create unpleasantness for their dangerous and hateful competitor. Meanwhile the C. W. S. regards these attacks with calmness. Thanks to the society's own extensive tea plantations and its financial strength, the traders can do the C. W. S. no damage. On the contrary, this conflict, as often in the past, will serve to strengthen its position still more.

Many thought that a great war, such as the one in progress at the present time, would cause the disruption of the co-operative movement. But, on the contrary, the movement has made considerable progress. One finds that co-operative organizations are based on the principle that the welfare of its mem-

bers shall be the first consideration. When they start producing, it is only natural that the providing of food, clothing and shelter shall be the first great object. This was the condition when the war started. An organization, consisting of hundreds of thousands of members and reaching from one end of the country to the other, was doing for itself just those things which the government was forced by the greed of the capitalists to do for the whole people. Capitalism collapsed because of its greed and incompetency. It tried to put on a bold face in spite of this, and the various interests tried by bombastic methods to pursue the old course. The government had always been the faithful executive of the capitalist class and had always obeyed their every wish. But the government began to realize that there was something more serious taking place than ever had taken place before. The very nation itself was liable to fall into the hands of other exploiters and to be dominated by them, so it deliberately said: "If you want these glorious privileges preserved for yourselves, you will have to allow us to run the business." It took a time to convince them, but the fact that the German military machine had done this long ago and controlled practically all production and distribution, not only for the army and navy, but for the general public as well, convinced them that they must give way or lose all. It is a sure thing that if some of these keen business men, as they are called, had been allowed all the rope they wanted they would surely have come to grief. However, their faithful executive, the government, prevailed, with the result that the military machine of the Allies is making a bid to equal the German machine in perfection. The individual capitalist and corporation there must be careful not to be too bold at present.

But what happened to the co-operative organizations? Did the government take them over? No. Why not? Because they were organizations founded to render service to their members, and the government well knew that if one part of the nation was now producing and distributing the necessities of life through an efficient organization it would be easier for them to manage the rest. Therefore it was a wise policy to allow the co-operative organizations to go on the same as before the war. There were several reasons for this: First, the co-operators were manufacturing and distributing goods that the people could not do without. They were producing what the people actually needed. Secondly, their factories and machinery were such as could not readily be used for the manufacture of munitions and implements of war. So the government felt that just to the extent of the co-operative organizations' activities were their own responsibilities lessened. These very facts prove to the world the difference between capitalistic and co-operative production. One is production for profit; the other for use. At the time of a national crisis capitalistic methods were found to be useless and a hindrance; while co-operative methods, originating with the idea of rendering service, filled the bill. The normal functions of the co-operative enterprises were of such a nature that they were bound to aid in the prosecution of the war. It was unavoidable—to refuse to operate would just mean cutting off their own supplies and sacrificing all.

Apart from that, the thing to note is that co-operation as a system has proved to be efficient. Where it was not already in operation the governments have enforced it to suit their own purpose. After the war it will be up to the people to see that the system of co-operation is maintained, not to fit each nation with the teeth and claws of Mars, but to produce those things that are necessary to every nation's well-being. Capitalism has starved the people in the midst of plenty. It will be the function of the co-operatively managed nations in the near future to see that equitable distribution is made, thereby abolishing poverty and all incentive to crime, individual or national.

You ask, how is it possible for a nation to commit crime? I submit that the principle underlying criminality is the same, whether applied to an individual or a nation. To cause unnecessary suffering can be construed in no other way, and the present war is the greatest crime of the ages. However, those that hope to gain by it will find, after all the smoke and thunder of battle are passed away, that instead of the supremacy for which they hoped, they have really ushered in a new order of society. Very few people realize that at the present time a social revolution is being effected. The co-operators of the world have tried to effect it peacefully in a practical way. The so-called political leaders tried to accomplish it by passing resolutions and making speeches. The old trade-unionists never had any conception of what a social revolution meant. All they ever troubled about was keeping pace with the increasing cost of living, and a devil of a time they had.

While speaking of this, I just want to refer to an editorial in an English co-operative magazine called "The Producer." Commenting on the activities of the Labor Party there, it says: "The Labor Party does not yet seem to have realized that for the economic betterment of the people, collectively owned fields, factories and workshops are better than speeches and resolutions; they could, in fact, be made more effective in the economic welfare of the workers than almost any kind of legislation. When we are treading the paths of national legislation we are upon very uncertain ground, that is apt to give way at any moment. But when we capture fields and grow wheat, build factories and manufacture goods, erect warehouses and distribute the contents one to another, we know we are getting on solid ground."

The progress made in the older countries should give us encouragement in our work here. Consider that the organizations there have kept in touch with one another in the most friendly manner, even though the governments have declared the countries to be at war. The co-operators were helpless to prevent the war. It was useless for them to pit their forces against a machine that was a thousand times as strong as themselves, and which they knew was determined to crush everything that stood in its way. Co-operators here extend the glad hand to co-operators in other countries. Our interests are the same. Wars can never arise between us. It is only where an antagonism of interest exists that war is a possibility.

Once get a national co-operation firmly established, and war will be a thing of the past.

TO KEEP IN TOUCH WITH LLANO COLONY

Read of Llano in the LLANO COLONIST, the weekly paper telling in detail of what is being achieved, giving an intimate peep into the daily lives, the smaller incidents of this growing, thriving institution.

Read, too, the WESTERN COMRADE, the illustrated monthly magazine, giving more complete articles concerning the Colony, showing photos illustrating its growth, etc. The editorials, and many other special features, are making it one of the leading Socialist magazines of today.

For subscriptions to the Publications, changes of address, etc., please write

THE LLANO PUBLICATIONS
LLANO, CALIFORNIA

Was Schmidt Guilty?

[This is the third installment of Comrade Harriman's address in the trial of the Los Angeles Times dynamiting cases.]

HERE let us turn the light on McManigal, the felon called as the principal witness for the state.

Mr. McManigal is a self-confessed murderer. He claims to be guilty of the murder with which this defendant is charged. He pleaded guilty to the charge of conspiracy in Indianapolis, and has testified in this prosecution, the theory of which is that the conspiracy charged in Indianapolis is a continuing conspiracy, and that every one involved therein is guilty of the murder of Charles Haggerty. After testifying in Indianapolis, the prison doors were opened, this criminal, McManigal, shook off his chains, walked out, was given a thousand dollars in cash by the County of Los Angeles, and told to go his way in peace.

That was the price paid for his testimony in Indianapolis and upon this stand. What a willing, anxious witness! Why should he not be willing? Was not his liberty at stake? Would he swear a man's life away for his own life and liberty? Would he not kill a man, with an oath, for his liberty, if he would kill a man with a gun when his liberty was only in jeopardy? What a tender-hearted, loving father the prosecution would have you believe him to be. What a fiend incarnate was he before they caught him! What a change of heart the third degree, coupled with a promise of liberty, and a thousand dollars cash on the side, will work in the heart of a murderer! He was not always thus, a hired butcher, bought with the price of his own liberty. He was not always a saint, with a loving heart throbbing with parental kindness. In 1907, when the violence first began in the East, McManigal was merely a workingman, that is all. Just a man working on the job, helping to erect steel buildings the same as other working men.

I want you to pay particular attention as I repeat the unreasonable and improbable and false story of McManigal.

He testified that he was working in Detroit on the Ford building when he met a man by the name of Hockin. That statement is probably true. He said that there was a building in the neighborhood under way of construction, upon which a number of non-union men were working; that the union men working on the Ford building were ordered to watch the non-union men on the other building and to follow them to the car that they took on their way home, and, when they got off, to give them a beating; that the men working on the Ford building followed the orders of Hockin and beat the non-union men, much to the satisfaction of Mr. Hockin, but that he, McManigal, refused to obey the orders—that he did not believe in that sort of business and remained at home. Do you think it was his tender heart that kept him there? Might it not have been his physical cowardice? Personal warfare with bare fists requires some courage. Are we quite sure that this saint of Mr. Noels, made thus by promises of liberty and cash payment, has the kind of courage necessary to enter a contest with bare fists? You heard he had the nerve to carry pure nitro-glycerine on long trips. Well, yes! But he was familiar with nitro-glycerine and knew how to handle it with safety. That required nerve, not courage. But did he not put this nitro-glycerine in many places, under the most difficult circumstances? True, he did. But you must remember that many cowards are the best shots. It is their cowardice that makes them good shots if their hearts are wicked. You will remember that this loving father so tenderly cherished by Mr. Noel had always with him a brace of .38 repeater Colt revolvers. The penalty the law placed upon him for destroying property was imprisonment. The penalty he placed upon an attempt to catch him was death. What a father! What a tender heart! What do you think of a man who would take a human life rather than be imprisoned for a few years for committing a crime? He could blow down a bridge and murder a man rather than be caught. If he could murder a man with a gun, in cold blood, rather than be imprisoned, how much more willingly would he murder a man with an oath, rather than be hanged?

Listen to the story of this man. When he refused to join what he calls the entertainment committee, he tells us that this man Hockin, hitherto a stranger, told him that since he refused to assist in beating the non-union men, he would have to blow up a building with dynamite. He testified that he protested—that he did not want to destroy property; that it was wrong; that he would quit work and go back to Chicago before he would do such work; that Hockin was incorrigible and told him that he must blow up the building; that if he quit work and went back to Chicago he would be boycotted and would not be able to go to work; that Hockin told him to wait while he went up into Canada, where he would get the dynamite; that Hockin went and returned without the stuff. What an improbable story. The story is impossible. Do you think the organizer of a labor organization would pick up a stranger and force him to blow up a building with dynamite? You must remember that there was a strike on, and at such times spies are as thick as maggots in a festered sore. Do you not know that organizers have long since learned to be exceedingly cautious at such times? Were the organizer to force such an act, it would only be necessary to disclose the fact to one of the spies, some of whom are always present and known.

No organizer or any other man would try to force a man to commit such a crime at such a time. By doing so he would place not only the strike, but the entire organization, in jeopardy, and himself in prison. Of all methods yet employed to procure the commission of a crime, this one is certainly the most unique. Clever—no, the story is not even clever. It is coarse and inconsistent with the remainder of this felon's story. Do you not remember that he said they conducted their campaign of destruction with profound secrecy? Do you not know that such acts must be done in secret? Do men herald such acts to the world? No! No! Those are the class of acts that are kept under the bushel. Indeed, they must be kept under the bushel. Whatever success attends them depends on secrecy. Yet this man Hockin took every chance of heralding it to the world by picking out a stranger, and forcing him, against his will, to commit a crime. Do you believe such stuff? Is this man to hang on such testimony, or on the testimony of a man who lends himself to such unreasonable stories to gain his own liberty, together with a thousand dollars in cold cash on the side? Cash—that was a mere "gift" to show that the people of Los Angeles County were good fellows! Do you remember the umbrella story? Here is another, equally corrupt, unreasonable and false. A story so utterly and completely at variance with the methods of secrecy that must be employed under such circumstances can only be looked upon with disgust. And to him must be turned a deaf ear, consigning him to dwell among those angels whose

wings, while on earth, were made of iron barrels, and leaden balls, and whose trails were slimy with human gore.

Now let me tell you what really happened. You will remember that the resolution of 1906 was being rigidly enforced. That there was a strike on in Detroit. That the union men were suffering defeat in every quarter and the dissolution of the union seemed inevitable. Consternation was abroad and their hearts were sinking into despair.

At this moment McManigal came to Hockin. Who was McManigal then? Not a perjured villian, nor an angel, but merely a man who, like other men, was in the struggle to better his condition. He was, like the others, struggling for higher wages and an eight-hour day. He had been a miner, accustomed to handling and using dynamite. He knew the terrible havoc that would be strewn in its wake. He was cunning as a fox, stealthy as a cat and conscienceless as a viper. It is to this man that the campaign of destruction is due.

He went in secret to Hockin. I think I can hear him, whispering his mildew into Hockin's ear as he tells him of his former occupation and how he could turn the tide in their favor by destroying the property of their enemies. We can almost hear him say, "I can run down to Tiffin, Ohio, and get all the dynamite we need. My uncle and father live there, and I know the men in the mines, and they will sell me the stuff. You give me the money and I will buy the dynamite and fuse, bring it back, and you can leave the rest to me. On that night you had better be somewhere all the evening, for they know you and they might arrest you. I am not known and they will never suspect me. Take it from me, Hockin, after this is over they will be afraid of more to follow and they will make peace with us."

Facing an inevitable defeat and sinking in despair, Hockin grabbed at this fatal straw. Money was supplied and McManigal started on his way to Tiffin. There he met his father and uncle, to whom he told his story with the glee that always shows in the face of the man who is about to commit what he believes will be a successful crime. His father and uncle, of kindred criminal blood, lent their assistance to him in his mad career. The dynamite and fuse were bought and he went on his way with them to Detroit. You will remember with what cunning he opened the door leading from the alley into the building, where he placed one charge and lighted the fuse. Then, closing the door, he returned to his room, where he had left the other two charges for other buildings. Soon the crash came. Then, lying on his bed, he heard the calling of the newsboys, "All about the great explosion." I think I can hear him chuckle as he cut the item from the paper and sent it to his uncle and father, telling them of his great success. Does not this fact prove beyond all question that his story was false; that he was not forced to commit the crime; that he was not acting under protest; but that the crime was of his own choosing; that he was proud of his own accomplisment? And that he hastened to tell his accomplices of his glee and of conquests yet to come?

Looking up and down the street, he saw a policeman at each corner. He thought that he was discovered. Going hence to his own room, he cut the other charges into small bits, dropped them into the closet and repaired to the street, leaving no trace behind. Rather a successful man to have been chosen by chance. No, he was not chosen by Hockin. He was chosen by himself to carry out his own dire plot. He did it with skill, and cunning, and success.

And Hockin? What became of him? He was arrested, as McManigal said he would be. He had prepared his alibi. He was at a banquet. He was soon released, and, congratulating each other, they discovered that they had launched a unique campaign of destruction, with McManigal as the chief actor and with Hockin as the directing general. These two, and no more, knew the facts at the time.

This job at Detroit, according to McManigal, was the first job pulled off. It was in 1907. Immediately thereafter Hockin went to Indianapolis and revealed the plot to J. J. McNamara and Ryan. He told them of McManigal's plan and how they had successfully carried it out; how the strike was settled and the union men in Detroit had been put to work on the wrecked building. I think I see these officers as they sit in consternation, listening to the story and the proposals of this terrible campaign. They were confronted by an overpowering enemy. Their efforts were futile. They were suffering defeat after defeat at the hands of the Steel Trust, with no hope of success by using methods previously employed. They were losing their old and staunch members. Members were quitting who had faithfully fought long and hard and who were being forced by hunger to heed the call for bread. The organization was disbanding. Despair was abroad in the ranks, and unless something more effective could be done the union would soon be a thing of the past. Dangerous as was this new plan, and though criminal in its character, yet these men, as all men engaged in war, felt that any course that would save their organization, and hence the lives of their members, was justifiable. Expensive as it might be, and dangerous as it might become, they concluded that nothing could be more expensive nor more dangerous than a funeral. They could not see that such a course led inevitably to the grave, but hoped, as all men in despair hope, that whatever will save for the moment will save forever.

And thus the campaign of destruction was launched. At that time only the four men, Hockin, Ryan, J. J. McNamara and McManigal, knew the plan.

That all matters might be understood and settled beween them, McManigal was brought to Indianapolis. It was then and there that the terms were settled and agreed upon. You will remember that McManigal said it was a matter of business with him. That he did not care to go from work to dynamiting and thence to work again. That he would either have nothing to do with it or he would make it a business and work at it all the time. The price agreed upon was $200 a shot, all things furnished and expenses paid.

McManigal testified that he was told not to visit Indianapolis nor to be seen with J. J. McNamara except at long intervals. Do you know what this means? It means secrecy. Secrecy is the primal necessity of such an undertaking. The union movement would not support such a course. The law condemned it. Public knowledge meant failure. Stripped of every trace that would lead to Indianapolis and communicating with that office through Hockin, the machinery was ready and McManigal went on his way.

For the first time in the history of the Iron Workers' Union, dynamite was purchased. I say this without fear of contradiction. The prosecution broke into the office of the Iron Workers' Union at Indianapolis, took all the records, and is armed from head to foot with all the facts in the case. Had there been any purchase of dynamite previous to this state, the records would have disclosed the fact. The prosecution would have presented those letters and you would have been apprised.

["Was Schmidt Guilty?" began in the May number and will run for several months. Back numbers, ten cents a copy.]

The Socialist Party----Where Is It?

By M. M.

EAST and West, North and South, the Socialist Party has been rent asunder. Fragments have split off; factions have formed; schisms have been created. World-wide problems have wrought world-wide havoc with every institution, and nationalism has risen superior to internationalism. The Socialist Party of every country has suffered.

But in the United States where the party was weakest, where the leprosy of dissolving party membership has reduced the membership and the tuberculosis of falling vote has closed the field of new recruits, while the mal-nutrition of lost interest has brought despair to the entire movement, the effect has been even worse.

Two factions have been forming for some time. One looks backwards to Karl Marx for instruction, and regardless of present day necessities, of the problems of this period or of the exigencies of new conditions turns, like the Moslem, its face always to the East.

The other faction faces the problems of today and looks toward the logic of today for the answers. Without deprecating the wisdom of Marx, this faction gently reminds the Socialists that Marx is dead, and that the dead hand of the dead Socialist is no less dead than the dead hand of the dead capitalist.

Two significant conventions have been held in the last few months.

One was at Fresno, February 17, 18, and 19. California Socialists met and formulated two constitutions, the majority report and the minority report.

The other was at St. Louis, April 7. The emergency convention met and formulated a majority report and three minority reports.

At Fresno there was a desire on the part of the majority to make a more radical constitution, to adopt timely measures, to use methods that would lead the party forward.

At St. Louis, the majority had nothing new to offer.

The Fresno majority constitution carried by a three-to-one vote.

The St. Louis majority report is being suppressed by the authorities as being seditious, and a number of prominent Socialists are in jail or out on bail as a result of distributing them.

It is not the fact that the St. Louis majority report is seditious that makes it significant; the efforts of the radicals everywhere are likely to be considered as such by the powers that be.

The significant thing is that those assumed to be leading thinkers in the Socialist movement of America had nothing constructive to offer in the face of an emergency and in the face of dwindling membership and a reduced vote. They could suggest nothing to overcome these conditions. They merely reiterated their position, known to every one who has ever given the Socialists even a moment's thought.

How different the sentiment at Fresno! There constructive measures were not only given a hearing, but were adopted.

THIS is the new clause that is to deliver the Socialist Party of California out of the hands of those who have choked it slowly till life is nearly extinct, who have prevented co-ordinated action, who have made it an ineffectual shell:

"Socialist Locals shall be organized without regard to political subdivisions. The jurisdiction of said Locals shall be confined to members thereof."

State Secretary Williams has compiled a brief statement in which he has enumerated the chief changes. They are well worth noting:

Chief Provisions of New Constitution.

First—Four regular referendum elections per year—in January, April, July and October.

Second—State Executive Committee to consist of nine members, to be elected by Industrial Groups.

Third—Work of Locals confined to propaganda, education and organization. Locals will have nothing to do with the political activity of the party.

Fourth—Locals will have no territorial jurisdiction. Locals will have jurisdiction over their own members only.

Fifth—Any five individuals may unite and organize a Local without regard to residence of members or the territory covered.

Sixth—There may be as many locals in any community as there are groups of five or more desiring to unite in forming a Local.

Seventh—All existing branches will automatically become Locals and w[illegible] o recognized by the State Office.

Eighth—All of the political activity of the party will hereafter be administered by all of the party membership, without regard to Local organization.

Ninth—No group of comrades can get together in a city or county and assume control of all political activity of the party, nor can they interfere with any campaign being conducted in some political subdivision of the city or county.

Tenth—In case a majority of the members residing in two or more political subdivisions of the city wish to do so, they may co-operate, providing a majority of the members in each subdivision are agreed.

Eleventh—Members of the State Executive Committee automatically become State Organizers for the particular Industrial Group electing them, and are amenable to said group.

Twelfth—All members at large will pay $2.50 dues per year, payable in advance.

Thirteenth—All new applicants for membership in the party must pay $1 on admission, to be applied as follows: Twenty-five cents for the State Bulletin, 15 cents to pay for the national dues for three months, and 60 cents to be applied to the State Organization fund. The member in return therefor will receive the State Bulletin for one year, and a membership card, duly stamped, for three months.

The Socialists of California are endeavoring to put the party on a firm foundation. The Constitution was adopted only after a systematic and careful study of conditions had been made.

The conservative element fought it with the arguments conservatives usually use. They wished to continue in the same old way.

One of the worst features the Socialists have to contend with is the professional disrupter. He is the man loudest in his talk of the "bourgeoisie" and the "proletariat," of the "class struggle" and the "working class." With these words he establishes himself as a Socialist, and then begins systematically to drive out those who really belong to the working class and who feel the class struggle without forever talking about it.

Under the old Constitution the best locals were constantly being broken up and the best workers disgusted by the tactics of these disrupters, many of whom were honest enough in their intentions.

Under the new Constitution it is easy to form new locals, and those who come to cause dissension cannot hold a local

(Continued on page 22)

News and Views in Agriculture

Laying Contests Have Shown

That the 200-egg hen is a very substantial present-day reality.

That it is possible for the domestic fowl to produce more than 250 eggs in 365 consecutive days.

That high fecundity is primarily a strain or family rather than of breed.

That the selection and mating of highly prolific birds can result in a marked miprovement of the average egg production.

That the continued selection of breeding stock upon lines that emphasize inherent tendency to ovarian activity is inclined to alter the weight and conformation of certain pure breds.

That the average weight of the eggs from both high and low producing strains can be materially increased through selective breeding.

That the trap nest or the single-bird pen is the only absolute index to a bird's capacity for egg production.

That when other things are equal the so-called mongrel may be the equal, if not the superior, of many strains of pure breds.

That the absence of male birds from the laying pens does not affect the egg yield.

That the heavier breeds are the best winter layers.

That an abundant supply of plain, wholesome food in conjunction with proper housing and management is conducive to increased production.

That the cost of feeding does not in itself make for profit or loss in the poultry business.

That the efficiency of different so-called standard rations cannot be exactly determined from their use in connection with small experimental pens of birds of unknown performance.—Charles Opperman in The Country Gentleman.

A Good Contact Insectide for Sucking Insects

Lime	40 pounds
Sulphur (flowers)	30 pounds
Water, to make	100 gallons

Heat in a cooking vat or other vessel about one-third of the total quantity of water required. When the water is hot, add all of the lime, and at once add all of the sulphur, which should previously have been made into a thick paste with water. After the lime is slaked, another one-third of the water should be added, preferably hot, and the cooking should be continued for an hour, when the final dilution should be made, using either hot or cold water, as is most convenient. The boiling due to the slaking of the lime thoroughly mixes the ingredients at the start. but subsequent stirring is necessary if the wash is cooked by direct heat in kettles. After the was has been preapred, it must be strained through a fine sieve as it is being run into the spray tank.—Fred P. Roullard, Horticultural Commissioner, Fresno County.

Locating the Apiary

In selecting a location for the apiary, dense shade is objectionable, whether it be brush, arbor or large trees, on account of the inconvenience of getting swarms, which will use this for a settling place. It is also objectionable on account of keeping the early morning sun away from the bees, and thus keeping them in the hive late in the day, when they should be at work.—J. B. King, Texas Department of Agriculture.

Use for Peanut Hulls

Utilization is now being made of the peanut hull. In Johnson County, Texas, a contract was closed recently for a hundred carloads of peanut hulls to be used in a mixed feed for live stock. This utilization of the entire peanut plant will no doubt prove a factor in feed prices next season.

The general opinion of fieldmen in that section is that the forthcoming peanut crop will be more profitable to the producer than in the past seasns. —W. E. B., in The Country Gentleman.

Radishes and Lettuce—Directions for Planting

Radishes and lettuce are favorite plants in small gardens because, while these are attractive additions to the table, they are in a way luxuries on which many housewives hesitate to spend money.

Lettuce does not withstand heat well and thrives best, therefore, in the early spring or late autumn. In order to have the leaves crisp and tender it is necessary to force the growth of the plant. The usual method of growing the plant for home use is to sow the seeds broadcast in the bed and to remove the leaves as rapidly as they become large enough for use. It is better, however, to sow the seeds in rows fourteen to sixteen inches apart. This will result in the formation of rather compact heads and the entire plant may then be cut for use. For an early crop in the North, the plants should be started in a hotbed or cold frame and transplanted as soon as hard freezes are over. In many sections of the South the seeds are sown during the autumn and the plant allowed to remain in the ground over winter. Frequent shallow cultivation should be given the crop; and if crisp and tender lettuce is desired during the summer months, some form of partial shading may be necessary.

For head lettuce, Big Boston, Hanson and California Cream Butter are good varieties. For loose-leaf lettuce, Grand Rapids or black-seeded Simpson are recommended.—United States Department of Agriculture.

Don't Use Rhubarb Leaves

Because rhubarb leaves contain certain substances which make them poisonous to a great many persons, specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture warn housewives against using this portion of the plant for food. A number of letters have been received by the department calling attention to the fact that certain newspapers and magazines are advocating the use of rhubarb leaves for greens, and that disastrous results have followed the acceptance of the advice.—United States Department of Agriculture.

Value of Peanuts for Oil and Meal

One ton of peanuts will yield eighty gallons of oil valuable for human food purposes, as salad oil and in cooking, and 750 pounds of meal, which contains 48.26 per cent protein and 9 per cent fat and makes a more valuable live stock feed than does cottonseed meal.

Peanut oil is one of the most important of the world's food products. France uses about 16,000,000 gallons of edible oil and 23,000,000 gallons of low-grade oil in the manufacture of soaps each year, while Germany uses about 6,000,000 gallons of high-grade oil. It is noteworthy that of the 1,500,000 gallons of peanut oil annually imported to America more than half passes through and is used in the manufacture of oleomargarine. —Hawaiian Tiller.

The Improvement of Nursery Stock

In order that nursery stock may be improved in the broadest sense of the word, the orchardist must be continually on the alert to observe all that is desirable among Nature's raw materials, the chance seedlings and bud sports; the plant breeder must take the most desirable traits from the best we have in each fruit and endeavor to combine them; the scientific investigators of our experiment stations must enter the practically neglected field of root stock investigation and determine not only the affinity between stock and scion, but the root that is best adapted to certain soil conditions and best adapted to resist insect pests and plant diseases; while the nurseryman, profiting by all that these have done, must get out of the rut of blind and thoughtless following of old horticultural trails that have naught but antiquity to recommend them, and he must fully understand the great responsibility resting upon him as counselor and guide to many orchardists. He should never forget the cruel disappointment to some one that must inevitably follow either his carelessness or his dishonesty if he should allow stock to leave his hands other than that which his customer desires. He must place his business on a higher plane than that of mere buying and selling, and must feel that it is his mission to be an agent in helping Nature add to the welfare of mankind.—A. L. Wisker, Loma Rica Nursery, California.

Government Aid for Purchase of Tractors

The Italian Ministry of Agriculture has issued a notice fixing rules whereby agricultural bodies and societies in Italy may obtain a government contribution toward the cost of acquiring tractors for mechanical plowing. The grant will be conceded to these bodies up to thirty per cent of the total cost and, the Board of Trade Journal states, this figure may be increased to forty per cent in the event of not less than five tractors being employed in any one Province. In the case of private persons the grant will not exceed twenty per cent. This is not only a practical solution of the problem of greater production that we hear so much about but also mighty good co-operation between government and farmers.—"The Organized Farmer."

Sweet clover is adapted to a wider range of climatic conditions than any of the true clovers, and possibly alfalfa.—United States Department of Agriculture.

Co-operation the World Over

Notes About the Chief Co-operatives Gleaned from Many Sources

The Salvation of Irish Farming—Co-operation

In 1888 the struggling farmers of Ireland were exploited to the point of a bare subsistence by railroads, middlemen, commission men and bankers. Families vegetated in grinding, degenerating poverty, until nearly all the ambitious young men, cognizant of the doom which awaited them on their own soil, emigrated to America.

Sir Horace Plunkett, father of co-operation among farmers in Northwestern United States, after making an exhaustive study of Irish conditions, proposed as a remedy for this wretched poverty—co-operation. With the assistance of the enthusiastic Father Finlay, Plunkett induced a group of farmers in 1889 to form a co-operative creamery, the first co-operative enterprise in Ireland.

The first year this society did a business of $21,815. The next year Plunkett organized sixteen more creameries, which in 1891 did a business of $251,910. At this juncture the movement was strong enough to enter the field of co-operative banking. Not having a rational and adequate credit supply, they established a series of co-operative banks and credit societies, lending money for one and two per cent less than that lent by private companies. This last move aroused the forces of capitalism to a realization of the powerful enemy in the person of Co-operation. For seven years the corrupt interests fought the movement bitterly. But co-operation triumphed, and to-day is the most inspiring agrarian movement in the world.

Ireland now has the following co-operatives: 193 agricultural, 235 credit, 18 poultry, 18 home industries, 52 pig and cattle supply, 10 flax and 29 miscellaneous. In 1913, 985 co-operative societies did a business of $16,665,900. There are 300,000 farmers in Ireland, more than a third of whom are enrolled in the various co-operative societies. All of this has been accomplished under the auspices of the Irish Agricultural Organization Sociey, organized and directed by the inspiring genius of Sir Horace Plunkett.

The results? The incomes of the farmers, by abolishing the sources of exploitation through co-operative endeavor, have almost been doubled. Farming, previously the most dismal occupation in the island, has become a joy and a science. Ambitious and energetic young men and women are now remaining on the farms, gladly taking up the occupation of their parents—the best proof in the world of a thriving rural population.

What a contrast here to the suffering and privation of competition!

Alaska Indians Operate Co-operative Stores

Through the assistance of the United States Bureau of Education, Alaska Indians at Hydaberg, Southeastern Alaska, have been guided in the organization of several co-operative stores, in order to abolish the criminal exploitation at the hands of unscrupulous traders. At these stores the natives may exchange their wares and purchase the necessaries of life at a legitimate price. The stores are owned and operated by the Indians themselves. Twelve months after the establishment of the co-operative store in Hydaberg the Indians declared a cash dividend of fifty per cent, and still had sufficient funds at hand to build a larger store.

The Co-operative League of America

One of the most important organizations in America formed for the purpose of educating the people to an appreciation of the value of co-operation is THE CO-OPERATIVE LEAGUE OF AMERICA, with headquarters at 70 Fifth avenue, New York City. The aims of the league are: First, the explanation through leaflets and pamphlets of the principles underlying the successful operation of co-operative stores; second, the investigation of commercial and industrial conditions in the United States in their relation to co-operation, so that co-operative enterprises can be advised as to how and where to adapt themselves to special conditions peculiar to this country; and third, to furnish expert counsel to co-operatives in the administration of their business and financial transactions. The membership of the league is composed entirely of earnest students of co-operation who are interested in the growth of the American movement. Persons interested in co-operation are urged to become members and to write for information.

The Practical Value of Co-operation

The co-operative movement is teaching people to do things for themselves without asking or accepting aid from the state. It is teaching the workers to administer the affairs of society on every scale. It is raising up from the ranks of labor men who are capable of large enterprises.

In its conflicts with the forces of capitalism, co-operation is the only force that has triumphed. Great trusts have gone down before it. In Switzerland it vanquished the beef trust, in Sweden the sugar trust, and in England the soap trust. It has prevailed against great obstacles. Whereas the workers have notoriously suffered defeat at the ballot box in their contests with privileged interests, the co-operators, in their great contests with the vested interests, have always won the victory.

The powerful combines, with capital, unscrupulous control of politics, and the force of vested interests behind them, have been beaten by organizations largely composed of working people. Co-operation has succeeded against the greatest economic odds.—James Peter Warbasse.

Co-operation is the act of working together towards a common end or uniting for a common purpose. The success or failure of co-operation lies not in co-operation itself, but in the individual who co-operates or fails to co-operate.—California Fruit Exchange.

Co-operative Bull Associations

Co-operative bull associations are formed by farmers for the joint ownership, use and exchange of high-class, pure-bred bulls. In addition, they may encourage careful selections of cows and calves, introduce better methods of feeding, help their members market dairy stock and dairy products, intelligently fight contagious diseases of cattle, and in other ways assist in lifting the dairy business to a higher level. Incidentally, the educational value of such an organization is great. The history of the co-operative bull association shows that it is especially adapted to small herds, where a valuable bull for each herd would constitute too large a percentage of the total investment. Thus the organization enables even the owners of small herds to unite in the purchase of one good bull and each to own a share in a registered sire of high quality. Though still in its infancy, the co-operative bull association movement promises eventually to become a very great factor in the improvement of our dairy cattle. At the present time there are in the United States thirty-two active bull associations, with a total membership of 650, owning about 120 pure-bred bulls.—United States Bureau of Animal Husbandry.

Co-operative Canneries

It is estimated that the co-operative canneries of the United States handled over $158,000,000 worth of the canned and dried fruits and vegetables marketed last year. Practically all of the co-operative canneries in the United States are found in the Pacific Northwest and California, the annual business of these organizations ranging from as low as $50,000 to as high as $1,500,000 for a single cannery. The most successful co-operative canneries now in operation are those which put up or pack a wide variety of products over a long period, some starting with strawberries in May and continuing until December with late vegetables. By utilizing the various products as they mature, the operating period may be extended to about six and one-half months.—United States Office of Markets and Rural Organization.

The Value of Co-operation

Co-operation does away with the grave evils of debt, especially in connection with little shops. The curse of housekeeping on credit is the irresponsibility it breeds, and in checking this irresponsibility co-operation has strengthened self-reliance and self-control in a thousand homes. But it has done far more than check reckless domestic expenditure. The co-operative store trains men and women to act with prudence, and educates them in the business of wisely conducting their own affairs. A positive sense of responsibility is fostered by co-operation, and in learning to manage the store co-operators gain an experience that is invaluable for good citizens.—Joseph Clayton.

Co-operation in Holland

Of the 958 creameries in Holland, 680 are co-operative; of its 291 cheese factories, 201 are co-operative. Co-operation in Holland is used also in other lines of agricultural manufacture. Of 21 potato-flour factories, 13 are co-operative. There are six co-operative strawboard mills and two large beet-sugar co-operative factories. One co-operative artificial manure factory supplies half the fertilizer used in Holland. Holland has 600 credit banks, affiliated with three central banks, all co-operative.—Paul V. Collins, Pearson's.

Co-operative Banks in Italy

There are 900 co-operative banks in Italy and, until recently, they did not even have government inspection, yet their losses for a term of years averaged only six hundredths of one per cent.—Albert Sonnischer.

What Thinkers Think

The Substance of Instructive Articles in June Magazines

Review of Reviews

Present Agricultural Situation.—For the first time we are thinking agriculture in terms of a nation. If we are to have a big increase in acreage the nation as a whole and not farmers as a class must take a hand. The Department of Agriculture brings to the farmer vast stores of scientific information and seeks to stimulate co-operative efforts on the part of the farmer, and to help him to market products. By planting such legumes as soy beans, cow peas and peanuts the meat supply can be supplemented materially this summer. Co-operation must be the watchword. There is no other means of eliminating waste. Wheat ground in a hand grist mill in the kitchen is as good as most patent breakfast foods, and much cheaper.—Carl Vrooman.

International Socialist Review

Shop Control.—The part that organized labor should take in the management of industries is the question of the day in England. At the Trade Union Congress the president disclaimed any desire on the part of the workmen to manage their employers' affairs, but claimed the right to control their hours, living conditions and the character of their foremen. Even enlightened employers consider this unsatisfactory. Labor unions must assume responsibility towards society. The development of labor control of industries will proceed as fast as labor shows the requisite power and undersanding, and the essential thing in modern progress is the devoted co-operation with the State of the hitherto irresponsible proletarian trade unions.—Austin Lewis.

Century

Europe's Heritage of Evil.—The Roman Imperial idea of the essential unity of mankind and the supremacy of law based upon reason and divine command failed before the Ottoman assault on Constantinople, and the future was seen to belong to the separate nations which alone possessed a strong sense of unity. This national feeling developed into an irresponsible sovereignty of the state before which individual rights and welfare had no existence. Even the French revolution merely transferred this absolutism to the representatives of the people. The modern state has become an economic as well as a political organ of society; it is in fact a stupendous and autonomous business corporation, the most lawless business trust, viewing the other nations as business rivals. It is absolutely free from effective business regulation and has immensely concentrated wealth such as kings and emperors never had at their disposal. In struggling for supremacy they adopt principles of action for which individuals would be ruthlessly suppressed as dangerous bandits. If there were no economic questions involved the conflict of nationalities would soon be ended. And with all this wealth and power, it is in the richest nations that discontent is deepest and most wide spread. States, like individuals, must admit their responsibilities to one another and take their place in the society of states in a spirit of loyalty to civilization and humanity.—David Jayne Hill.

North American Review

Industrial Americanization and National Defense.—After a considerable period of trying to put efficiency into industry from the outside "experts" and employers alike are coming to see that the real development of efficiency is from the inside and is a matter of the spirit that prevails throughout the business. An organization interested in organizing its human side can do no better than put its best executive, not its weakest and most amiable, in charge of the work. The spirit he needs is a combination of a sound realization of business values and a quickened sense of industrial justice. A system of promotions and transfers, the provision of proper incentives, and American standards of living will release great stores of energy now shut off.—Frances A. Kellor.

Everybody's.

The Wings of the U. S. A.—When the world comes to, after the war madness, it will discover that the air has become a safer sphere to travel than the land. One man makes two trips a day from London to the front in France, taking over a good car and bringing back a broken one. He boasts that he can bring almost any machine across the channel if the motor will pull it. A machine can only be used twenty-four hours at the front. Then it needs a week's repairs. It takes six men and three machines to keep one flying man in the air, over the front. Machines are being built that can carry from one to two tons, with planes so wide and strong and stability so certain that men can move about on their wings and adjust their engines while in full flight.—William G. Shepherd.

Independent

Woman's Place.—The National League for Woman's Service has been established under the supervision of the Department of Labor, to make the best use of the present opportunity for organizing the abilities of the women of the United States. The idea is to systematize and co-ordinate the action of the many women's organizations and to concentrate them on the tasks for which they are best suited. The war has already demonstrated that bread is as essential as bullets, and the food problem of the United States can be very simply solved by preventing waste in buying, preparing, cooking and serving, and by planting home gardens. Besides, women are being encouraged to learn their husbands' business, so that when the man is called away the wife may be able to maintain the family's economic status.—Maude Wetmore.

World's Work

The Rise of the Russian Democracy.—The early history of Russia was a long struggle under autocratic chiefs to establish its territorial security. In the nineteenth century the movement for liberation began. In 1861 the serfs were emancipated. In 1864 the Zemstvos, local provincial councils, were established. A long educational process followed, marked by continuous oppression on one side and occasional acts of violence on the other. The Duma was the next step forward—1905. The Duma and the Zemstvos kept up the educative processes, and co-operative societies grew like mushrooms, and through them the educated classes were finally able to effect a union with the peasants. The bureaucracy, in its last struggle against constitutionalism, at last in this war went to the length of treason. If the Kaiser had appointed some of the imperial ministers he could not have chosen better men for his purpose. In this emergency the army had to depend on the Zemstvos for its food and munitions, and when the revolution finally occurred the Zemstvos officials took charge of all the national offices.—Samuel N. Harper.

The Fra

Children Nowadays.—One of the illusions with which we mislead ourselves is that "this generation is a peculiar one" and that we, their parents, are inadequate to the task of solving the problems with which they are confronted. But this is not our business. Each set of parents are hyphenated citizens of the age in which they are rearing their children, while the children themselves are natives. We find fault with the children—for what? For not being as old as we are! I offer the suggestion that our first duty is to grasp intelligently and sympathetically our child's viewpoint of life, and not vent on them our middle-aged desire to stagnate under the belief that we are correcting them. Our children are as good and as wise as we were in childhood. Heaven knows they could not be much worse or more foolish!—Strickland Gillilan.

Scientific American

The Technology of the Washroom.—A fellowship has been established at the University of Pittsburgh to investigate the problems of the laundry man. Soaps and cleansing solutions are being scientifically tested in order to make the laundry superior to home work not only in cleaning clothes, but also in the preservation of fabrics. The exact effect on various fibers of different processes of washing and drying are being investigated, and a portable chemical laboratory arranged expressly for the laundryman's use in testing the material he has to purchase. With this outfit any laundryman can become his own assayist.

World's Work

Labor.—The representatives of the organized labor movement have recently adopted propositions relating to the share which wage earners should take in the war. Their work in producing material and munitions is as important as that of the soldier at the front. They should accordingly be protected as regards conditions of work and pay, and this can only be done by giving the organized labor movement the greatest scope and opportunity for voluntary effective co-operation in spirit and in action. Industrial justice is the right of those living in our country. With this right is associated obligation. In time of war this may call for more exacting service than the principles of human welfare warrant, but this service should only be called for when the employers' profits have been limited to fixed percentages based on the cost of processes of production. Labor further requires that there is a clear differentiation between military service for the nation and police duty, and that military service should be carefully distinguished from service in industrial disputes.—Samuel Gompers.

Reviews of Recent Readable Books

By D. Bobspa

"A German Deserter's War Experience"

"A German Deserter's War Experience," now in its second printing, is the straightforward narrative of one of the many German Socialists forced to go to the trenches against his will. After fourteen months he deserted and succeeded in reaching America. The book surpasses even MacGill in its uncovering of the horrors of war to the common soldier—for this young comrade did not have to pass his manuscript through the hands of the army censor.

Here we read of the wholesale shooting of officers by their own men; we see hundreds of dead thrown like cordwood to one side to make room for further advances; the trees strewn with entrails, heads, arms and legs; dead and partly dead buried, hundreds together, in big graves; see men held in subjection by cruel and brutal force of the junker class; listen to the discontented mutterings of the German soldiers.

When the German army was mobilized three years ago the men were ignorant, up to almost the time of the first engagement, of what country they were to fight against. "The soldier is told 'The Belgian is your enemy,' and he has to believe it. . . . 'Never mind; shoot as we order, and do not bother your head about it.'" The author was detailed to help execute some of the poor Belgian civilians and describes the full horror of his feelings. He tells graphically of the hand-to-hand street fighting, relating in one case how one German soldier bit a large piece from the face of an "enemy" and the reaction so sickened the victor that his life was ruined.

While the story is mainly devoted to plain narrative, one sees much of the psychology of warfare—how the men gradually become like beasts. Trench warfare is described—body lice, head lice, rotting corpses and all. The famous Christmas interchange of greetings between the French and German soldiers was participated in by the writer of the book, whose name is withheld for the sake of his relatives still in Germany.

This soldier found the Belgian civilians at first friendly to the Germans. The German soldiers were severely punished whenever caught feeding the starving women and children or in any way showing consideration for them. One of the examples of the means used to inflame the minds of the "mass butcherers" against "the enemy" was to station guards at all wells and declare the Belgians had poisoned the waters, while the tired, hot soldiers went plodding on almost dead from thirst. At times they disregarded the soldiers stationed on guard and drank to their limit from the "poisoned" wells—without any damage to themselves.

The officers seldom went into action. They withdrew to a place of safety, as a rule, leaving the men in charge of petty officials. After serving fourteen months in the war without any money, the young man obtained a furlough, only to learn that the government-owned railroad would not carry him until he was able to pay for his carfare. While the book deals with his personal experiences in the German army, the author, as an antimilitarist, hates all war and his narrative is non-partisan. The little volume (which sells at $1) is worthy of wide distribution in this hour of labor's fight. It is one of the most illuminating documents the war has yet produced. (B. W. Huebsch, New York.)

"Woman: Her Sex and Love Life"

The world owes a wonderful debt to Dr. William J. Robinson, "the sane radical," for his series of books on sex, eugenics and birth control. Twenty years ago he began his crusade for a rational conception of life, and has taken the public into his confidence in his many popular books, while reaching the medical profession regularly through "The Critic and Guide."

"Woman: Her Sex and Love Life," is the latest addition to the little library Dr. Robinson has written. Having examined scores of books on the subject of sex, I have nearly always felt, when through with them, that they might just about as well never have been written, because they were so hazy and left the reader in ignorance of anything specific.

There are those who imagine all evils of life due to woman; others of the Vance Thomson school who think all that is wrong in the world sprang from the male. Dr. Robinson views both sexes as human beings. He doesn't attempt to make any kind of sweeping generalizations. His is the first book on woman from a sex standpoint that has covered the ground. There is no phase of the subject that is not taken up, and I would like to see the day when every mother would give his book to her daughter at an early age.

The nasty-minded will look in vain throughout the 400 pages for any satisfaction. The book is plain and common-sense, but is pure and chaste to a degree that not even the black shade of Comstock could find an excuse to take it to court. The mission of the book is "to increase the sum total of human happiness." It will do this in direct ratio to its sales. The hocus-pocus of the medicine man and priest is dropped, and Dr. Robinson strips the element of mystery and the fogyism of past generations from the subject.

Perhaps a list of chapter captions will give some idea of the scope of the book: The paramount need for sex knowledge for girls and women; the female sex organs: their anatomy; the physiology of the sex organs; the sex instinct; puberty; menstruation; abnormalities of menstruation; the hygiene of menstruation; fecundation or fertilization; pregnancy; the disorders of pregnancy; when to engage a physician; the size of the fetus; the afterbirth and cord; lactation or nursing; abortion and miscarriage; prenatal care; the menopause, or change of life; the habit of masturbation; leucorrhea, the whites; the venereal diseases; the extent of venereal disease; gonorrhea; vulvovaginitis in little girls; syphilis; the curability of venereal diseases; venereal prophylaxis; alcohol, sex and veneral disease; marriage and gonorrhea; marriage and syphilis; who may and who may not marry; birth control, or the limitation of offspring; advice to girls approaching the threshold of womanhood; advice to parents of unfortunate girls; sexual relations during menstrution; sexual intercourse for propagation only; vaginismus; sterility; the hymen: is the organ necessary for impregnation? frigidity in women; advice to frigid women, particularly wives; rape; the single standard of sexual morality; difference between man's and woman's sex and love life; maternal impressions; advice to the married and those about to be; a rational divorce system; what is love? jealousy and how to combat it; remedies for jealousy; concluding words. (The Critic and Guide Company, New York City.)

"The Gun-Brand: A Feud of the Frozen North"

"The Gun-Brand: A Feud of the Frozen North," by James B. Hendryx, ought to prove a popular seller this season. It is "snow stuff," to borrow Charlie Van Loan's movie language. "The Promise" and "Connie Morgan in Alaska" acquainted the public with the powers of Mr. Hendryx as a novelist. The story is intensely interesting from the moment Chloe Elliston, granddaughter of old "Tiger" Elliston, braved the unknown wilds of the frozen northland to found a school for the Indians, to the last page where she looks into the face of the big Scotch trader and miner and tells him something that makes further chapters unnecessary. What occurs to make this page possible will keep one sitting up late, no matter how sleepy. But there is nothing of sensationalism. The intrigues of the quarter-breed free-trader, the whiskey runners, the gun fights and the final battle between the rival outfits give scope for continuous action. Only one scene might be questioned—the punishment of Pierre Lapierre, the bad man of the novel. With the gun sight MacNeal deliberately mutilated the face of the man. The description is vividly written. While he merited even this punishment—so far worse than death—one shudders at reading of it. The fierce passions of man where the elements preclude the success of the weakling, the eternal appeal of "the love of a lass and a laddie," combined with a skill in narrative, make "The Gun-Brand" one of the season's distinctive books. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.)

"The Story of the Grand Canyon of Arizona"

Science and art blend in an attractive booklet, "The Story of the Grand Canyon of Arizona," a popular illustrated account of its rocks and origin by H. N. Darton, geologist of the United States Geological Survey. The purpose of the guide "is to point out the more important relations of the rocks and to outline their history and the conditions under which the canyon was developed. Care has been taken to avoid technical terms so far as possible, so that most persons should have no difficulty in understanding every part." In addition to photographs, there are maps, cross-sections and lettered views. (Fred Harvey, Kansas City, Mo.)

"The Mythology of All Races"

The Marshall Jones Book Company, publishers of "The Mythology of All Races," the most monumental work of its kind ever attempted, announce that Professor Axel Olrick of Copenhagen, one of the most distinguished scholars in the field of mythology, who was writing the volume of Eddic Mythology, died in February. He had practically finished his work on the book and his Scandinavian colleagues will complete his task. There are to be thirteen volumes in the completed set, each written by the world's best authorities in their respective fields.

Quo Vadis? (continued from page 9)

men are but the garden variety. The fact that the sons of the middle class are sinking eighty-three per cent into the working class, fourteen per cent into the professional class, and three per cent into the capitalist or, rather, middle class, shows conclusively the signs of the times. It will bring on revolution, you say. Perhaps. But mob revolutions but play into the hands of the Napoleon. It would simply be St. Bartholomew's night for labor. The revolution of the proletariat would simply be a butcher's feast. Workers can be hired, for wages, to kill those who seek wages.

So there is, then, no hope for mankind?

Yes, there are already stars in the social skies that point the way. Let the iconoclasts silence the argument about right or wrong, and band together, not with rifles, but with tools. Let them play the game the capitalist plays, for their collectivity. Let them co-operate. The hope for the present and the future lies in industrial and co-operative action. It lies in adapting ourselves collectively to capitalistic requirements. It can be done now, here, without delay. The world has closed the debate on co-operation. The victory is awarded to collectivism. Competition in business has been weighed and found wanting. Co-operation broods with creative force over the wreck and ruin of dying order. No longer need we argue. We must act. We must enter the field with pitchforks, not pamphlets. We must enter the diggins with spade instead of speech.

Collectivism does not come as the idealist wanted it. Through the using of an instructed working class, it looms up as the result of economic pressure upon those who hold the places of responsibility.

The Play House (continued from page 17)

tapped her foot against the floor. "Just a minute, Miss, and I'll ask Mister Wyler if he knows anything about them."

She found a haggard-faced man, with a great pile of papers still before him.

"Pardon me, Mister Wyler, "but we can't find Cedric."

"Er—what, Jane?"

"We can't find Cedric," she repeated. "He and the little Roberts girl. I fixed him a lunch and he told me they were going to have a picnic at the playhouse. Do you happen to know where that is? It's getting late and we're worried."

Jane had never been told about the cabin, and for a moment Wyler did not comprehend, but suddenly he remembered. That was what Cedric had called it on his one visit there. Hastily rising, he hurried from the house.

"I'll find them," he called back.

He went down the path through the woods, now growing darker every minute, and what memories the old path brought back! Laura and he had spent their honeymoon days in that little cabin. What a wonderful picnic time it had been! He stopped short in amazement. Even now there was a light twinkling at the window!

He strode forward and pushed open the door, only to stop stupefied.

There before him at the tiny table sat the two children and the woman who had been his wife!

The silence was long and heavy, and she was the first to speak.

"Don't scold us, please, Malcom! I came last night on the same train with Cedric, although he didn't know it, and no one saw me. I didn't mean to bother you. I didn't suppose you would ever come here, and you remember I had a key, too. But when the children came this afternoon I made them stay, for I thought maybe you would come to hunt them!"

She had begun bravely enough, but her voice broke pitifully, and tears brimmed the big brown eyes as she looked at him beseechingly. What a child she was, and how like Cedric when he had been in mischief and wanted forgiveness! All the man's hunger for her surged through him overwhelmingly.

"You wanted me!"

The glad incredulity of his words was heartrending, and she nodded mutely, to find herself crushed in his arms. Her answer had wiped out all differences. Nothing else mattered.

Cedric drew himself up proudly as he looked at Alice. He had heard enough to know that some ceremony was necessary in a matter of this kind. Jane was largely responsible for his knowledge of ethics, but he was sublimely sure that everything was coming right. Alice could no longer call them "queer."

"I guess," he said, with adorable dignity, "that we'll get some preacher to spoil that divorce, 'cause my family seems real crazy about each other! See! My mother is patting my father's cheek!"

The Socialist Party---Where Is It?

(Continued from page 17)

down to a few members, forbidding other locals to be formed within its territory. The day of the troublemaker is to be less easy than of yore. Their absolute control of the party is gone forever.

Another important provision is the industrial organization of Socialists. Instead of mixed locals, it will be possible to form industrial locals, composed of members of a craft or calling. There wll be nine industrial groups, and the state organizers of these groups automatically become the state executive board.

The classification of members into groups is as follows: Farmers, Miners, Transportation Workers, Manufacturing Workers, Building Trades, Printing Trades, Housekeepers, Office and Service Workers, Professional Workers. They are to be registered as such in the state office.

It is planning to make organization as easy as possible, and to make it as difficult as possible for those enemies of the party to get in as they have in the past.

In California everything is for progress. In California the Socialist party first began to deteriorate. It had gone down until something HAD to be done. And, when that time came, the loyal members did it. They have forsaken tradition and have plunged forward, ready to risk making the mistake of a wrong procedure, but enitirely unwilling to stand still and constantly look back to the Past for guidance.

To stand still meant further decay. To change the old method and to go onward might invite disaster, but no disaster can quite equal that of senile debility.

Will it work? The next few months will show that. But, at least, there is the certainty that nothing is to be lost and there is every likelihood that much is to be gained. The motto of the Socialist party was never better applied than when applied to the Socialist party of California before the new Constitution was adopted: "Workers of the party, unite: you have nothing to lose but your chains, you have a world to gain!"

Important Notice!

Dear Comrade:

It has come to our notice that enemies of this Colony have inspired an attack that is calculated to do us considerable injury unless our installment members and correspondents are able instantly to discover the nature of the attack, and understand its real character and aim.

It you receive a printed circular well designed to cast suspicions upon the integrity of your comrades who have worked ceaselessly with honor and in good faith to make this Co-operative Colony a success, you will know that certain influences inimical to your interests and to the interests of the Colony are at work.

If you receive such a circular, please communicate with us at once concerning the matter, and we will give you information covering developments in the case.

This attack was timed when Comrade Harriman, founder and president of the Colony, was in New York as a delegate to the World's Peace Conference.

All we have ever asked is even-handed justice and fair play.

Many times we have been asked if we did not fear that our demonstration of success would bring insidious or open attacks by the agents of capitalism. Our answer has been that we are proceeding with honor and sure intent, and that we did not despair of successfully defending ourselves against any injustice.

Our protest at this moment is against circulars sent out without fair and honorable investigation and a hearing of our side of the case. If you have received any circular, will you not do us and yourself the justice to write us fully, to the end we may explain or aid you to dispel any doubts planted by your enemy and ours?

We are making a success of a great co-operative enterprise and we shall continue it. We do not expect to do this without difficulties and, possibly, attacks. All we ask is fair play, and you can help us get it. Will you do this much for your pioneer comrades here on the front who are making a demonstration of the power of collective effort with the view that the move may spread to universal co-operation among all men?

Yours fraternally,

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS,
Llano del Rio Company.

Llano Job Printing

The Llano del Rio Printing and Publishing Department is now equipped to handle job printing.

Cards, leaflets, booklets, stationery, etc., will be handled in a satisfactory manner, and at prices which will compare more than favorably with those found elsewhere.

All work will be given the union label unless otherwise requested. Every employee is a Socialist and a union man.

The Llano Publications, Llano, California.

What Are You Good For?

Did you ever try to find out?
Are you employed at work for which you are best fitted?
Do you KNOW or are you GUESSING?
Your children—what will you advise them to do?

The science of Character Analysis will answer the questions you have asked yourself. It is not fortune telling. It is not guess work. It tells you what you are fitted for and gives you the reasons. It tells you why you have not succeded in what you have attempted and will show you in which lines you can hope to succeed.

An analysis of yourself will cost you something and it is worth many times what it costs; but information about it—that is free. Just write: "Send me free information about Character Analysis and Vocational Fitness." Write your name and address very plainly. Send it to:

P. O. Box 153, Llano, California

Reduced Freight Rates

on Shipments of

Household Goods

from all Eastern points

to California

Members of the Llano del Rio Colony will find it especially advantageous to make their shipments through the

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.

443 Marquette bldg, Chicago; 324 Whitehall bldg, New York; 640 Old South bldg, Boston; 435 Oliver bldg, Pittsburg; 1537 Boatmen's Bank bldg, St. Louis; 518 Central bldg, Los Angeles; 855 Monadnock bldg, San Francisco. WRITE NEAREST OFFICE.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Rates: 25c a line for one insertion; 15c a line thereafter. Twelve words to the line. Advertising payable in advance.

MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN, of good morals, desires correspondence with womanly woman of some refinement, education and in good health, between ages of 28 to 36. No neurotic or prude. Object, matrimony. "Serious," care of this journal.

"THE NEW EARTH." Ocean beds become vast fertile plains. Earth watered from within; even deserts bloom. Deductions solidly based upon divine laws. Fifty cents, no stamps. Cross Publishing House, Nuevitas, Cuba. JJA

FOR SALE.—BREEDING RABBITS. BELGIANS, NEW ZEALANDS, AND Flemish Giants. We can supply all ages up to eight months. For further information address Rabbit Department, Llano del Rio Colony, Llano, Cal.

YOU CAN BUY THE LLANO PUBLICATIONS IN SAN FRANCISCO at the People's Library, 2079 Sutter street, and at 1350 Fillmore street.

Have You Enrolled in the $2000 Subscription Contest?

This is the Second Grand Membership Circulation Contest. It commences July 1 and finishes December 31.

Now Is the Time to Enter

Write at once for full information about this opportunity to earn a membership in the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony.

Next month we will be able to announce the name of the winner of the first contest, which closed June 30.

If you enter now and work steadily, you may be the winner of this contest.

Here Are The Premiums

First Prize, a LLANO MEMBERSHIP
Second Prize, 500 shares Llano stock
Third Prize, 200 shares Llano stock
Fourth Prize, 100 shares Llano stock
5, 6, 7, 8th Prizes, 50 shares each, Llano stock

Other Special Premiums to All Who
Send in More Than 10 Subscriptions

Write at once for complete information, literature, rules, subscription blanks, etc.

CONTEST DEPARTMENT.

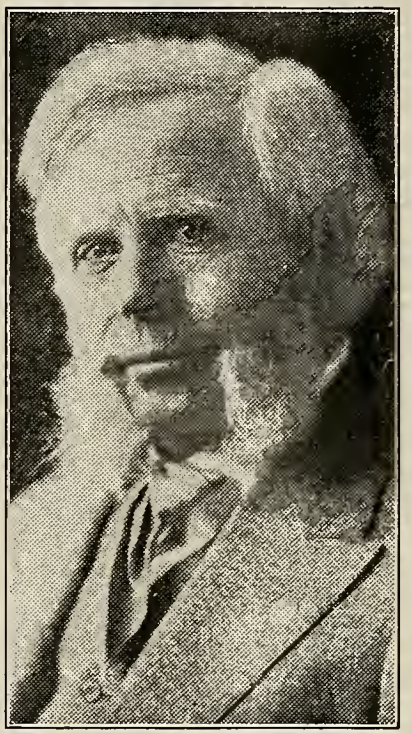
The Llano Publications, Llano, California

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Walter Thomas Mills

who has now associated himself with the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony, will contribute a special exclusive article to the WESTERN COMRADE every month.

Walter Thomas Mills is known the country over for his keen insight into economic and social problems, and his constructive economic policies, and his alignment with the principles of "Co-operation in Action" will be welcomed by our readers.



WALTER THOMAS MILLS

What Next?
By Walter Thomas Mills

Inspiring Editorials by Job Harriman

Editorials 3
By Job Harriman.

Llano Getting on the Map 6
By Robert K. Williams.

What Next ? 8
Walter Thomas Mills, who is now a member of the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony, discusses Current Problems.

Unfair District Representation 9
By Cameron H. King.

For the Length of the Story (Fiction) 10
By Helen Francis Easley.

Why Not Ragtime? 12
By Professor A. G. Wahlberg

Montessori—What It Achieves 13

What Shall We Do To Be Saved? 14
By Dr. John Dequer

Fires of Love 15
By Ethel Winger

Was Schmidt Guilty? 16
Fourth Installment of Job Harriman's Address to the Jury in the Schmidt Trial

Co-operation the World Over 18

News and Views in Agriculture 19

Reviews of Recent Readable Books 20
By D. Bobspa

Poems: To the Ideal 21
By Dr. John Dequer

A Workingman's Soliloquy 21
By Clinton Bancroft

August 1917 Price 10c

The Gateway To Freedom

Through Co-operative Action

THE LLANO DEL RIO CO-OPERATIVE COLONY is located in the beautiful Antelope Valley, in the northeastern part of Los Angeles County, Southern California. This plain lies between the San Gabriel spur of the Sierra Madres on the south and the Tehachapi range on the north. The Colony is on the north slope of the San Gabriel range. It is almost midway between Palmdale, on the Southern Pacific, and Victorville, on the Santa Fe railroad.

The Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony is made up of persons who believe in the application of the principles of co-operation to the widest possible extent. Virtually all of the residents are Socialists. It is a practical and convincing answer to those who have scoffed at Socialist principles, who have said that "it won't work," who have urged many fallacious arguments. In the three years since it was established, the Colony has demonstrated thoroughly the soundness of its plan of operation and its theory. Today it is stronger than ever before in its history.

GENERAL INFORMATION

The Llano del Rio Colony is the greatest Community enterprise ever attempted. It was founded by Job Harriman, May 1st. 1914, and is solving the problem of disemployment and business failure. It offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the workers and their families.

An abundance of clear, sparkling water coming from mountain springs is sufficient to irrigate thousands of fertile acres. The climate is mild and delightful, the soil is fertile, and markets are not far distant.

The Llano del Rio Colony is a horticultural, agricultural, and stock-raising enterprise, with such manufacturing as will supply the needs of the colonists, with perhaps something to sell when the Colony has grown.

It is a perfect example of Co-operation in Action. No community organized as it is, was ever established before.

The purpose is to solve the problem of unemployment by providing steady employment for the workers; to assure safety and comfort for the future and for old age; to guarantee education for the children in the best schools; and to provide a social life amid surroundings better than can be found in the competitive world.

It has more than 800 residents, making it the largest town in the Antelope Valley. More than 200 children attend the schools. The County school and the Colony Industrial schools are both in operation. A new public school will be built for the 1917-18 term.

The Colony owns a fine herd of Jersey and Holstein cattle, 100 head of young stock are on the range, being heifers and calves up to 2 years of age. Over 100 head of horses and mules, including colts, are owned by the Colony. These, with two tractors and caterpillar engine, four trucks, and numerous autos, do the hauling and the work on the land.

A recent purchase of Duroc-Jersey sows gives the Colony thirty-eight registered high-class breeding sows and two splendid boars, the nucleus of a great development along this line. Many new pens have been built. Registration will be kept up and the raising of fine hogs made one of the leading industries. There are also some fine Berkshires, and a large number of grade sows.

The Colony has more than 400 acres of orchards.

Community gardening is successful, and an increased acreage will be put in each year.

The ideal is to farm on an extensive scale, using all manner of efficient labor saving machinery and methods, with expert and experienced men in charge of the different departments.

Llano possesses more than 668 stands of bees. They are cared for by expert bee men of long experience. This department expects to have several thousand stands in a few years.

The Colony has secured timber from the San Gabriel Reserve, and has a well equipped sawmill. Lumber worth $35 to $40 a thousand will cost the Colony only a few dollars a thousand.

Social life is delightful. A band, several orchestras, a dramatic club, and other organizations assist in making the social occasions enjoyable.

Alfalfa does extraordinarily well at Llano. Much has been planted and the acreage will be increased as rapidly as possible. Six good cuttings a season can be depended on. Ditches lined with cobblestone set in Llano lime, making them permanent, conserve water and insure economy. They will be built as fast as possible.

A square mile has been set aside for the new city. With the sawmill running, the lime kiln producing a very superior lime, and with sand and rock abundant and adobe brick easily manufactured, the time is near when permanent buildings will be erected on the new site. It will be a city different in design from any other in the world, with houses of a distinctively different architecture. Houses will be comfortable, sanitary, handsome, home-like, modern, and harmonious with their surroundings, and will insure greater privacy than any other houses ever constructed. They are unique and designed especially for Llano.

LLANO INDUSTRIES AND INSTITUTIONS

Among the industries of Llano, to which new ones are constantly being added, are: Printshop, shoe shop, laundry, cannery, warehouse, machine shop, blacksmith shop, planing mill, lime kiln, saw mill, dairy, cabinet shop, nursery, alfalfa, orchards, rabbitry, gardens, hog raising, lumbering, publishing, transportation (autos, trucks, tractors), doctors' offices, woodyard, vinegar works, bakery, fish hatchery, barber shop, baths, art studio, hotel, drafting room, post office, commissary, camping ground, Industrial school, grammar school, Montessori school, commercial classes, library, two weekly dances, brass band, mandolin club, orchestras, quartets, socialist local, soap making, tailor shop.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES

IN conducting the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community it has been found that the fewer inflexible rules and regulations the greater the harmony. Instead of an elaborate constitution and a set of laws the colonists have a Declaration of Principles and they live up to the spirit of them. The declaration follows:

Things which are used productively must be owned collectively.

The rights of the Community shall be paramount over those of any individual.

Liberty of action is only permissible when it does not restrict the liberty of another.

Law is a restriction of liberty and is only just when operating for the benefit of the Community at large.

Values created by the Community shall be vested in the Community alone.

The individual is not justly entitled to more land than is sufficient to satisfy a reasonable desire for peace and rest. Productive land held for profit shall not be held by private ownership.

Talent and intelligence are gifts which should rightly be used in the service of others. The development of these by education is the gift of the Community to the individual, and the exercise of greater ability entitles none to the false rewards of greater possessions, but only to the joy of greater service to others.

Only by identifying his interests and pleasures with those of others can man find real happiness.

The duty of the individual to the Community is to develop ability to the greatest degree possible by availing himself of all educational facilities and to devote the whole extent of that ability to the service of all.

The duty of the Community to the individual is to administer justice, to eliminate greed and selfishness, to educate all and to aid any in time of age or misfortune.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION WRITE

Llano Publications, Llano, California

Political Action Co-operation Direct Action

The Western Comrade

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Entered as second-class matter November 4th, 1916, at the post office at Llano, California, under Act of March 3, 1879.

PUBLISHED EACH MONTH AT LLANO, CALIFORNIA.

JOB HARRIMAN . . . . . Managing Editor. FRANK E. WOLFE . . . . . Editor.

Subscription Rate—75c a year; Canada $1. Single Copies 10c; clubs of 4 or more (to U. S.) 50c. Combination with LLANO COLONIST $1.
Publishers and others are invited to copy at will from the WESTERN COMRADE, but are asked to give credit. Nothing copyrighted unless so stated.
In making change of address always give your former one so that the mailing department may be certain that the right name is being changed.

VOL. V. LLANO, CALIFORNIA, AUGUST, 1917. No. 4

Editorials

By Job Harriman

WHEN Constantinople falls, the real issues of the world war will stand out in bold relief.

The Ottoman Empire will move its seat of government from Constantinople to Turkey in Asia. The Empire will lie adjacent to the Bosphorus, the Dardanelles, the Suez Canal, the entrance to the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. These are the gateways of the world's commerce, and Turkey will still hold the key to the situation. She lies so close to these gateways that she will soon be a menacing power. She is at the juncture of Asia, Africa and Europe. The gateways between these continents are in the palm of her hand.

Each and every world power will be jealous of her advantage. She will yield to none and have no friends among them. The arena of war will be shifted to her fields. The hordes of China, Japan and India can land in Turkey by water through the Persian Gulf as easily as the Occidental empires can arrive on Turkish soil.

This war will end in a titanic struggle between the Orientals and the Occidentals to control Turkey with the gateways of the world's commerce.

Unless a peaceable adjustment is made before that crisis comes, Occidental civilization may go down forever. Our vitality is well spent. Three more years will exhaust the Western powers while the Eastern powers will only be ready to enter the struggle. The cry for peace without victory will then be too late. Peace without victory may be possible now, but that day will forever pass when war is declared between Oriental and Occidental civilizations.

—o—

THE relations between nations are governed by treaties. When treaties fail, nations resort to arms. For this reason, all nations are constantly contriving to establish such treaty relations as will make their combinations more powerful than any other possible combination with which their interests may conflict. Hence treaties come within the modern meaning of preparedness for war.

The entire theory of treaties between nations is wrong. They establish ambitions that lead as inevitably to war as do armaments of nations.

This war has answered all arguments for preparedness. It is answering with the lives of the first-born and the blood of the nations. Whoever has believed that preparedness preserves peace, can believe it no longer. Peace is not the child of shot and shell, but of the deep and genuine affections of the heart. Men will fight if they hate one another but they will first prepare. Men will not fight if they love one another, nor will they prepare.

How long would our nation last if each state were armed and set against the other? How soon would the conflict arise if the states were to enter into interstate treaties? Nothing could more effectively aid and abet civil war than the right of states to enter into treaties. These rights must be governed by general law.

So also should treaties between nations be abolished. International relations should be governed by international law, and a parliament of the world established.

—o—

DIFFERENCES of opinion in these days of world stress must be expected within the ranks of the Socialist party, as well as within the churches, political parties and other organizations.

What attitude should be assumed with reference to the world war will always remain a mooted question among Socialists as among other people. These differences will arise not only out of varying conceptions of economic causes, but also out of moral ideals, religious and spiritual attitudes, patriotic emotions, and different opinions as to what the war is all about. Every phase of every question is being forced into bold relief and our opinions and convictions must necessarily be in a state of flux.

Some of our best members as well as some of the poorest, will withdraw from the party, but this is also true of other organizations. In this respect we will suffer less than any other organization in the world that attempts to assume a position on the war.

The churches have lost members by tens of thousands. The really spiritually-minded people cannot believe that this terrible slaughter, hitherto unparalleled in the world's history,

can by any theory be excused among the followers of the Prince of Peace. They believe in his life, try to live according to their convictions, and can not cease to abhor war and its resultant butcheries of men.

The Democratic party fought untiringly for its candidate because of his peace policy. Now it is rent asunder and its forces are scattered to the four winds.

The Republican party is reeking with dissension, some insisting that this country was forced into the war to protect the interests of Wall Street, some that is was brought about by the shippers of munitions, some one thing and some another.

The Progressive party has almost altogether disappeared.

The Socialist movement still lives, still weathers the storm, and is increasing in cohesive force and power as the days go by. The Socialist party has suffered and will suffer. There is a difference of opinion in regard to the statement in the majority report as to the policy to be pursued during the war, but not as to the causes of the war. The Socialists the world over agree absolutely that this war is the logical result of capitalism. Those who leave the party are no less convinced of this fact than those who remain. In all other organizations men differ fundamentally but the Socialists differ only on the matter of tactics. We do not even differ on the tactics themselves. When the question was put up to the National Executive Committee as to what the members were to do with regard to supporting mass action against conscription laws, they refused to give advice but replied that each must act for himself, act on his own responsibility and take the consequences. This fact establishes beyond the least doubt that that portion of the majority report was a mistake. Any statement of a policy that cannot be actively supported is a mistake and a tactical blunder.

It is upon this one point that we differ from the majority report. And it is upon this point that the majority of our differences rest. Upon the philosophy of socialism, imperialism and almost all war questions, there is substantially no difference. The movement itself is not affected by internal dissension but has grown, and is growing stronger. The form of our party organization is bound to undergo great changes in its adjustment to the new conditions but this shows life and adaptability, not death and dissolution. All organizations that were in line with the capitalist system are in the process of decay. The differences of opinion, the dissensions, and the warring of conflicting interests and opinions will constantly increase until final dissolution overcomes them.

The Socialist movement is taking on a new form. It is just now passing from youth to manhood. It was born in capitalism, thrived under its persecution and will arise to power upon capitalism's decay.

——o——

THIS world refuses to be ruled by force, but pleads for love to be its king. What service will life withhold from love? Yet it will begrudge every trifle of service it renders to force. Love inspires service. Force inspires resistance.

DEMOCRACY! A wonderful word. Militarism! Equally wonderful.

One is the child of the people; the other is the child of the plutocracy.

The one is humble; the other is ambitious.

The one is peaceful; the other is belligerent.

The one bears the world's burdens; the other imposes them.

The one loves; the other hates.

The one governs by civil rules; the other by martial law.

The one forgives; the other condemns.

Is Militarism fighting for Democracy or is the world deceived?

Believe this: Democracy will not follow this riot of military power unless universal hunger sweeps Militarism aside and opens the way for the human heart to function freely in love and affection.

——o——

IS DEMOCRACY dead in America? Whosoever, thinks it is is counting without his host. It is true that plutocracy has a grip upon our institutions but it is also true that the American people have enjoyed large liberties too long to submit to these sudden suppressions. Freedom has been indulged in so long in so many respects that it has become a matter of impulse and instinct. This is the profound fact in American life. Whosoever undertakes suddenly to crush it is as certain to meet his Waterloo as death is certain to end the war.

——o——

FORTUNATE indeed is occidental civilization that the crown of Russia has fallen. After it will go the imperialism of Russia. Imperialism of Russia will be torn up, root and branch. Socialism will soon be in full blast there.

Privately owned industries, the foundation of imperialism, are being transformed into publicly owned industries, the foundation of democracy.

Industries will no longer be operated in Russia yielding fortunes to the few; but they will be operated by the nation, yielding comforts to all. It is in fact that the security of Western Europe lies. Had the Russian crown and imperialism survived this struggle during another half-century of industrial development, it is beyond the ken of man to conceive what might have been crushed beneath its iron heel. But we need not fear. Every militaristic government is only as powerful as that portion of power which it has left over and above the power necessary to hold its discontented element in subjection.

Every militaristic power confronts the same fact. Within its bosom are the germs of its own decay. Every additional call for soldiers adds to the popular dissatisfaction, reduces the productive forces, increases the public burden and adds discontented soldiers to the troops, until finally the arms of the nation are in the hands of the discontented, when the crown falls. The crowns of Germany and England are standing on the brink of their graves. They are each pushing the other into their tombs. It remains to be seen what they will drag after them.

WHO are the traitors? Are they the members of the I. W. W. or the captains of industry?

President Wilson tells the story when he says the shipowners "are doing everything that high freight charges can do to make the war a failure. . . Prices mean the same thing everywhere now, . . whether it is the government that pays them or not."

Bisbee, Arizona, is suffering from the same fact of which the President is complaining. The greed of the industrial, commercial and financial kings is the trouble in Bisbee as well as in foreign transportation. The ship owners have raised the freight rates. There is absolutely no reason for it. This act is as diabolical as the bottomless pit. Their cargoes and bottoms are insured against loss. The bulk carried is enormously increased. The carrying cost per ton is less than ever before, but the charges are outrageously high.

This fact the President says is "natural enough because the commercial processes which we are content to see operate in ordinary times have, without sufficient thought, been continued into a period where they have no proper place. . . We must make prices to the public the same as the prices to the government."

There is but one way to make freight prices the same to the public as it is to the government and that is for the government to take over, own and operate the business of transportation in times of peace as well as war. This holds good alike on land and water transportation. The President had as well tell a rattlesnake to put only a taint of poison in its fang as to tell a merchant to add only a little unjust profit to his charges.

Greed will not listen to the admonitions of the President, however just they may be. Greed knows only how to gorge. Gorging increases greed. Greed thrives on land and sea alike.

The mine owners and merchants at Bisbee are as viciously greedy as are the merchants of the high seas. The prices of food in Bisbee are soaring as high as the freight charges on the Atlantic. The I. W. W. boys must have food if they work. They cannot buy sufficient food at the present prices with the wages they get. The mine owners refuse to raise wages, and the merchants refuse to lower prices. The I. W. W.'s stand between the devil and the deep sea; between the merchants and the mine owners.

The merchants and mine owners, in the language of the President, "are doing everything that high prices can do to make the war a failure."

These boys cannot dig copper without food; without copper we cannot make cannon; without cannon we cannot slaughter the enemy. Whether or not we should slaughter them is not the question. The question is: Who is responsible for the Bisbee strike?

The fact is the I. W. W.'s cannot work without food. They cannot work without a fair wage.

Who are the traitors?

Why do they not arrest and imprison the strikers?

The answer is simple enough.

They have committed no crime. They are being deported contrary to law by the mine owners and merchants who are raising prices and lowering wages in violation of the laws of life, who are the traitors.

Even though we are content to indulge such commercial processes in ordinary times, yet since they have been carried into this period where they have no proper place it is up to the President to take over the mines and the storehouses and to see that the men are treated as human beings, not herded and driven about the state like a drove of cattle. It is high time that the traitor merchants and mine owners and shippers be handled by the government, and that their great iron jaws and paws be taken from the trough for sure.

The President will soon be forced to the necessity of taking over the mines and stores, else the mine owners and merchants will, by sheer greed, lead this country to downfall and defeat.

—o—

NOW China comes clamoring to enter the war. Japan, too, is on her way. And India is looking into the West.

In this hour of stress will they forget how the occidental powers proposed their dismemberment only a few years ago? Will they forget the days of Clive?

Are they coming with the olive branch, oblivious to "The Opium Wars" and the "Manchurian Slaughter"? Or is it the mane, the lashing of the sides, and the thundering roar of the lion of Asia, as it is waking from its centuries of slumber?

—o—

SO RAPIDLY did events take place immediately prior to America's entry into the war and since that time, that the American people seemed to have been psychologized by their very speed. Conscription and draft, censorship and suppression have come, individual liberties have been curtailed or taken away, and there has been no organized opposition. How long will it continue? Even now people are becoming surfeited with rising in public gatherings when the flag is displayed. Will they become tired of bureauocratic government? In Europe several good jobs have been vacated by gentlemen who held them by "divine right." In the United States officials are taking on dictatorial powers and many have become petty kings in the absoluteness of their power. Does it prophesy the coming of a new day in this country or is it that the people are just dazed and have not awakened yet?

—o—

WHOEVER and whatever employs brute force as a means of survival invites the antagonism of the world. Whoever and whatever is gentle and loving invites the affection and admiration and receives the aid and succor of all.

—o—

FORCE is the law of death. It possesses the powers of disintegration. It calls to its aid cruelty, hate, revenge, tyranny and all things that make for destruction and death.

—o—

LOVE is the law of life. It is the only thing that possesses cohesive power. It calls to its aid reason, patience, forbearance and all things that make for peace and growth.

Llano Getting on the Map

By Robert K. Williams

PEOPLE are talking about Llano. Of course, some are saying unkind and untrue things. And others are saying pessimistic things. And some are drawing liberally on their imaginations. Perhaps some are even telling lies.

But aside from those who are talking fluently for and those who are talking influentially against, there are others.

These others are asking questions. They are seeking information. They are neither for nor against. They have no previous convictions and co-operation is not a principle with them. They just want to know.

Here is an instance:

Kate Richards O'Hare came to Llano and told us things about ourselves that we didn't even suspect. She told us that she had been asked by three large agricultural publications to come to Llano to investigate our system of co-operative farming.

That's fame! At least it is one of the stepping-stones to fame. It shows that people are hearing about Llano.

When in Washington, D. C., in June, Comrade Harriman stopped off to see a prominent official. He was granted five minutes of that busy man's time by appointment. When the five minutes was up, the official was so interested in the account of Llano that Comrade Harriman talked for two hours about Llano.

A governor of a state gave half an hour to listen to an account of Llano while a crowd waited to hear him speak.

Men and women prominent in the radical movement, especially those who believe in constructive methods, want to hear about Llano.

Phil Wagner, Kate Richards O' Hare, and Walter Thomas Mills have visited Llano within a month.

All came without notice. Meetings were held for each of them, meetings that would have cost from $50 to $100 or more anywhere else.

Hall rent is free, advertising is no expense and is unnecessary, music is a social service, and speakers give their services freely when they come to Llano.

Kate Richards O'Hare spoke on war in general, but devoted a portion of her time to Llano. And this is what she said:

"I am going out to the world and tell those who are eager to hear the message, the story of Llano. I have something new and encouraging to say. I am going to tell them that out here in the center of the great Antelope Valley a band of a thousand courageous pioneers has wrested from the grim desert a home where the ideals of Socialism are not TALKED about, but are PRACTICED in the every-day problems of life.

"You colonists may think you are comparatively unknown and unheard of throughout the United States. If so, I would inform you that you are badly mistaken. While coming out to the West on my lecture tour, I have been asked by several large argicultural journals in this country to visit the Llano del Rio Colony to secure articles for publication on the system of food production and distribution practiced at Llano. And I have been offered for this work many times more than the labor to secure the information is worth. Is not that proof that the eyes of the nation are on Llano?"

Mrs. O'Hare saw all of Llano that she had time to see, and asked all of the questions that she could think of. And she expressed herself as being pleased—more than pleased—with what "Socialism Applied" can achieve.

Comrade Phil Wagner made a short address when here and he, too, saw the big ranch and was pleased with it. Like Mrs. O'Hare, he found many friends and acquaintances here.

Walter Thomas Mills surprised and pleased his hearers by telling them that he had concluded to join the Colony.

Comrade Mills is not without experience in colonization ventures. He has visited Llano several times, has kept himself in close touch with the project from the first, and is assured of the success of the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony.

He told his hearers many interesting things concerning the war, the Colony, his personal experiences, and his ambitions in connection with Llano. Comrade Mills is an organizer of wide and recognized ability. He expects to initiate some new lines of progress and to extend the influence of Llano in many ways.

The same evening, Comrade Job Harriman, just back from the East where he had attended the First Conference for Democracy and Terms of Peace and had addressed a crowd of 20,000 persons in Madison Square, spoke to the colonists, showing the meaning of America's entrance into the war, the measures that are being taken, the reasons for these measures. He said: "This war may last for years. It is a question whether starvation or arms will terminate the conflict."

Had any other community held a meeting with Job Harriman and Walter Thomas Mills billed as speakers, with a band, with a hall to pay rent for, with advertising, etc., the expenses would have been more than $100. Llano heard them and there was no expense. It is one of the advantages of living where rent is abolished, where profit is not the incentive, where the only interest is the interest the people feel in their community.

Left, honey tanks made at Llano to accommodate 1917 honey crop; center, Llano bakery products; right, making honey frames.

Progress on the Ranch

ONE of the most interesting phases of Colony activity is the work being done in perfecting the tunnel.

This tunnel, begun over twenty years ago and abandoned by the company undertaking it because of insufficient funds, is situated about four miles south of Llano on the Big Rock Creek where the Big Rock road forks to the right to Little Rock and Palmdale, and to the left to Valyermo.

The purpose of the colonists in renewing work on this tunnel is to secure the underflow of the Big Rock Creek that is now seeping off into the sands of the desert where it is practically wasted. The wide bed of the Big Rock Creek is a big sponge of sand and gravel. By honeycombing the bed from under and catching the underflow, it is believed that a very valuable addition to the present water supply will have been obtained.

The main tunnel runs north and south, just a trifle northeast and southwest. It is parallel with the road, running under in two places. It is 3075 feet in length, has an average width of five feet and an average height of seven feet. Solid rock has been tunnelled through almost the entire distance. There are four air-shafts.

The incline shaft, situated at the south end of the tunnel, is about seventy-five feet long, is forty feet underground and has a pitch of thirty degrees. To haul up the gravel and rock, the Colony's share of the water in the Big Rock Creek is diverted into a lateral ditch and run down a race the full seventy-five feet where a water wheel, manufactured and installed by the colonists, is stationed on the floor of the tunnel. A tremendous power is thus obtained, sufficient to elevate the cars containing 2000 pounds of gravel and rock to the surface.

At and near the incline five branch tunnels exist. These branches veer in different directions, all of which go out under the bed of the creek. One extends probably 500 feet to the southwest. Two others, fifty feet in lenght, run almost due south. In all of these, bedrock has been penetrated and gravel reached, so that an appreciable flow of water is secured. Another branch, originally started to serve as an additional tunnel, and running almost due east, will in the future, be extended up to the damsite which is about 600 feet east of the main tunnel. Definite plans have not yet been arranged with reference to the construction of the dam, but eventually the underflow from the damsite will be carried through this cast branch.

The work of the colonists so far has been that only of clearing away the debris that has accumulated in the abandoned tunnel for years. As soon as the loose and encumbering gravel and rock has been removed sufficiently, the further extension of the branch tunnels will be attempted. The work was begun last winter and praiseworthy progress has been made.

A very material increase in the flow of water is anticipated with the completion of the tunnels under the creek bed. One of the colonists working in the tunnel recently met the contractor who started the work over twenty years ago. The contractor stated that far out under the bed of the creek is a sump thirty feet deep, and that two of the branch tunnels run to it. If, he said, this were reached a very decided increase in the flow of water would result. These branch tunnels were stopped with bulkheads at a short distance from the main tunnel before the work was abandoned. From these bulkheads the seepage from the gravel bed behind them pours out in a steady stream of water.

The present flow from the tunnel is about the same as that in all seasons and is now 130 inches. The limit to the increase of this underground supply cannot be estimated accurately. That a very material increase will follow as the tunnels are pushed, however, is certain.

In addition to the tunnel work, the colonists are now installing a sump in the creek bed at the head of the Hubbard ditch, about a quarter of a mile north of the mouth of the tunnel. A small tractor will be used for power with which to pump. It is expected that the sump will increase the water supply considerably.

Llano's Social Life

ONE of the most artistically and daintily arranged social events that have occurred in Llano was the wedding of Miss Louise Valek and John Wesley Irwin, Tuesday night, June 12. So harmoniously did all the details of the marriage ceremony blend and so exceptional was the ability displayed

Left, Myrtle Kemp, flower girl; right, Kathryn Miller, bridesmaid; center, Louise Valek (now Mrs. J. W. Irwin); rear, John Wesley Irwin.

in perfecting the arrangements, that the event deserves incorporation in the monthly ranch story.

When it became known that Miss Louise and Wesley intended to slip quietly away to the city to join their fortunes by having the knot tied, Mrs. Robert K. Williams conceived the idea of having the wedding conducted along artistic and orthodox lines. Both the young people approved the idea at

(Continued on Page 22)

What Next?

By Walter Thomas Mills

THE trades unions have fought for the solidarity of labor for a long time. Still the overwhelming majority of all the workers are unorganized, misled, pitted against each other and robbed in the same old way.

The co-operative societies have struggled for solidarity and economy, both in producing and in buying for a like period, and still the workers are paying more to the plunder of private monopoly than they pay for means of life. Unable to consolidate to exchange their services with each other, they are scattered and robbed on every hand.

For long years the Socialists have been preaching the doctrine of solidarity, a solidarity which they have approved in theory but have never been able to achieve as a fact.

The world war has come to disorganize, to confuse and finally, with one hand to break the power of the trades unionists, the co-operators, and the Socialists, and with the other hand, to force industrial solidarity and co-operative economy as a war necessity.

What Shall We Do About It?

Staggered at this unexpected turn in things, and disappointed at long delays, still something must be done. Trades unionists, co-operators, and Socialists have all been struggling with the same problems—all have been seeking relief from the same wrongs. They must not now stand still, stunned, confused and silenced.

All the world over, the dominant political powers have consolidated. The exploiting forces in society as represented by the various political parties and through these joint organizations, have become a single party as a military necessity in administering war policies, but they have also become a single party in aggravating and protecting both national and international gamblers in raising prices and in making war on labor. In the face of this situation, the trades unionist, the co-operator, and the Socialist cannot consent any longer to go their separate ways, not even with the conviction that they are separate paths, leading to the same goal. No matter how these paths may show on the maps made by the theorists, if kept separate, they can lead nowhere except to continued disappointment.

Things Not To Do!

The trades unionist has accomplished very much, but there are problems which cannot be solved by the weapons available, only in an industrial dispute. The strike and the boycott cannot reach and finally determine the questions involved in land, transportation, banking and marketing. Other agencies are available, and these other agencies must be used if labor is to be completely emancipated or, if even the fruits of the strike and the boycott are to be preserved.

The co-operators have sought to save the waste of duplication and the extortion of monopoly by voluntary association in production and in purchase, but no co-operative society less than the whole country itself acting through the agency of the government, is sufficient to eliminate waste or to avoid extortion in the control of natural resources, transportation or in the great industrial and commercial monopolies. Their power as citizens, as well as producers and purchasers, must be brought into united action.

The orthodox Socialist has frequently won a debate in proving that the only final solution for both waste and extortion is to be found in the political solidarity of the working class but while they have won the debates, so far, they have never won deliverance. Whatever may be true of the final solution, the immediate task is not the final one and mere controversies about the proper ending of the journey cannot help in the overcoming of obstacles immediately before us. Standing aloof from trade controversies, avoiding responsibility for co-operative societies, co-operative colonies, cash buyers associations, have been quite successful in escaping the real burdens but have not been successful, either in having any share in immediate progress or in misleading the public to suppose that the Socialists were not incompetent, simply because inactive in these particulars. Whatever may be true of the final solution, the immediate task of the Socialist is to render some vital service in the midst of the immediate difficulties or confess himself without reasonable excuse for his existence.

What Next?

If the above reflections are to be approved, then it is perfectly evident that the hundreds of thousands of people interested in co-operation, the two and a half millions of trade unionists, three millions of organized farmers, and the five or six millions of people who are ready to give support to the economic proposals of the Socialists, if freed from the prejudice of sectarian propaganda and the limitations of a partisan spirit, must get together. That is next or the next can be nothing other than the deepening of disaster.

Stolen Joys

By Ethel Winger

O Lake De Smet—you thief, with color stolen from the sky—
You nestle smugly unashamed
Beneath Wyoming's snow-kissed hills,
In dreaming peace—and so do I.
I, too, forbidden, rashly brave,
Have come to dip beneath your icy wave,
And on your grassy banks, unclothed, unseen,
Except by noisy ducks and chiding gulls,
And flowers nodding on the green;
To lie, and dream the golden hours away.
Your breeze sings by with gentle warmth,
Your sun sends down a throbbing ray.
De Smet!—you thief! your waters stolen from the sky—
You bask here unashamed in dreaming peace,
And so do I.

Unfair District Representation

By Cameron H. King

THE Socialist Party has always stood for a just and proportional system of representation in the legislative bodies of the country. The action of the Fresno convention this year is however the first attempt to really get action in a state-wide campaign for the achievement of that object. An initiative proposition is now being prepared by the committee elected by the convention and pretty soon the petitions will be in the hands of the membership for circulation.

As a preliminary matter of interest the following facts are published, showing the injustice of the district system of elections by the very unequal representation secured by the different groups of voters at the various elections held in the year specified.

In 1912 for State Senator the Democratic Party cast 103,328 votes out of 301,345. It elected only four out of the twenty-one Senators to be elected; whereas casting one-third of the vote they were clearly entitled under a just system to seven Senators. The Socialist party, casting 45,291 votes should have been represented by three Senators. But they had a predominating strength in no single district and were left utterly without voice in the upper house of the legislature. The six Senatorships which the Democratic and Socialist voters were thus deprived of were gained by the Republicans. This gave the Republican party an overwhelming majority, 16 out of 21, instead of the 10 they were properly entitled to, and left the Senate misrepresentative of the will of the people.

In the elections for Assemplymen the same year, 1912, the Democratic voters got only twenty-five candidates elected, while if the election had been held under the proportional system they would have elected twenty-nine. The Socialists fared still worse. They were entitled proportionally to thirteen: they elected only one. As in the Senate the Republicans benefited by the unjust district representation system, electing fifty-four members of the Assembly, thirteen more than a majority. But their vote was so much less than half that they were proportionally entitled to only thirty-eight, three less than a majority. These figures show how the district system leads to a direct misrepresentation of the popular will, giving to a minority of the voters an overwhelming majority in the legislature.

The injustice and unfairness of the district system of representation to the individual voter is seen in glaring colors in this election. For instance, 91,785 socialist voters are given only one representative in the legislature, while 272,774 Republican voters only three times more numerous are given fifty-four times that representation in the Assembly alone. The Democrats, a little more than twice as numerous as the Socialists, are given twenty-five times the representation. Even so the Democrats with 75 per cent of the voting strength of the Republicans got less than 50 per cent as much representation.

Turning to the Congressional elections of the same year, we find the district system inflicting the same inequitable results upon the electorate. For Congress the Republicans cast 265,796 votes and elected seven Congressmen; the Democrats cast 196,610 votes, nearly four-fifths of the Republican vote, but they elected only three Congressmen, less than one-half. The Socialists with 104,122 votes elected no one, while the Progressives with 20,341 votes elected one Congressman. This shows how utterly unrepresentative of the actual divisions of the electorate the legislative bodies become under the district system of elections.

In 1914, the inequitable operation of the district system cannot be shown with the same startling discrepancies between vote and representation because it was a year of political confusion. For the Senate, to which twenty members were to be elected, there were nine different groupings of electors resulting from the endorsement of the same candidate by two or more parties. Still some comparisons can be made which show the almost total lack of relationship between the vote cast by a group of voters and the representation they secured in the Senate. For instance 79,390 straight Republicans elected two Senators, while three-eighths that number, 29,564, Progressives, also elected two. And a group of Republicans and Progressive numbering 73,747 (more than 5000 less than the straight Republicans) elected five Senators. Compare this last group of Republican Progressives with the straight Democrats who with 86,463 votes only elected four Senators. Another group of Republicans, Democrats and Progressives numbering 10,072, elected two Senators, thus giving to each voter of this group eight times as much influence in the Senate as a straight Republican and four times as much influence as each straight Democrat. 9,942 voters of Republican and Democratic faith elected one Senator; but 39,550 Socialists (four times their number) elected no one.

Such figures show that the district system of representation is simply a hap-hazard system of misrepresentation. In 1912 the Democrats and the Socialists were the chief sufferers. In 1914 the Republicans find their representation one-half what proportionally it should be.

In the Assembly elections, in 1914, the Progressives became the victims-in-chief. They cast 147,762 votes which should have entitled them to fifteen seats in the Assembly. The district system with ruthless injustice cut them down to seven, while at the same time, it gave to a combination of 57,196 Republicans, Democrats and Progressives eight Assemblymen, one more for considerably less than one-half the number of voters. And Republicans and Democrats in combination numbering 42,300, less than one-third the number of Progressives secured almost equal representation, six to the seven for the Progressives. Of course, whosoever wins, the Socialists lose. With twice the vote of this last Republican-Democrat combination they got one-third the representation. They got two Assemblymen when they were proportionally entitled to nine.

For Congress in 1914 we find the same old district system beating the Republicans out of one representative among the eleven to which California is entitled. 292,906 Republicans elected only three members, whereas proportionally they should have obtained four. 187,704 Democrats, 85,000 less in numbers, elected as many Representatives as the Republicans. In addition a group of 32,575 Democrats including a few Socialists added one more to the Democratic representation. But the straight Socialists, twice as numerous, with 68,215 votes elected no one.

The confusion of returns resulting from the multiparty grouping behind candidates continued from 1914 to the elections of 1916. And the inequitable results of the district system shine through them just as clearly. 67,731 straight Democrats succeeded in electing two Senators when they should have had four. A combination of Republicans and

(Continued on Page 22)

"For the Length of the Story"

By Helen Frances Easley

"BY the way, Marion, have you written that story yet?"

The tone in which the question was asked implied a perfect understanding and good comradeship. It was between dances and they were seated at the end of the porch, where they could watch the other guests, and yet were far enough away to permit a conversation without fear of being heard.

"No, Perry."

The answer was not at all satisfactory. It offered no reason and that was what the man wanted.

"And why not?"

"Because I dont know how."

"But you never have had any trouble writing others, why should this bother you?"

"But a love story, Perry! I've never written one of those, I just can't seem to imagine one," she said as the man laughed.

"Don't imagine it," he advised. "Such affairs happen every day, can't pick up a paper without running onto a paragraph which begins 'One of the most romantic secrets of the season is just being announced——.' Take one of those, Marion, and with all the modern day conveniencies for speed, you ought to fix up a corker!"

"But it wouldn't be quite fair, would it, to send some girl's secret for a lot of people to read?"

"Oh, that's a case of 'they should worry,' but if you don't like the idea, fall in love yourself, and write your own experience."

This time the girl laughed, a little tremulously, and fortunately blushes are not discenrable on porches dimly lighted by the moon. The soft dreamy strains of a waltz, which the orchestra had just commenced, seemed scarcely more musical than that little laugh.

"Why, I must admit that I had never thought of that. But what good would it do to fall in love by myself? That wouldn't be any experience. But I'll think about it. Really. Now hurry along and don't keep your partner waiting. I haven't this next dance, so I'll stay out here, thank you."

Fall in love! She was already so deeply in love, that it hurt her to think of it just now. It had always been called an immodest thing to give a love unmasked, and yet, how could a person help it, when love insisted upon taking up his abode in one's heart? The more one tried to keep him out the more he persisted, and once in, there was no such thing as locking him in and forgetting his presence. After all, being in love did not always mean a great happiness.

And the man? The man was Perry! There had been only Perry, for a long time, only she had not known it. She had not known that there was anyone. She remembered when his first real business success had come to him. She had been so happy that she cried, even while she called herself a silly little idiot, but she remembered that no other man's success had so affected her, and suddenly she knew why. It was because he was the man, the one man who really counted.

She had not quite decided whether or not she ought to be ashamed of her love. No one would ever need to be ashamed of being in love with Perry! Manly and right, he held the admiration and respect of everyone who met him socially or in a business way. No, he was absolutely the sort of a man a girl should care for, and as long as no one knew it, it could not possibly bring sorrow to either of them, and perhaps sometime everything would come right.

Marion had thought all this vaguely. She had never thought to dwell on the one-sidedness of the affair. She was happy to go about with him, glad when he was glad and sorry when things went wrong for him.

Nor did she once allow herself to think that Perry showed her any special attention. His interest in her stories was no more than he would have given to anyone else under like circumstances. Ever since the days of high school themes, he had thought she was clever, and he wanted her to succeed, and his "don't forget I'm rooting for you all the time, Marion" had been a source of never-failing encouragement. But he would have said the same to anyone of the other girls whom he saw as regularly as he did her. As Alice North had said, "He was one man a girl could be proud to go about with." And when one of them announced that she was going to such and such a place with Perry Bently, she always did it with an air of conscious pride that was adorable. There was no silly sentiment in the attitude, it was merely a friendly tribute, and no one had ever given it any other meaning.

As for Marion, her interest in Perry had not spoiled her friendship with other men. She had always been a great favorite, her happy disposition made her so, and if she ever tired of being a good fellow, no one ever suspected it.

She rested her hot face in her hands. She was glad that she was alone just then. She had gone along happily, trustingly and suddenly she had been awakened by Perry's advice to fall in love. It hurt terribly, but even at that moment she remembered that it might have been worse if it had come later, and it couldn't last always. There was something stoical in her reasoning.

Suddenly she sat upright. She would pretend! For the length of a story she would pretend that Perry had fallen in love with her. She would change names and places so that no one would recognize them, but in her mind, no, in her heart, it would be Perry's and her love affair. For that little while she would be perfectly happy, she would dream and dream that Perry cared more for her than for anyone else and had told her so! She would pretend that the two had known each other always, just as she and Perry had, and they had always been the best of friends, only he would be one of those lovable stupid sort of men who never realize what they want until it is almost too late. There would be another man, an older man, who would pay her enough attention to bring Perry to his senses. She laughed softly as she considered this sudden acquisition of suitors, but it was only for the length of the story, the love story she had said she couldn't write. And if it was accepted she would tell Perry that he had given her the idea, and he would consider it a good joke. It wouldn't do any harm, she was sure of that.

The next few days were busy ones. Marion wrote and rewrote, considered and re-considered. It was really amazing how the older man improved on acquaintance. She found that they had a great many tastes in common. He had traveled a great deal, in strange countries that were full of stories, he was interested in the books that she read and altogether he proved to be a very charming addition to her circle of friends. Still she couldn't be quite reconciled to his blase air, there was nothing of that about Perry. Then she would always remember Perry's eyes and close curling hair. With a start she thought of how tiny youngsters with fluffy curly hair had always appealed to her. She drew herself together sharply, before it occured to her that for the length of the

story her imagination, her dreams could lead her unrestrained into all the dear fancies of heart-land. After that she would have to put them away, if she could.

However, the old man continued to be attentive. Marion had to admit that she admired him, and the family seemed greatly impressed, all except Martha, the little sister, who continued to think that Perry was simply the nicest person she knew. But in the end Perry suddenly discovered that he was in grave danger of seeing someone else win the girl he loved, but Marion forgave him his negligence and everything ended happily. Except that she was rather sorry for the old man, he had been very, very nice to her.

Marion was pleased with her story. It was different from anything she had ever written. In a way she had lived it, part of it at least, her caring for Perry was no pretense, and she had so woven the rest around that real part of it, that the whole story seemed alive. She hoped it didn't seem conceited to have made herself the object of two men's affections, when in reality there seemed to be no one. That part amused her. She was sorry when it was finished, and yet there was a sense of happiness that she could not explain. No matter what else came, that much was hers.

In a months time, the story was accepted, and Marion commenced to wonder whether or not she should tell Perry. Since the night of the party the subject had not been mentioned, although she had seen him a number of times. Yet he would think it queer if she didn't tell him, she had never forgotten before, and he had been just as pleased with each succeeding bit of success as he had been with the first. Well, he was coming up that evening, perhaps she would broach the subject, although her heart pounded unmercifully at the thought of it. What would he think! Had she been presumptuous? But then it was only a story; he himself had suggested the method she might use to imagine it. She was absolutely sure of his attitude, he would be amused, nothing more, except, of course, pleased that she had done what he was so positive that she could do.

When he arrived that evening she was surprised to find that the prospect of her confession did not disturb her in the least, after all it was only a story.

"You remember, don't you, Perry," she reminded him, "about telling me how I might write that love story? Well, I did it!"

"Why, I told you to fall in love yourself, did you do that?" As one would say of an actor in a moving picture his face registered shocked consternation.

"Oh, not that, Perry," Marion reassured him, quite truthfully, for indeed she had not fallen in love with him for the sake of writing about it. "I merely pretended and since I know you so well, and you suggested the idea to me, I thought you wouldn't mind if I pretended that you were the man, one of the men, I mean," she added hastily.

"So there are more than one?" he queried, "a regular eternal triangle affair?"

There was no sarcasm in the tone, but there was something that would lead one to suspect that Perry would have been more pleased if there had been only one man.

"Certainly," she replied blandly. "There are generally two men in a love affair, especially in a story. The extra one serves to keep up the interest."

"I see. But go on and tell me the story. I'm anxious to find out my place."

Marion obeyed. It was rather an interesting little narrative and she gave quite a complete outline. The man listened intently, his expression changed at each turn of the story. His first comment was startling.

"Who is the older man, Marion?" he demanded.

"The older man?" she echoed, not comprehending.

"Yes, he sounds like a pretty good sort, reminds me of Captain West who was here last summer. Marion, tell me, do you think him as fine as you have him in the story?"

Marion gasped. She had utterly forgotten Captain West. He had visited her uncle that summer before and had called at the house frequently. But she had never dreamed that anyone thought he had come especially to see her. But in spite of the fact that she had not had him in mind, her description of the older man fitted him nicely. Perry seemed to have forgotten that he was the real man of the story. He evidently understood that he had been put in merely because he was an old friend and wouldn't misconstrue her meaning. But the other man, a man she had known only so short a time, that was very different, surely he must have made a most favorable impression.

Marion laughed hysterically, she was perilously near tears.

"Why, Perry! I didn't think of him once, truly. The older man isn't anyone, the only real ones are you and I—" She said this impetuously and then stopped shortly, she must not say such things as that, "and anyway it was only pretending" she went on, "perhaps I shouldn't have written it, I didn't think. Will you forgive me?"

The man rose. There was a peculiar weariness about the movement that Marion had never noticed before. His face was white and for a moment there was a curious expression that was absolutely new, but he smiled the same old friendly smile.

"There is nothing to forgive, little girl, and I shouldn't have spoken as I did, I have no right to pry into your secrets, even though I have always been your old Perry friend. But I want to thank you for letting me be the right man for even just that little while, it was mighty sweet and I shall never forget it—"

Suddenly he caught her hands and drew her close to him.

"Oh, little Marion girl, I can't bear to think that there is any other man. I know you don't think of me that way, but I guess the story has gone to my head. I'm not as slow or blind as you have me in the story. I've never once forgotten what I would give the world to possess. I've been loving you always. I was going to suggest that you fall in love with me that night at the party, when you sent me away, and since then I have not dared come back to the subject. I realized then that I had no more claim on your friendship than the other fellows. I've been afraid to say a word for fear it might spoil it all, but I've got to say it now, no matter what happens. Do you think——"

He got no farther.

Marion was sobbing in his arms. She knew it was a happy cry, the same as the one when she had found out herself, so long ago, where her heart belonged, but he had no way of knowing it, so one hand crept up against his cheek, confidingly, lovingly.

"Why, Perry, I didn't pretend myself in that story," she whispered, "that has been real for oh! so long. I just pretended you, because I love you!"

As he stooped to kiss the lips so near his own he said somewhat unsteadily,

"And how long is this story going to last?"

Together they repeated the promise.

"Forever and ever, Amen!"

Why Not Ragtime?

By Professor A. G. Wahlberg

THERE is a growing tendency among people to ignore the higher music, and cling almost exclusively to the lower forms well typified by what is commonly termed "ragtime". Some otherwise intelligent persons have even gone so far as to assert that ragtime is superior to what is known as classical music. A friend once remarked that the merits of music were not to be judged by the difficulty with which one must render it or the number of harmony combinations which it possessed, but by its power to move and incite to action its hearers. He further argued that at a Fourth of July picnic, a political convention, or in an army marching to war, a few lively selections of ragtime would do more toward filling men with enthusiasm than the compositions of all the Wagners and Verdis lumped together.

As this view seems to be prevalent universally, I will endeavor to shed some much-needed light on the subject.

First, I will give the reader a few definitions that he may understand clearly any terms or words that may subsequently be used:

Music—The art and science of expressing emotions through the medium of tones so arranged rythmically and melodically, as to produce a satisfactory effect upon the ear.

Classical—A term applied to music of sufficient merit to bear repetition—standing the test of time, because of purity in form and structure. Not necessarily difficult.

Measure—Two or more regularly recurring pulsations, represented by a space between two bars.

Rhythm—The division of musical ideas or sentences into regular portions. The swing of a selection.

Syncopation—The unequal division of time or notes or tones; an artificial accent which is usually followed by the natural rhythm; or, music having measures with displaced accents—five or six different kinds of forms. Ragtime is the lowest form of syncopation.

Ragtime—The cheapest form of syncopated music, because of its appeal to physical action of little value.

Good music is not necessarily complex in its harmony arrangements. Some of our choicest music is exceedingly simple and easy to render. The Welsh melody will live forever. Auld Lang Syne, America, Onward Christian Soldiers, Sweet and Low, with scores of folk-songs and hymns, will be sung many generations later than the best ragtime selection yet to be written.

A great many of our songs and hymns are but excerpts from the works of the masters of tone.

The difference between the good and the bad in music is the difference between an audience (order) and a mob (disorder). It is not difficult to incite a mob. A mob is easily moved. Ragtime will do it.

As I was once much interested in politics, I will concede that my friend was right in stating that ragtime is best for political conventions. Representatives from all classes are there, especially the "mob", the saloon gang, the "ward-heelers," "job-hunters," the "mentally and morally ragged." Give them rags! I have never heard of anybody coming away from a political convention any more refined than before going in

The "good book" tells us that we are prone to wander. We are likely to do this on sprees and holidays. It is when we are a little naughty or when we start to wander that some of us like "rags".

As ragtime is less than twenty-five years old, it is certain that the Army of the Republic did not use it in the Civil War. It played and sung "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again," "Just Before the Battle," "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Marching Through Georgia," and a number of other melodies written by George W. Root. These with the national airs were used, and none of them constitutes ragtime. In the Spanish-American War, the bands did play "There'll Be a Hot Time" while capturing a city. This was probably justifiable under the circumstances because of the sentiment and the consequent fulfillment.

People ignorant in the structure of music rhythmically and melodically are likely to confound popular and other fleeting music with ragtime. "I Love You, California" cannot be classed as ragtime as there are but four syncopated measures in it. It is a popular song with a poor text and cheap musical structure. Advertisement and the sentiment have kept it alive. One seldom hears it now. "Tipperary" is not ragtime, for there is not a single syncopated measure in it. It was written by Americans and was a failure as a popular song until made famous by British bands who played it in the European war.

The national airs and melodies are the ones which inspire on the battlefield, where men are dying—not ragtime.

Ragtime was introduced in, by and through, the "Minstrel Show" where in song and dance, the singers and dancers would, so to speak. "take off" the negro—the emotional darky—with gestures and movements far more rude and uncouth than cultured and refined. Out of these experiences came "ragging" and nearly all low dances of the modern dance hall. The difference between the good and the bad in music is also the difference between aesthetic and "rag" dancing.

Music is built upon rhythm. Rhythm came out of the dance. G. Stanley Hall has said that one reason for the fact that ragtime is holding the attention of the musically untrained is due to the fact that the most successful ragtime numbers have short motives or phrases. The elemental mind cannot grasp much. Another has said that the difference between the good and the bad in music is identical with the difference between some of our modern writers and Shakespeare.

An argument against ragtime is its short life, for we find that even its proponents tire of it. A ragtime selection seldom lasts more than a single season.

In conclusion, ragtime appeals to the limbs or the animal side of human nature. In it, there is no appeal to the heart or the intellect. Good music requires an intellect for further understanding; consequently all without culture or an intellectual understanding of music are not touched by good music. The music which will stand an intellectual analysis, which appeals to the highest motives within us, which touches the heart as well as the head—that which is spiritual—will remain.

—o—

A poor man is ever at a disadvantage in matters of public concern. When he rises to speak, or writes a letter to his superiors, they ask: "Who is this fellow that offers advice?" And when it is known that he is without coin they spit their hands at him, and use his letters in the cook's fires. But if it be a man of wealth who would speak or write or denounce, even though he have the brain of a yearling dromedary, or a spine as crooked and unseemly, the whole city listens to his words and declares them wise.—Li Hung Chang.

—o—

A good man never makes a good soldier. The soldier is nothing but a legalized murderer.—Napoleon Bonaparte.

Montessori---What It Achieves

THE announcement made recently by the San Diego Montessori Association that Dr. Maria Montessori, founder of the Montessori system of education, would conduct a summer class for teachers at San Diego is one of the most notable ever made in educational circles. This will be the last appearance of Dr. Montessori in the United States for several years, as large classes await her instruction in many countries of Europe.

The elementary courses, as well as the courses in subprimary work will be included in the summer course. The former deals with the teaching of children from the sixth year until they are ready for high school instruction. The institution of several demonstration schools to exemplify the practicability of the Montessori method is a feature of the course offered.

Dr. Maria Montessori is perhaps the most inspiring figure in the educational world. An understanding of her work and methods is essential not only to teachers and students and parents, but to all who profess to be versed in the social sciences. Originally appearing as the apostle of a system of education purporting to sharpen and develop early the faculties of the child, she now leads a great movement having for its goal race improvement—individual, biological and social. Hers is no freakish, fanatical philosophy; its value is permanent and indisputable, because all its theories have stood the test of science and reason, and its methods proved successful.

Dr. Montessori is a physician, a scientist and a pioneer in the field of education. She began her phenomenal career in the educational world in Rome by conducting experiments with mentally deficient children. Observing that her methods restored imbecilic children to sanity, she proceeded upon the hypothesis that an elaboration of the same system could be used successfully with normal children. Experiment proved her assumption to be correct.

The gist of the Montessori method is the careful watching of children so as to assist in the spontaneous development of capabilities or special faculties which they may possess. Dr. Montessori believes that the old conception of discipline confuses inaction with demeanor. In her method, liberty is allowed the child, and the child is encouraged in using his liberty profitably through the study of interesting, absorbing things. Learning is done by DOING and DISCOVERING. The efficacy of SUGGESTION rather than a series of nagging orders has been proved. The ideal of Dr. Montessori is to develop the WHOLE child—ALL his faculties and proclivities. Careful attention is given to bodily strength, knowledge of the practical necessities of life, keenness of all the senses, accurate muscular control, intellectual education and moral and spiritual growth. It is a remarkable fact that notwithstanding the broad field here covered in the instruction of the child, the children learn the rudiments of reading, writing and computation much earlier than children trained with the old method.

Prudence Stokes Brown, founder of the Montessori school in Llano, and who took special courses under the instruction of Dr. Montessori, is one of the most experienced and successful teachers of the new method. She has the following to say concerning the Montessori system:

"Instead of the old idea that children are instinctively bad and disorderly, Dr. Montessori has proved that the normal child is instinctively good and loves order, beauty and work. To that end, she has established the children's houses, laboratories where children are left free in their work. All disorder is eliminated, but that activity which is good is left, the most complete liberty of manifestation. Adults often stigmatize as evil in the small child that which annoys them, when he is only seeking self-expression. He rebels, and is called 'naughty,' but give him the means of self-expression, and rebellion is noticeably absent."

The Montessori school which Mrs. Brown now teaches is a fascinating study in child psychology. Here the infant mind is seen to unfold, expand and flower with startling rapidity.

A mother visiting the school, noticing a child carrying a tall, pink pyramid of blocks around and around the veranda, asked, "Isn't that a waste of time?" "By no means," returned Mrs. Brown, "Note the poise he has—note the sense of balance, his steadiness." Mrs. Brown continued, "The poise Louis has is due to the training in carrying that pyramid and walking on a line to slow music, carrying a glass of colored water. Children love beauty, and so we appeal to this taste by providing attractive surroundings." The visitor noted that the whole porch where the children studied was indeed picturesque with the many bits of statuary and ornaments artistically placed.

William, Helen and Majorie were seated blindfolded at a table putting various geometrical insets into spaces provided for them. The visitor tried to show Marjorie where to place one. The child said, "Please don't show me, I want to do it myself," and William contributed, "That wouldn't be fair."

When asked how reading and writing were taught, Mrs. Brown led the visitor to a room adjoining the porch in which was a low blackboard. Here was Marian Rode, aged four, blindfolded, feeling some large sandpaper letters on white cardboard. She would raise the blindfold and carefully make the letter on the board as nearly like the sandpaper letter as possible. Marian was learning and at the same time enjoying herself.

The visitor asked a mother who came to get her two children whether the school helped in the disciplining of the children at home. "Indeed it does," replied the mother. "Mary Louise is much more adaptable and considerate than she used to be and helps in serving and washing the dishes. And Elizabeth, who is only two years and three months old, dresses and undresses herself even to buttoning and unbuttoning her shoes. In fact, the home is where this training shows, and I try to carry out the Montessori ideas in the children's lives."

It is hoped that as many teachers as possible will take the course offered in San Diego by Dr. Montessori. A large number have already arranged to attend the summer school, letters of inquiry having been received from all over the state of California. It is to be regretted that mothers cannot secure this instruction direct from Dr. Montessori at this time, but in the near future competent instructors will be available for all those desiring to learn the method.

Your republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by the barbarians in the twentieth century as the Roman empire was in the fifth, with this difference, that the Huns and Vandals who ravaged the Roman empire came from without, and that your Huns and Vandals will have been engendered within your own country and by your own institutions.—Macaulay.

He that would be no slave must have no slave.—Lincoln.

What Shall We Do to Be Saved?

By John Dequer

IT is my humble opinion that this question was originally asked in an economic and not theological sense. It was to the early Christian a question of vital, present and not posthumous importance. What shall we do to be saved? Surely it was not the fear of hell hereafter that inspired the question. No, not the fear, but the realization of hell on earth in the form of Roman aggression upon their ancient liberties troubled them. It was the burden of militarism that ate like a canker into their economic substance and their social life, that threatened to reduce them to an ever lower peonage, that caused the cry: "What shall we do?" Not "What shall we talk?" Not "What shall we read?" But straight from the shoulder "What shall we do?" "What is to be accomplished?" Thus they banded themselves together and we are told that there were none amongst them that wanted, for they had all things in common.

Now I am not writing this as a sermon on the virtues of the ancient Christians. I am rather writing it in an attempt to awaken the slumbering social consciousness to action in a physical as well as an intellectual sense. I am a convert to the propaganda of the deed. Not petit larceny deeds of individual sabotage but broad, constructive deeds that lead to fuller and freer and nobler life. It is deeds, not creeds we need. It is social action in our own mill amongst the purple ranges of the Sierra Madres. To cut our own trees for our own dwellings that sleep in the shimmering sunlight at the edge of the valley. To awaken a consciousness that will cause earth to flower our collective soil with our collectively owned machine. to reap the grain with collective hand and collectively enjoy the products of mountain, plain and stream, made useful to the need of man by the social labor of class-conscious work. That is the action that counts in rearing the great temple of life from its foundation stone of bread to its turrets and minarets of joy, laughter and song. Things done are things won.

Generally speaking we are as lost now as were the Romans of the first century. Augustus Rockefeller, Caligula Morgan, Crassus Carnegie and Caesar Wilson today encroach upon our liberties, today are preparing armies for the destruction of the Jerusalem of our boast,—Free Democracy. Interest, rent and profit, taxes, special assessment, are now driving the widow from her cot ond throwing orphans on the street; are causing the small farmer to vanish from his estate into the peonage of renting. Concentrated capital is driving the little shop-keeper from his bench, the little store-keeper from the mart. On goes the merry march of organized power, of organized might, strictly legal,—capitalism is long on legality—it always makes a law before it commits a crime, to sanctify that particular crime. Never do anything unlawful; be sure you have the law on your side; that costs money and to get money you must be organized either to retain your product or to skin Henry; never be lawless; legalize your acts before you commit them. I attended a conference of doctors, members of the Medical Association, organized for the benefit of the sick—Rats! They openly boasted of the laws they had secured for the safety of the people,—Huh? Oh, no; to keep out competing schools; to control the great art of dopeology in the hands of the association. They read a paper on public health, but if public health were well taken care of how would the learned doctor pay office rent? The medical associations have thus made laws or had laws made to protect their interests and their interest is the disease and not the health of the community. I visited a convention of undertakers,—extremely ignorant men. Mentally almost an equivalent of the people they deal with, and all I could hear was bluster and brag about the laws they had passed or caused to pass, that legalized the fines they put on death. They didn't call it vandalage, piracy, robbery—no, no—these are ugly words. They offend the taste of the living who will some day be dead. They call it business when they work to legalize processes by which they make it financially impossible for us to die decently. They do this through force of organization. And so we find it everywhere. Those who are organized drive those who are unorganized from the field through their collective power. Those who are organized, not to talk but to get or keep, are happy, well-fed, well-clothed, highly respected, well-washed and unjailed. They are saved now. They have their salvation here. Because you are unorganized to get, to make and to keep, you are underfed, misclothed, unhoused, unwashed, and unrespected, frequently jailed. You are so helpless that you cannot do anything but work for them who are organized tc take the product of your toil. Hence, like ancient Christendom, you cry out, but not "What shall we do?" Your refrain is "What shall we believe to be saved?" "What shall we read?" "What shall we vote?" And "How moral should we be?" But whenever anybody says, "Let us do," then re-echoes the refrain from the unorganized "It can't be done."

Many of our so-called scientific Socialists seem to be still looking for a mystical deliverance, hoping to be taken into the co-operative commonwealth in white linen bandages, without work of any member of the body except the jaw. The word has become flesh. The man who denies the power of co-operation in the face of co-operative success in many parts of the world is simply an economic spook-artist who tries to make himself believe that he can orate himself out of hell. Then he makes fun of the priest who tries to mumble a soul out of Purgatory which, according to tradition, is only half as far down. Some consistency! We are told that only material things count. Economic determinism, materialist conception of history, material interest are continually talked about but when we suggest that we go to the land and do material things, "You ain't orthodox." They talk of Direct Action, but when you advise action—horrors! it always failed! Thus many of our Socialists, including the Executive Committees of some large states, give to our materialistic philosophy a very theological interpretation. It is surely not economic, for the science of economics deals with the management of industrial affairs, and in that our theorizers are "heap much" deficient.

The theologian says: "Believe my creed and you shall be saved." The mere political propagandist says: "Vote the ticket and doughnuts will fall like April showers" and then they have the brass to abuse the sound sense of mankind when they are laughed at.

In answer to the question: "What shall we do to be saved?" the Co-operator makes this reply: "Organize with your comrades; pool your resources; operate you own industries; eat and wear the products of your own toil; cease paying commission for the privilege of existence; organize for deeds and let creeds take care of themselves."

At Llano we are doing the social deeds; are supplying the social needs; are forgetting the soul-sickening creeds; are being saved from the worries and annoyances incident to working-class life; and above that, we vote the ticket of our class; we labor for the greater political democracy.

Fires of Love

By Ethel Winger

TWILIGHT EMBERS.

WHAT a riotous profusion of thoughts comes to you while watching a fire! In the orange flames, now flickering, now leaping, now dying to a red glow, you can see faces and friends. Memories of the long ago come back in that magic light; visions of the mysterious future shape themselves into the little golden tongues of twisting brightness; and into your half-consciousness comes creeping all the dim, intangible fears and hopes which slowly form into hazy reveries as you sit enchanted. And love—love, too, appears before you, and for a while you dream.

THE HOUSEHOLD HEARTH.

You think of those with you, sitting around the fire-place, and a warm gratitude steels over you, remembering the affections of mother and father and sister and brother. How constant is the love among members of your family!—so unchangeable that at times you almost forget that it is there, ready to come to the foreground when loyalty and help are needed. It is just a comfortable, satisfying love that envelopes you in its steady warmth—always ready when called upon, always unobtrusive when other matters are given precedence.

How well it is typified by the fire on the household hearth! —which furnishes the heat for the living-room, and gives a cheerful warmth without advertising the source. Yet, if you wish, it is there for closer communion, always silently inviting you to bask in its radiance. What a sense of security and peace there is in the fire of the home! How joyfully you come back to it again after every absence! Yet it does not crowd out the pleasure in some of the other fires you like—and recalling this, to these others your thoughts begin to drift.

THE CAMP FIRE.

What a grateful memory there is of the fires built as you spent the evening in the Out-of-Doors! Tired and cold from the long day's journey, with what a welcome the crackling flames received you! They flavored the meals you cooked with savory smoke; and after you had refreshed your body with food and warmth, they afforded your mind food for thought and stimulated sweet recollections of other days. After banking the coals with wood for the night, you slept, basking in the glow. In the morning you awoke, revived mind and body, and broke camp, eager to be off, yet looking regretfully at the dying embers. The fire had fulfilled its mission, and, having taken of its cheer, needing it no more, you left it forever.

So with some of the friends you met in the hustle of life's activities. You greet them for a time, and appreciate sincerely their frienship. But when new places and new conditions call, anxious to find these new experiences, you hasten away. It is not without a feeling of sadness that you leave those who had brightened your path as you passed. Yet you must bid farewell, knowing that the pain of parting will gradually change into a happy memory.

THE FOREST FIRE.

You have seen other great fires out of doors, infinitely larger than the camp-fire. On some glorious day of Indian summer, you became aware of an increasing haziness along the timbered hills, and later you scented the delicate aroma of wood-smoke. The distant atmosphere became grayer and bluer, and then, above the hills, you could see the gray almost imperceptibly blending with the sky. Thicker and whiter grew the smoke, and as you approached, the pines were lost in its clouds. Suddenly, the fire leaped out, and instantly before you were miles of burning forest. The waves of flames mounted to a mighty conflagration. The fire tore through the trees. It mowed down everything in its path. It mocked with crashing hisses all attempts to quench it. The roar resounded and reverberated through the canyons. For days the fire raged—until the fuel failed. For a long time the smoke lingered, and when the last coals died, nothing was left but barrenness and desolation. Those hillsides would always bear marks of the conflagration, but some day, in places where the decaying logs and impenetrable underbrush had been cleared away, more trees will be planted, and once again the green pines will lift their tops to the stars.

Such a fire is the love of lovers. Coming gradually, it is scarcely noticed before it gets a permanent stronghold, when it

Many such spots as this are within easy reach of Llano residents

carries all in its path. It is irresistible. And then, if it is denied the food on which it is fed, it will die out, leaving only ruin in its place. But if the splendid loyalties and affections were destroyed, so were the impenetrable prejudices, the decaying monotonies. And some day, on the old ruin, may be planted seeds where new ideals, endeavors and new love may grow unhindered.

THE FIRES OF THE INFINITE.

How differently magnificent are the fires of the sky!

The gentle evening star that comes with the twilight, so steady in its sublimity, so sweet in its beauty, fills us with reverence as we gaze. Its quiet radiance, broken by a faint, faint twinkle of rosy color, brings us peace, and dispels the weariness, the disappointment or the pain of the day.

(Continued on Page 22)

Was Schmidt Guilty?

[This is the fourth installment of Comrade Harriman's address in the trial of the Los Angeles Times dynamiting cases.]

ORTIE McMANIGAL met Hockin at Muncie, and there they arranged to, and did, purchase and store the first bit of dynamite that the Iron Workers' Union ever purchased or owned. It was stored in a music box in a cottage at Muncie, Indiana, where McManigal went for his supplies. Feeling that the place was not sufficiently concealed, he suggested that his supplies should be stored in a more isolated quarter. He accordingly moved the dynamite from Muncie to an old isolated cooper shop at Rochester, Pennsylvania. Feeling now that all was ready, the execution of the campaign of destruction began.

However far away, whether in Boston, New York, Peoria, Salt Lake or wheresoever, the dynamite necessary for the work was taken from the cooper shop at Rochester. Each time, he said, he returned to the cooper shop and went his way with his deadly missile.

Neither he, nor anyone else, ever got any dynamite or nitro-glycerine at any place, at or near any point, where a "job" was done, nor did they get any nitro-glycerine or dynamite except from the cache at Rochester.

This also is consistent with the secret methods which McManigal, on cross-examination, said they always and everywhere employed.

Not only did McManigal get the nitro-glycerine that he used from the cooper shop, but he said that J. B. McNamara also got all he used from the same cache.

It will be remembered that J. J. McNamara and McManigal found faulth with Hockin for appropriating some of the cash that should have been paid to McManigal for the jobs that he claims to have done. This altercation resulted in removing Hockin from the field. Naturally Hockin became angry and a short time thereafter the cache of dynamite at the cooper shop was discovered. Suspicion, of course, was cast upon Hockin by those familiar with the plot, but at that time no evidence was at hand.

Another quantity of nitro-glycerine was purchased and deposited by McManigal in a cinder-pile near Pittsburg. It was from this cache, he testified, that he took the missile with which he destroyed the building at Peoria, Illinois.

Some time after the job at Peoria was done, McManigal testified that he was riding with J. J. McNamara from Indianapolis to Ohio, when McNamara discovered the mark Peoria on McManigal's shoes. "What do you mean by leaving that mark on your shoes? Take it off at once. They could trace you by that back to Peoria." Again we see with what secrecy they governed themselves.

Shortly after the cache was placed in the cinder-pile, McManigal said he was followed across the bridge and down to the place where the cache was placed. He claimed to have reported this fact to J. J. McNamara, and that he immediately ordered all the nitro-glycerine to be brought from the cinder-pile to his vault in Indianapolis, and McManigal claims to have done the transportation. The cache was placed there because McManigal said they thought it would be the last place where any one would think of looking for it.

Again Hockin was suspected of treachery but no evidence was then in hand to support the suspicion. Later, however, it appeared that Hockin had, as they suspected, turned traitor and delivered them into the hands of the enemy.

It must be remembered that McManigal testified that he never met but two men who were not members of the Executive Board of the Iron Workers. One of these men was Smith of Peoria, Illinois. True, he testified that he met Webb of New York, but you will remember that Webb is a member of the Executive Board.

McManigal's testimony in regard to Young of Massachusetts is not true. It is inconsistent with the methods employed, inconsistent with the secrecy that the success of the enterprise demanded, and which was being strictly observed. McManigal said he went to see Young, that Young took him to the opera house, then being built by non-union labor, and told him where he wanted the dynamite placed. That Young then departed, and that he, McManigal, went for his infernal machine. That two watchmen paced to and fro in front of the opera house, meeting midway, then turning their backs each towards the other, they walked in opposite directions. That while their backs were turned toward each other, he slipped in between them, placed a shot under the stairs, and slipped out again and went on his way.

The fact is that J. J. McNamara, by means of correspondence always learned what buildings were in trouble and where they were located. McManigal received from him and Hockin all instructions. This was done in order that McManigal should not meet anyone, union or otherwise, in any city where he went. As a matter of fact, no one in any city knew who was guilty of the job, and not a footprint or trace was left behind. If he saw Young at all it was as a mere stranger who inquired for a certain opera house. Young might have told this stranger where it was located, and if McManigal paid his carfare, possibly he went with him to the place, without ever suspecting the man to whom he was rendering his services. Then they parted and McManigal, still under cover and free from suspicion, skulked back to the station and got his ten quarts of nitro-glycerine, a fearful engine of destruction. This time he testified that he left it in the depot with the parcel department. Sometimes he checked it with the hotel clerk. This tender-hearted father and 38-caliber winged angel, said he was sufficiently thoughtful to tell them not to drop it, that they might break something. It was thoughtful of him indeed. I can see him now with his iron wings folded, going afoot through the narrow streets of Boston, with his infernal machine in hand, to do his work of destruction, while Young lay peacefully slumbering without a thought of suspicion in his heart, only to wake on the following morning to be suspected with the rest of the union men of a crime of which they knew absolutely nothing.

This is the only method by which they could have carried out their secret schemes for three successive years. The same state of facts applies to Smith of Peoria. McManigal did not dare tell Young or Smith or anyone else in any place, what his mission was. The secret could never have been kept by such childish methods. No one knew nor could have known what was being done but a part of the Board and McManigal and J. B. McNamara. The proof of this is found in the testimony of the expert accountant (Mr. Cook) who told you who received and disbursed a certain fund which amounted to about eighteen thousand dollars. The accountant told you that the money was paid to Hockin, McNamara, Ryan and Webb, all members of the Executive Board; that Clancy received sixty-eight dollars and fifty cents all told, and that Butler, also a member, received only fifty dollars. It is altogether improbable that Clancy and Butler knew anything whatever of the campaign.

It is true that Clancy called for Hockin to come to the coast. Hockin had been in the field organizing, and Clancy thought he was the most desirable man. But Hockin did not come. He sent Mr. Berry of St. Louis. The man who was acting in secret in the field was also sent without the knowledge of Clancy.

Ryan, Hockin, J. J. McNamara and Webb—these four with McManigal and J. B. McNamara in the field doing the work, knew and kept the secret. If you will only look the facts in the face you will see that it could not have been otherwise. Place yourselves in the same position, conducting the same kind of a fight with the same methods. Would you have permitted anyone, however near to you, to have known what you were doing, excepting those who were absolutely necessary in order to successfully carry on the undertaking? I submit that you would not, and I submit that they did not. And the testimony of McManigal to the contrary, concerning Young and Smith was perjured for the purpose of lending color to the theory of the prosecution, namely, that the conspiracy was nation-wide.

We are not justifying the methods employed. In my judgment it was an insane policy.

But they were driven into a corner. McManigal suggested the plot. It seemed to them that it would work. They kept it a secret among themselves. Secrecy was necessary. Had such a policy been known to the organization it would have created greater consternation than defeat. The men in the various cities never knew it and never could have known it. The movement would not stand for it, and did not stand for it, and neither the organizers of the locals in the various cities knew it or would stand for it. When the McNamaras pleaded guilty the defense funds that were pouring in from all over the country stopped instantly, and the defense, both in Indianapolis and here, has been a poverty defense ever since. The forty men who were convicted in the East had practically no funds with which to fight. You have heard the worst of all the testimony that was offered against them. I submit that there is not sufficient evidence to convict so many men. The evidence would probably cover those whom I have named but it would not go beyond.

The theory of the prosecution is that the campaign was nation-wide, and that practically all the leaders of the labor movement are involved. It is upon this theory that they would have us believe that the lockout in Los Angeles in 1910 was a part of that plot and scheme. In order to confound the evidence and to confuse your minds, they first offered evidence of what happened in the East and then of what happened in the West, thus constantly oscillating between the East and West like a shuttlecock, as though that would connect the two struggles. Of course, there was a struggle in the East. Everyone admits that. There was also a struggle in Los Angeles in 1910, but they were as distinct and separate from each other as the business affairs of the city of Los Angeles are separate from the business affairs of the city of Indianapolis.

The only threads by which they have endeavored to tie these two struggles together are the trip of J. B. McNamara to the coast and a letter and check of a thousand dollars sent to O. A. Tveitmoe.

I shall take up first the matter of J. B. Bryce, and second the check that was sent to Mr. Tveitmoe.

McManigal testified that he and J. B. McNamara were assigned to do some work together in Cleveland, Ohio. That J. B. McNamara was so secretive that he refused after the first trip to go again with anyone. That when he left Indianapolis for the coast he had two suit cases. That J. B. McNamara told him that one had clocks and batteries, but that he would not say what the other contained. That it was heavy. That he (McManigal) had two valises full of nitroglycerine, one being for a job at Omaha, Nebraska, and the other for a job in Wisconsin. That they went on the train from Indianapolis to Chicago together, but that J. B. McNamara would not talk. This is further evidence of the secret methods employed. If they would not talk to each other regarding their enterprise is it reasonable to believe that J. B. McNamara would talk to strangers on the Pacific coast? We are told by McManigal that J. B. McNamara came direct to Los Angeles from Indianapolis, and the registers of hotels have been produced in this court to support that statement. If that is true, and if the Los Angeles Times was blown up with dynamite, then the stuff that McManigal says J. B. McNamara brought in his valise from Indianapolis, is the stuff with which the work was done.

Later J. B. McNamara went to San Francisco. There is not one particle of evidence that he met any union men there. Everything tends to show that he observed his usual secretiveness. While he was there he stopped with a Mrs. Ingersoll. Somewhere he must stop and there he happened in. This woman was a stranger to the union men of San Francisco. Certainly if there had been any connection between the Eastern struggle and the lockout in Los Angeles this man Bryce would not have been housed with a stranger.

["Was Schmidt Guilty?" began in the May number and will run for several months. Back numbers, ten cents a copy.]

A DAY of disaster for any nation will surely dawn when its society is divided into two classes—the unemployed rich and the unemployed poor—the former a handful and the latter a host.—Daniel Webster.

Left, firing boiler at south industrial building; center, stone work for horse barn; right, grading Llano land for irrigating.

Co-operation the World Over

Notes About the Chief Co-operatives Gleaned from Many Sources

California Associated Raisin Company

The California Associated Raisin Company is one of the most important and powerful farmers' co-operative organizations in the world. Organized in 1912, at which time the unfortunate farmers were becoming desperate because of the wretched marketing conditions prevailing, the company now controls eighty-five per cent of the raisin production of the United States; has a membership of over 3500 stockholders; has a working capital and surplus of $1,500,000, and has a total acreage of raisins under contract of 140,000 acres.

Although handicapped early in the history of the organization by the blind, selfish desire of the growers to remain "on the outside" of the organization in the hope of securing a higher price from private dealers, the company prospered until today it is very firmly entrenched. Between April 1, 1913 and April 1, 1917, it handled 318,000 tons of raisins and received a gross sum for them of more than $38,000,000. During the same period, after defraying expenses of handling, packing and selling, the growers were paid more than $29,000,000. The result has been a permanent and material increase in price to the grower, and a decided improvement in quality of the product to the consumer.

The office of the California Associated Raisin Company is in Fresno, California.—Wylie M. Giffen, President.

Starting the Co-operative Store

No co-operative store should begin business before it has organized its market; in other words, its membership. No store should open its doors until it knows how many customers it can depend on to buy from its stock. Never count on passing trade. This means that the society must first be organized and its first members chosen with extreme care.

Never start a co-operative society through a general public meeting. That method brings in elements that will only disrupt when the first difficulties are met. But the members of a co-operative group should constitute a society for the study of social problems, with especial reference to co-operation.

The most effective group for organizing a co-operative society is one in which the members have an intimate personal acquaintance with each other and are bound by some other ties, such as membership in the same labor union, community center, neighborhood guild, workmen's circle or other organization which gives a sense of kinship and solidarity. It is best that the members should be neighbors rather than that they should live widely separated.—The Co-operative League of America.

Nokomis Co-operative Society

(Nokomis, Illinois)

We are progressing nicely. Our report shows that we made a seven per cent patronage dividend during the first quarter, and expect to show a better report this second quarter which ends June 30. Our membership is growing steadily and our sales for this quarter are about fifty per cent larger than those of last quarter. Besides getting the profits for ourselves, we are assured of best quality merchandise at an honest price as far as retailing is concerned. Also our patrons get full weight and measure.—From a letter by H. E. Gifford, Manager.

The Need for Co-operation

In the conduct of modern business there is much waste; there is also great profit. Last year the value of products of this country amounted to $8,000,000,000; $2,000,000,000 remained on the farms. When the $6,000,000,000 of produce sold reached the consumer, he paid $13,000,000,000. That is, is costs $7 to market every $6 worth of produce. The consumer is beginning to ask why some of this waste should not be utilized for him and some of these profits be returned to him. Nobody wants to help him; many in fact would find it to their advantage to hinder him; laws seem to be of no avail; government is helpless. He, therefore, must help himself, but to do this effectively he must work in unison with his fellow consumers. Co-operation offers the only sure means.—New England Co-operative Society.

American Society of Equity

One of the most useful agencies in America in spreading the gospel of co-operation is the American Society of Equity at Wausau, Wisconsin. The mission of the society is "to get the farmers together, teach them the lessons of co-operation, organize them and show them how, by co-operative selling and by co-operative large-scale buying, they can eliminate unnecessary middlemen, reduce the cost of getting their products into the hands of the consumers, and thus receive a much larger per centage of the price paid for them.

European Co-operation

The transformation in the rural life of more than one European community through co-operation has amounted to little less than a revolution. Higher standards of agricultural products and production have been set up and maintained, better methods of farming have been inculcated and enforced, and the whole social, moral and civic life of the people has been raised to a higher level. From the viewpoint of material gain, the chief benefits of agricultural co-operation have been the elimination of unnecessary middlemen, and the economies of buying in large quantities, and selling in the best markets, and employing the most efficient implements. —Rev. Father A. Ryan.

German Co-operatives

The statistics of the German agricultural co-operative societies show that in 1915 there were 97 central co-operative societies, 2,833 co-operative societies for collective sale and purchase, 17,781 co-operative savings and loan banks, 3,588 co-operative dairy societies, 4,353 co-operative societies having other objects; a total of 28,652 agricultural co-operative societies, 164 of them founded in 1915, having a membership of 2,500,000. —Montana Equity News.

The American consumer has no good grounds for complaint against the farmer, because of the prices he pays for farm products. The consumer can protect himself by buying directly from the farmer as the English consumer, through the aid of co-operative associations, is successfully doing.—James Wilson, formerly Secretary of Agriculture.

Wind versus Work

If trade unionists and labor men generally had spent half the time they have expended on resolutions during the past hundred years on co-operative business problems, the Co-operative Commonwealth would have been much nearer today. It is far better to build factories than hold conferences for the mere purpose of protesting against the unfairness of exploiters. These protests have been made for centuries. Unless we make factories in the future instead of speeches, the protests will continue for centuries to come.—The Producer, England.

The workers of the world must learn to co-operate. If they do not hang together, they will hang separately.

Rochdale System in America

The Rochdale system of consumers' co-operation so successfully in vogue in England, may be used equally as successfully in America, provided an effort is made to adjust the system to peculiar business and financial conditions in the United States. Many co-operators have failed in using the Rochdale method in this country and have ever after contended that its application here is impossible. It is an interesting fact that of all the co-operative stores that have succeeded in America, the larger per centage of them have adopted a modification of the Rochdale system.

Co-operation Unifies

The most favorable omen for the success of the proposed Conference for the settlement of the Irish problem lies in the history and experience of the Irish co-operative movement. In the countries which have been sharply divided along radical, political and religious lines, the one unifying force has been the common interest of all groups in the co-operative stores, co-operative diaries and co-operative credit societies.—Laurence C. Staples, Co-operative League of America.

Co-operative Egg Marketing

In Canada approximately 105 egg circles are in active operation at the present time. Of these forty are located in Ontario. The most successful co-operative egg and poultry association in Canada is located in Prince Edward Island, where some fifty-two or fifty-three associations are amalgamated into one central association with central warehousing, grading and selling facilities.

The National Agricultural Organization Society is an institution that is helping farmers to co-operate. For information write to the Secretary, 340 Washington Building, Madison, Wisconsin.

News and Views in Agriculture

Do These Things Now

Thin the vegetables that show signs of crowding. To do so requires courage, but it will pay. The young beet tops make excellent greens.

At the first appearance of the striped beetle on melon and squash vines, spray with Bordeaux mixture and Paris green, or dust with powdered air-slaked lime.

Watch for curculio on plum and quince trees. This is a grayish beetle about a quarter of an inch long. Jar the trees and catch the beetles on sheets spread on the ground.

Do the cultivating and weeding early in the morning of a hot day. The uprooted weeds will be scorched by the sun. Never let the soil become caked or form a crust.

To produce extra large bunches of grapes pinch off the young shoots so as to leave one or two eyes.

Plant successive crops of corn, beans, peas, beets and lettuce.

Stop cutting aspargus soon and allow the shoots to grow. Keep weeds down and the soil well stirred. An application of quick-acting fertilizer on the aspargus bed will do much good.

As soon as the peas and beans are off pull out the vines and sow cabbages, turnips or sweet corn.

Look out for the green worm on currant and gooseberry bushes. If present spray with Paris green and water—an ounce to about six gallons.

—The Country Gentleman.

Light and Ventilation in the Dairy Stable

The general rule to be followed in lighting a dairy stable is one square foot of glass area for each unit of twenty square feet of floor space. Another rule calls for four to six square feet of glass area for each cow. For a shed fifteen by sixty feet, or 900 square feet, there would be necessary forty-five square feet of glass area. By spacing windows containing six square feet of glass area from center to center along the sixty-foot wall, ample light would be provided. Window ventilation is quite satisfactory when the sashes tilt in at the top, as a temporary proposition. These same sashes will work into a modified type of the King system of ventilation later, if desired.—F. W. Ilcotts.

Brood Sows

The practice of having brood sows produce two litters a year, as followed in some of the hog-raising sections of the United States, should be encouraged, except where short seasons and severe winer prevent. Sows intended to farrow fall litters should be bred not later than the end of June. Those that are in breeding condition after weaning their spring litter should be breed the first time they come in heat. There are generally a few sows in the herd that are thin and run down in condition after weaning, and these should be fed a little heavier for a few weeks before the breeding to insure a larger litter in the fall. The date of breeding should be recorded so as to determine the date of farrow. The gestation period of a sow is 112 to 115 days. The sows should be watched closely to see if they come in heat after they are once bred, so they can be rebred. The heat period is every 21 days.—United States Department of Agriculture.

The Windbreak as a Farm Asset

Windbreaks are, in more ways than one, a farm asset. They tend to prevent the soil from drying out quickly and they protect grain and orchards from mechanical injury by the wind. A belt of trees by the farm buildings protects them from extreme winter cold and summer heat, and makes the farm a pleasanter place in which to live. The windbreak may also be a source of wood supply for use on the farm and for sale.

—Farmers' Bulletin.

Garbage as Fertilizer

Mix the garbage with about three times the quantity of soil and let it remain for several months until it becomes well rotted. This will avoid fermentation and souring.—B. C. Marner, New York.

The Loss from Grasshoppers

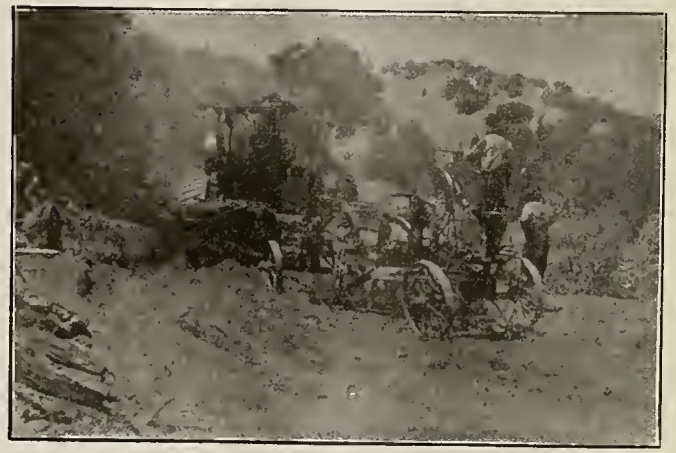
In California alone grasshoppers have caused an annual destruction of at least $1,000,000 to the cereal and forage crops, which are the main crops necessary for the food supply; not mentioning the immense loss from this pest to the fruit, vegetable and truck crops of this section of the country. In some of the larger alfalfa fields, the annual loss constitutes almost one-third of the normal production. In other sections this pest is present year after year, causing a great aggregate loss, but hardly abundant enough to arouse the individual farmer to an effective grasshopper campaign. It is this aggregate loss over hundreds and thousands of farms that must be lessened, as well as the loss where the pest appears in such great numbers as to destroy the entire crop.—State Commissioner of Horticulture.

Small Fruits

The soil cannot be too rich for strawberries. Good berries will grow on a soil that will raise good white potatoes. A good fertilizer is well-rotted manure, with a little commercial potash and rock phosphate applied with the manure a year before the plants are set out. The only fruit that rebels against late pruning is the grape, which shows protest in bleeding. Raspberries, blackberries, gooseberries and currants can be pruned after they are in full leaf, or even in bloom without hurt.—The Co-operators' Herald.

Mushrooms

We sometimes hear the complaint that by neglecting to use the mushrooms that could be cultivated, Americans are wasting an important food. A good mushroom, properly cooked, is a very luscious morsel and as such is a welcome addition to the dietary. If you are absolutely sure



Building the Road up into the Mountains; it now extends for a dozen miles and is a remarkably good mountain road.

that the variety that grows on your lawn or in the neighboring fields is of the edible kind, by all means cook it and eat it; it will do you good. But if you have the least doubt of its innocuousness, you had better leave it alone; the risk is too great and the possible gain in nutriment is too slight.

How is Your Alfalfa?

Has your new alfalfa seeding stopped growing? Is it spotted and patchy? Is it turning yellow? Have you a thin stand? Let us find out what is the matter.

1. Are you sure your soil is not sour? Does it need lime for alfalfa? Did you test it with litmus paper to see if it needed lime before you seeded?

2. Did you inoculate? Are there nodules on the roots?

3. Is your field reasonably fertile and well drained? Are there any low wet spots? Alfalfa will not stand wet feet.

4. Do you have a hardpan subsoil six or eight inches below the surface? Hardpan is impenetrable to young alfalfa roots.

5. Did you have a poor stand last fall? Too thick seeding of the nurse crop and the use of late-ripening grain may cause poor stands.

6. Was your alfalfa cut or pastured late in the fall? Remember the eight-inch rule: If alfalfa does not go into winter with eight inches of growth it may suffer from winter killing.—The Country Gentleman.

Horse Rations

The ration for a horse of a pound of grain and a pound of hay per hundredweight a day is a useful standard. The horse doing light work may receive more hay and less grain, and the horse at severe labor should receive approximately the above amount of hay and enough grain to keep him in condition.—J. L. Edmunds, Florida.

Reviews of Recent Readable Books

By D. Bobspa

"The American Year-Book"

Appleton's "The American Year Book: A Record of Events and Progress," is intended for the needs of writers and searchers of every kind. It does not aim to be a rival of other annual publications, either foreign or domestic. The Year Book "appeals first of all to students in all fields who wish a record of progress, not only in their own, but in other departments of human endeavor. It is intended, also, as a handbook for busy men, editors, writers, and practical and business men who wish to verify or confirm points that arise in their minds; and to serve as a handy body of reference material settling questions of fact." Having been familiar with the annual during most of the seven years of its existence, I can say with fervor that this expectation has been more than met, and that the 1916 events recorded in the 1917 edition make it the best issue of them all.

The Year Book is edited by Francis G. Wickware with the co-operation of a supervisory board representing the national learned societies. There are 127 special contributors, specialists in each line. The war occupies a large percentage of the discussion, and I have seen no other source of information of the year 1916 so complete as this one. The same thing for that matter may be said of any field of research or activity. The papers are grouped under 32 departments, with thorough table of contents and index. Socialism receives a fair treatment from the pen of Carl D. Thompson, dealing with both the American and foreign developments.

For a present and a permanent reference book, Appleton's has come to mean in its field what the World Almanac means in its sphere. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)

"How to Avoid Indigestion"

Dr. Robertson Wallace, M.B., C.M., is a practical physician with many sane ideas, which he is not afraid to give to the "laity". In two little books he has recently imparted some facts that are worth reading. One is "How to Avoid Indigestion: Its Chief Causes and Curative Treatment."

This is rather an ambitious title for a brochure of 176 pages, but Dr. Wallace wastes no energy in side issues. He tells of the organs at fault the process of healthy digestion, everyday causes of indegestion, stomach and intestinal indigestion, diet for dyspeptics, and food to combat special symptoms. The book is designed for "the plain man, in plain English," what is of practical service in the daily routine of life.

"How to Avoid Nervous Disorders: A Complete Treatise Concerning Their Nature, Prevention and Cure," was prepared "expressly for the layman in all that pertains to the care of his nervous system in health, and its treatment when out of order." The author desires that the readers may be prompted to so train their nervous organization that it shall be the servant rather than the master of their fate, "and at the same time afford sufficient information to enable them to follow intelligently the general as well as the special lines of treatment of the more common functional nerve troubles of everyday life."—(The Britton Publishing Co.)

"Mental Adjustments"

One recalls Emanuel Julius' "Democratizing the Nice Stuff" in studying the pages of "Mental Adjustments," written by Frederick Lyman Wells, of McLean Hospital, Waverley, Mass. It is the most significant contribution to psychology of the past year, and written in a style simple enough for the average student, and at the same time erudite enough for the profound specialist. It is one of the series of "The Conduct of Mind," edited by Professor Joseph Jastrow of the University of Wisconsin. Dr. Jastrow is the foremost American psychologist, and his seal on any book is evidence that it is something more than ordinarily worth while. I am going to quote from his analytical introduction to the book to give you an idea of its scope.

"The science of happiness," writes Dr. Jastrow, "is the most intricate of human pursuits. It is to this study that Dr. Wells makes a significant contribution. As a pioneer, he blazes the trail; others will be guided by his route, though the future highways may diverge from his triangulations. Central in the composition stands that complex of forces imposed by nature embodied in the function of sex, and from that focus radiating to all the expressions of human energy, desire, will, conduct. To consider the manifestations of sex so insistently and unreservedly may seem to many unused to this perspective an unseemly intrusion, or an unworthy degradation. The libido plays with the human will, mocks at its attempts to escape its bonds, and through the exponent of science reveals the true significance of the mind's expressions. . . .

The volume moves toward a definite position in regard to the control and expression of vital trends. Such a position has a direct bearing upon ethics and education and all the regulative systems that distinguish between good and bad, between more and less desirable. For adjustment implies value, indeed sets the standard of value. Dr. Wells attempts an analysis of the source of such standards and an appraisal of their worth and fitness for the life that we today must attain. Beginning with the biological relations, he promptly introduces the mental factor, and presents the mind and its products as an instrument of adjustment. The use and waste of the mental trends is his theme. The substitution of thoughts for realities takes us back to primitive man and the unschooled habits of his mind, to magic and superstition; it takes us collaterally to the breakdown of mind in the forms of insanity, in which the distinction of fact and fancy fades.

"Difficulties and failures of adjustment furnish the basis for the more elaborate analyses . . . The nature of intelligence and the modes of testing it; the scope and significance of individual differences; the newer methods of attacking the higher judging processes in terms of which adjustment proceeds; these are included in the survey.

"Dr. Wells reflects his professional interests in the disqualifications and liabilities of the abnormal mind; his training is equally adequate in the study of experimental problems among the normal. The work should find its place as an aid to the general reader, as a guide to the psychological student, whatever his practical interests or professional purpose may be. Ideas irregularly scattered through the technical literature are here brought together, with much original interpretation, into a consistent whole."—(D. Appleon & Co,)

"White Nights, and Other Russian Impressions"

"White Nights, and Other Russian Impressions" is a good picture of Russia just prior to the Revolution, as pictured by Arthur Ruhl, one of the best known American journalists. An example of the impressions that is of especial interest is the following:

"Rodzikanko, the Duma president, like most of the deputies, is a landowner—he has enormous estates down in the southern steppe country—and on the hot summer afternoon when I was talking with him he was thinking, as many of his colleagues were, of the crops and getting home.

"'The land won't wait,' he boomed. 'If the crops aren't good, Russia suffers. And the army suffers. We must go home soon.' And the political earthquake was then only a few months away."

Nearly thirty full-page pictures from photographs accompany the vivid descriptions of scenes and events in Russia. "The Road to Russia" is an interesting introductory chapter that gives some sidelights on Norway and Sweden. He describes the homecoming of a group of German soldiers who had been exchanged from the allies' prison camps. They were spiritless wrecks, most of whom were nearly dead from tuberculosis, besides having legs, arms and eyes missing. Among the features of Russian war time life described are the events at the front, the Moscow Art theater, a look at the Duma, Russia's war prisoners, a Russian cotton king, down the Volga to Astrakhan, Volga refugees and Roumania's lesson on the meaning of war.

The narrative is told in the easy style of the well-informed newspaper correspondent, with pertinent observations on the meanings of what Mr. Ruhl was seeing. Previously to this book, Mr. Ruhl has written "Antwerp to Gallipoli," "Second Nights," and "The Other Americans." The photographs are partucularly interesting and illuminating.—(Charles Scribners' Sons).

"The Royal Outlaw"

I am sure humanity has made a big advance, and H. G. Wells' idea of a finite God which had nothing to do with "creation" and all that bunk, since reading Charles B. Hudson's "The Royal Outlaw," a novel of King David during the period when he fled from the insane wrath of Saul and lived as an outlaw and exile. It is written on the style of the American historical novels so popular a few years ago, and still written by Emerson Hough. There is nothing of the mystic awe and reverence in talking of this fascinating poet-butcher amorous king of the Jews. His lawless gathering of associates, their trips among the enemy countries, their hidings in the caves and hills, the love affairs and the battles bring out all of their qualities as human beings without Jehovah's whiskers getting mixed into the frays.

The book is historically accurate, and a well-told novel. Romance and adventure blend in a stirring tale, coming from the lips of Old Alian o' the Wood, David's veteran man-at-arms. Alian was a robber, who abandoned his profession to cast his lot with the exiled king and became one of his chief counselors. Alian furnishes a good part of the humor, which relieves the strain of many fights. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

To the Ideal

By Dr. John Dequer

I love you in pain and in sorrow,
I love you in weakness and might,
I love you in evening and morrow,
I love you through darkness and light;
For my love from the heart, like a fountain,
Flows in perpetual streams;
My love is as vast as the mountains,
For you, the source of my dreams.

For me, your eyes gleam with a fire
That fills all the heavens with song;
For your voice doth ambition inspire,
To build beauty from a strife-sick throng—
For those who are weary and laden,
For those who are seeking the rest.
Fulfillment of promise of Aiden
I find, when asleep on your breast.

And I build, and teach and grow stronger,
When I think of the soul I adore;
And I wish that the sun would shine longer,
And the darkness of night I deplore.
For my spirit soars high like a lark—
A lark whose heart-throbs are song;
When I see you smile from your pillow,
I feel that in weakness I'm strong.

As the clover the bee calls to labor,
As the spring calls the bird to its nest,
As atoms call to their neighbors,
As play calls the child to its rest:
Your life calls my spirit to motion,
Like a mighty, redeeming machine;
You're my prayer, my song, my devotion,
My Saint, my God and my dream.

The keystone to all of my arches,
As in either your heart or your face;
In the music of soul-stirring marches,
In the swirl and jam of life's race,
I hold you, the crown of my power,
The hope and the joy of the strife;
You're my shield, my sword and my tower—
The pulse and strength of my life.

I may win or lose in the striving,
I may fail and rise up again;
I may sink, and the billows, fast driving,
May strand me with heartache and pain:
But no matter what fate may befall me,
As long as your hand, from the shore,
Will beckon sweetly, and call me,
I will live for the soul I adore.

A Workingman's Soliloquy

By Clinton Bancroft

I am the blind giant.
I am a part of the incomprehensible mind of the universe.
I am the man who first conceived the plow.
My hands fashioned its rude shear of wood and with it turned the soil.
I raise the grain that feeds the armies of the world.
And I walk to and fro throughout the land seeking a master.

The Master rubs the Lamp.

I build factories and mills and palaces for him.
My children toil and sweat in his service; we live in a hut.
I delve deep in the earth and mine the coal and iron that give mankind dominion over brutes.
I build roads of stone and steel, and bridge the torrents and chasms that divide the mountains.
I build great ships and sail them o'er the seas, then bring them safely into port laden with treasure and meekly lay it at the master's feet.
Without my loyalty to mastership, ignorance and poverty would vanish from the earth.
And still I feel the goad
Of human needs and bend beneath my load.

The master rubs the Ring.

I fight the battles of the king.
At his command, I wound and slay my fellow worker without cause.
I dive beneath the waters of the sea to sink and destroy that which I have built.
From the clouds above, I hurl thunderbolts of fire and death upon the children of the land for hire.
Sated with scenes of carnage and suffering the torments of the damned,
I envy the felon his prison life and easy death.
I am a creature who feels
Upon his neck the crush of iron heels.

The zephyr is my pathway to the skies;
I ride among the clouds and mount above the storm.
The fabled powers of Jove are mine; in my hands—Death, to dispense, to withhold.
The lightning is my messenger.
I speak across continents and seas with tongue of fire and herald the Pentecost of war.
Listen! a message to you, O Fellow Workingman:
"Thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."
Listen! a message to you, O King:
"Thou shalt not kill!"
And above the awful raging of the storm of war and battle,
I hear a voice saying:
"Peace, be still."—'Tis my soul, crying peace!
And when I speak the word, war shall forever cease.

The scales are falling from my eyes;
I think I see a light arise.

Fires of Love (Continued from page 15)

How fitting a symbol it is of the love of the God of the Universe! For it lifts our hearts above the mundanity of earth to a plane where we sense a kinship with the Infinite. This star typifies all the greatness of Nature for us, and in loving this one star, we also love the intangible, elusive, yet all-pervading God of Life.

THE FLAME OF THE VESTALS.

You remember how in ages past the Romans kept burning in the temple of Vesta a fire that was never allowed to die. It was fed by maidens. and if they violated their vows of virginity, never again might they tend the sacred flame. Every true Roman worshipped at the altar of Vesta, who typified in a larger sense the union of the nation. And every Roman knew that the sacred flame was ever burning, although he did not constantly make the offering before the temple.

I like to think of such a fire as representing the love of friendship—the REAL friendship that lasts, that never wavers in constancy. Only he whose life is pure can hope to receive from service at friendship's shrine the helpful mental stimulus, the understanding sympathy, the warm love and exaltation of spirit; and only he who will sacrifice can reach the heights to which these experiences can take him.

How dear to friends is the thought that though they may not always bring offerings to the altar and be worshipping with a heart as humble as the bended knee, the sacred flame of friendship is burning still the same, fed by the purity, the loyalty, and the sincerity of the lives of those who minister unto it.

THE FIRE OF LIFE

When the Infinite breathed into us the fire of life, we were given a spark of the fires of loves, as well as the beginnings of hatred and strife. Our whole being, then, with its activities, is a blend of the various fires of life. If we develop our bodies, our minds, our spirits with conscientious care, and keep them so unified as to evolve for us the highest efficiency for the use of ourselves and humanity, our lives will be living fires of love.

And so, can not we who see and feel the beauty of these fires of loves, try to make our lives as bright, as beautiful, as pure as the fiery flames and the love they symbolize?

Unfair District Representation

(Continued from page 9)

Democrats, polling 54,242 votes, however, elected twice as many, i. e., four when they were entitled to only three. A little combination of Democrats, Progressives and a few Socialists, numbering only 7,944 elected one Senator; but neither 19,053 Democrats and Progressives nor 19,250 straight Socialists could get any Senatorial representation whatever.

In the Assembly the unjust district system fairly outdid itself in disfranchizing Democrats. 224,476 Democratic voters succeeded in electing only nine Assemblymen when proportionally they should have had twenty-two. A combination of 39,694 Republicans and Democrats, less than one-fifth the number of straight Democrats, elected only one less Assemblyman, eight as against nine. Another combination of Republicans Democrats and Progressives, comprising 69,956, elected 10 Assemblymen. That is, a group less than one-third as strong numerically as the straight Democrats, elected one more member of the Assembly than those same Democrats. Again, 7,097 voters of various faiths combined to elect one Assemblyman, but 56,751 Socialists got no representation.

When we turn to Congressmen we find that the Progressives get a rough deal, for 31,181 of them are denied a voice and vote at Washington, while only 30,042 Democrats with a sprinkling of Socialists elect one member. Republicans, Democrats and Progressives to the number of 58,826 elect a Representative, but 60,797 Socialists remain unrepresented. Comparatively speaking both Republicans and Democrats suffer from an utterly illogical combination in National politics of Republicans and Democrats, for 109,992 Republican Democrats elect two Congressmen, while nearly twice as many straight Democrats elect only three, and nearly three times as many straight Republicans elect only four Representatives.

The figures which I have cited show conclusively that under the district system there is no certain relation between votes and representation. The fact as to whether the majority rules or not is left to the utterly hap-hazard grouping of the numerous districts. As a matter of fact in many instances the minority controls the legislature and the majority is left impotent. The actual weight of any vote is a matter of purest chance. Unjust, inequitable, misrepresentative, the district system of election must go.

Llano Getting on the Map

(Continued from page 7)

once, and as a result, one of the most artistic affairs in the history of Llano was consummated.

The Assembly Hall was arranged to represent a church. An aisle was arranged from the double doors down to the platform where the ceremony was performed, and prettily enclosed by white ribbons running on white posts ornamented with pink roses and greenery. The aisle was outlined overhead with wedding bells, decorated with roses and pink ribbons and ending with a large bell of the same description. The electric lights were veiled in pink and white. Carnations and sweet peas abounded on the walls and ceiling.

The wedding ceremony was perfomed by Rev. Louis A. Pier and was an impressive ring service, the charm and loveliness of which is difficult to describe.

The orchestra played the celebrated Lohengrin wedding march as the wedding procession marched slowly up the aisle.

When the ceremony was over a reception was held at which refreshments were served.

My object in repeating the description of the wedding is to point out some of the advantages of a co-operative community. Had this event with its delightful arrangements, its beautiful decorations, and its impressive music by a twelve-piece orchestra, been held in any other city or village, it would not have cost less than $500. The cost here was insignificant. The services of those engaged in making the ceremony the success it was, was entirely gratuitous and gladly given.

Llano is three years old. It has a record of achievement. Many will come and some will go, but always many more will come than those that will go. Those who stay, overlooking for the time the few ofttimes annoying inconveniences, will be the inheritors of the labors of those who have contributed to make Llano what it is today and is going to be in the future.

Llano, with its industrial and psychological problems, is a mecca to which thousands will come and from which will be marked the program that pointed the way out of the wilderness.

This Man Won a Membership in the Llano Colony by Securing Subscriptions to the LLANO PUBLICATIONS

EWALD SANDNER lives in Illinois. He worked industriously in the First Grand Membership Circulation Contest and soon obtained the lead, which he retained throughout the entire contest.

Here are some Winners in the First $2000 Grand Membership Circulation Contest

EWALD SANDNER, Illinois, won the Membership in the Llano del Rio Colony.

Others who won Llano stock in the contest are:

ERNEST BODEN, Canada.
CHRIST COJANUS, Illinois.
WALTER ELLMAN, New York.
GEORGE TRUST, Washington.

The SECOND Grand Membership Circulation Contest is now on. Most of those who won premiums in the first contest won them with absurdly low numbers of subscriptions turned in. Enter at once and win in the new contest.

Join Our New Contest Now

Llano Publications
Contest Department - - - Llano, Calif.

Reduced Freight Rates

on Shipments of

Household Goods

from all Eastern points

to California

Members of the Llano del Rio Colony will find it especially advantageous to make their shipments through the

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.

443 Marquette bldg, Chicago; 324 Whitehall bldg, New York; 640 Old South bldg, Boston; 435 Oliver bldg, Pittsburg; 1537 Boatmen's Bank bldg, St. Louis; 518 Central bldg, Los Angeles; 855 Monadnock bldg, San Francisco. WRITE NEAREST OFFICE.

YOU CAN BUY THE LLANO PUBLICATIONS IN SAN FRANCISCO at the People's Library, 2079 Sutter street, and at 1350 Fillmore street.

What Are You Good For?

Did you ever try to find out?
Are you employed at work for which you are best fitted?
Do you KNOW or are you GUESSING?
Your children—what will you advise them to do?

The science of Character Analysis will answer the questions you have asked yourself. It is not fortune telling. It is not guess work. It tells you what you are fitted for and gives you the reasons. It tells you why you have not succeded in what you have attempted and will show you in which lines you can hope to succeed.

An analysis of yourself will cost you something and it is worth many times what it costs; but information about it—that is free. Just write: "Send me free information about Character Analysis and Vocational Fitness." Write your name and address very plainly. Send it to:

P. O. Box 153, Llano, California

CLASSIFIED ADS

Rates: 25c a line for one insertion; 15c a line thereafter. Twelve words to the line. Advertising payable in advance.

"THE NEW EARTH." Ocean beds become vast fertile plains. Earth watered from within; even deserts bloom. Deductions solidly based upon divine laws. Fifty cents, no stamps. Cross Publishing House, Nuevitas, Cuba. JJA

FOR SALE.—BREEDING RABBITS. BELGIANS, NEW ZEALANDS, AND Flemish Giants. We can supply all ages up to eight months. For further information address Rabbit Department, Llano del Rio Colony, Llano, Cal.

Llano Job Printing

The Llano del Rio Printing and Publishing Department is now equipped to handle job printing.

Cards, leaflets, booklets, stationery, etc., will be handled in a satisfactory manner, and at prices which will compare more than favorably with those found elsewhere.

All work will be given the union label unless otherwise requested. Every employee is a Socialist and a union man.

The Llano Publications, Llano, California.

Walter Thomas Mills

Is Now Associated with the Llano del Rio Colony

Comrade Mills is known to every Socialist and radical in the United States, and is also widely known in Canada, Great Britain, New Zealand, and Australia. He has been an active worker for many years as a speaker and writer. He has been identified with co-operative efforts of various kinds. After watching the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony for three years, studying it closely, and realizing the certainty of its success he has identified himself with it as BEING THE LIVEST AND MOST CONSTRUCTIVE PHASE OF THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES TODAY. This is what he says:

"For Every Job in The United States

Someone Has Invested, in Something, $10,000

This is the average cost of a job in this country. But if you buy your own job even at this price you would escape exploitation only at one point. You would still be robbed everywhere else just the same.

"You can own your job at Llano, Los Angeles county, California, in the most productive county in America, have you own house with the best of schools, free medical aid and hospital care, with the best social life, and so become your own employer, have for yourself your total products with a million dollar working plant co-operatively manned and managed, covering twenty lines of industry, and so escape exploitation at twenty points instead of one and that where no boss or trust can rob you of the means of life."

Comrade Mills is going to lecture on "Co-operation in Action" with particular reference to the Llano Colony.

The Western Comrade

Will carry a Leading Article Each Month from the pen of Comrade Mills.

Watch also for the

EDITORIALS BY JOB HARRIMAN
STORIES ON THE LLANO COLONY
FIRST-HAND CO-OPERATIVE NEWS
And Many Other Instructive Features

The Second Grand Membership Circulation Contest Is Now On----Earn a Membership

THE LLANO PUBLICATIONS ARE FOREMOST IN TEACHING SOCIALISM—HELP GET SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THEM NOW!

Write at Once for further Information: Contest Department—

The Llano Publications, Llano, California

DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE OF THE WORKERS

THE WESTERN COMRADE

THROUGH POLITICAL ACTION AND COOPERATION

September, 1917 Price Ten Cents

Features:

	Page
Editorials by Job Harriman	3
Llano's Assets	8
The Wreck (Story) by Ethel Winger	10
Was Schmidt Guilty?	12
Co-operation in Russia	14
Co-operative Banking by Clinton Bancroft	16
Evening Thoughts by Dr. John Dequer	17
Terms of Peace by Ida Crouch-Hazlett	20

The Gateway To Freedom

Through Co-operative Action

THE LLANO DEL RIO CO-OPERATIVE COLONY is located in the beautiful Antelope Valley, in the northeastern part of Los Angeles County, Southern California. This plain lies between the San Gabriel spur of the Sierra Madres on the south and the Tehachapi range on the north. The Colony is on the north slope of the San Gabriel range. It is almost midway between Palmdale, on the Southern Pacific, and Victorville, on the Santa Fe railroad.

The Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony is made up of persons who believe in the application of the principles of co-operation to the widest possible extent. Virtually all of the residents are Socialists. It is a practical and convincing answer to those who have scoffed at Socialist principles, who have said that "it won't work," who have urged many fallacious arguments. In the three years since it was established, the Colony has demonstrated thoroughly the soundness of its plan of operation and its theory. Today it is stronger than ever before in its history.

GENERAL INFORMATION

The Llano del Rio Colony is the greatest Community enterprise ever attempted. It was founded by Job Harriman, May 1st. 1914, and is solving the problem of disemployment and business failure. It offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the workers and their families.

The Llano del Rio Colony is a horticultural, agricultural, and stock-raising enterprise, with such manufacturing as will supply the needs of the colonists, with perhaps something to sell when the Colony has grown.

It is a perfect example of Co-operation in Action. No community organized as it is, was ever established before.

The purpose is to solve the problem of unemployment by providing steady employment for the workers; to assure safety and comfort for the future and for old age; to guarantee education for the children in the best schools; and to provide a social life amid surroundings better than can be found in the competitive world.

It has more than 800 residents, making it the largest town in the Antelope Valley. More than 200 children attend the schools. The Montessori school is in operation, taking the children from 2½ to 6 years of age. A new school building is soon to be built.

The Colony owns a fine herd of splendid dairy cattle, 100 head of young stock are on the range, being heifers and calves up to 2 years of age. Over 100 head of horses and mules, including colts, are owned by the Colony. These, with two tractors and caterpillar engine, four trucks, and numerous autos, do the hauling and the work on the land.

A recent purchase of Duroc-Jersey sows gives the Colony thirty-eight registered high-class breeding sows and 2 splendid boars, the nucleus of a great development along this line. Many new pens have been built. Registration will be kept up and the raising of fine hogs made one of the leading industries. There are also some fine Berkshires, and a large number of grade sows.

The Colony has more than 400 acres of orchards.

Community gardening is carried on, and an increased acreage will be put in each year.

The ideal is to farm on an extensive scale, using all manner of efficient labor saving machinery and methods, with expert and experienced men in charge of the different departments.

Llano possesses more than 668 stands of bees. They are cared for by expert bee men of long experience. This department expects to have several thousand stands in a few years.

The Colony has secured timber from the San Gabriel Reserve, and has a well equipped sawmill. Lumber worth $35 to $40 a thousand will cost the Colony only a few dollars a thousand.

Social life is delightful. A band, several orchestras, a dramatic club, and other organizations assist in making the social occasions enjoyable.

Alfalfa does extraordinarily well at Llano. Much has been planted and the acreage will be increased as rapidly as possible. Six good cuttings a season can be depended on. Ditches lined with cobblestone set in Llano lime, making them permanent, conserve water and insure economy.

LLANO INDUSTRIES AND INSTITUTIONS

Among the industries of Llano, to which new ones are constantly being added, are: Printshop, shoe shop, laundry, cannery, warehouse, machine shop, blacksmith shop, planing mill, lime kiln, saw mill, dairy, cabinet shop, alfalfa, orchards, rabbitry, gardens, hog raising, stage, lumbering, magazine, newspaper, doctor's offices, woodyard, vinegar works, bakery, fish hatchery, barber shop, baths, swimming pool, studios, hotel, drafting room, post office, commissary, camping ground, grammar school, Montessori school, library, two weekly dances, brass band, orchestra, socialist local, and others.

NO CONSTITUTION OR BY-LAWS

Many persons who want to know how the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community are conducted think, in order to get this information, they must secure a copy of a constitution and by-laws. There is no constitution. The Llano del Rio Community contents itself with a "declaration of principles" which is printed below. The business and financial affairs of the enterprise are conducted by the board of directors who are elected by the stockholders. The corporation by-laws are the stereotyped corporation by-laws of almost every state. The only innovation is in the restricting of anyone from voting more than 2000 shares of stock, regardless of how many shares are held. As this is to be the ultimate holding of every member, this is considered a strong protective clause. The incorporation charter is also the usual type and gives the corporation the right to transact almost all manner of business. The Nevada corporation laws are liberal, safe, and well construed. There is no disposition on the part of state officials to interfere.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES

In conducting the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community it has been found that the fewer inflexible rules and regulations the greater the harmony. Instead of an elaborate constitution and a set of laws the colonists have a Declaration of Principles and they live up to the spirit of them. The declaration follows:

Things which are used productively must be owned collectively.

The rights of the Community shall be paramount over those of any individual.

Liberty of action is only permissible when it does not restrict the liberty of another.

Law is a restriction of liberty and is only just when operating for the benefit of the Community at large.

Values created by the Community shall be vested in the Community alone.

The individual is not justly entitled to more land than is sufficient to satisfy a reasonable desire for peace and rest. Productive land held for profit shall not be held by private ownership.

Talent and intelligence are gifts which should rightly be used in the service of others. The development of these by education is the gift of the Community to the individual, and the exercise of greater ability entitles none to the false rewards of greater possessions, but only to the joy of greater service to others.

Only by identifying his interests and pleasures with those of others can man find real happiness.

The duty of the individual to the Community is to develop ability to the greatest degree possible by availing himself of all educational facilities and to devote the whole extent of that ability to the service of all.

The duty of the Community to the individual is to administer justice, to eliminate greed and selfishness, to educate all and to aid any in time of age or misfortune.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION WRITE

Llano Publications, Llano, California

Political Action Co-operation Direct Action

The Western Comrade

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Entered as second-class matter November 4th, 1916, at the post office at Llano, California, under Act of March 3, 1879.

PUBLISHED EACH MONTH AT LLANO, CALIFORNIA.

JOB HARRIMAN . . . . . Managing Editor. ERNEST S. WOOSTER . . . . . Business Manager

Subscription Rate—75c a year; Canada $1. Single Copies 10c; clubs of 4 or more (in U. S.) 50c. Combination with LLANO COLONIST $1.
Publishers and others are invited to copy at will from the WESTERN COMRADE, but are asked to give credit. Nothing copyrighted unless so stated.
In making change of address always give your former one so that the mailing department may be certain that the right name is being changed.

VOL. V. LLANO, CALIFORNIA, SEPTEMBER, 1917 No. 5

Editorials

By Job Harriman

THE International News Service is authority for the statement that Germany now has 6,000,000 trained soldiers in uniform.

The American Review of Reviews is authority for the statement that it will require one year for the United States to place only 600,000 men in Europe; a period of ten years for the United States to become militarized as Germany now is; that the German military machine can stand upon the defensive and grind up human fodder for the next 25 years.

If this is true, Germany cannot be conquered by force of arms.

—o—

ANY force that will overthrow the German crown is largely within Germany. That power centers in the Reichstag. The Socialists and Liberals have combined. Hindenburg and Scheidemann have locked horns. Bethman-Hollweg listened to Scheidemann and went down. Chancellor Michaelis is now listening to Scheidemann and will likewise go down. Hindenburg will not listen and Hindenburg will go down, dragging the Kaiser and his crown with him.

The Hindenburg-Scheidemann controversy arose over the plan of campaign in the East.

Hindenburg proposed to cross the Hills of Fodelia, pass through the grain fields of Bessarabia to Odessa, and thus reach the heart of Russia.

All the military authorities are agreed upon this policy. If carried out, Russia would probably fall victim to German arms. The military chieftains must insist that when Germany failed to strike at this point last spring she overlooked the best bet that history ever offered to an army or nation.

On the eve of the Russian Revolution Hindenburg said, NOW OR NEVER!

Scheidemann said, NEITHER NOW NOR NEVER!

Such a course means to Scheidemann the betrayal of the new Russia and the destrution of all the fruits, past and prospective, of the Russian Revolution.

If the crown adopts the policy of Hindenburg, a social revolution in Germany is imminent. If his policy is turned down, Hindenburg with his military machine will resign and the crown will be without a staff.

The German people will then join hands with the Russian people and state their terms of peace.

But the British GOVERNMENT will not yet be ready to state HER terms of peace.

SHE is fighting for DEMOCRACY.

—o—

THE Literary Digest is now self-appointed censor of the editorial columns of the American press. She has reviewed the editorials so long that her critical faculties have developed into such an over-weening egoism that she feels competent not only to criticise, but also to determine the editorial policy of the press.

She is calling upon all her readers to forward to her Solon all editorials that do not measure up to the high standard of popular passion, ignorance, and superstition. She promises upon receipt of the same to forward all such to the government with full direction so as to what steps the government would take in dealing out the proper punishments.

Even a suggestion of press censorship breeds hybrids of strange and unnatural form.

How devilish a self-appointed, uncalled-for sleuth must feel!

The very spirit of it is enough to curdle the blood.

Made mad with much learning she is sinking her poisoned fangs, rattler-like, into her own flesh.

The field of brilliant and original editorials, hers for years, furnished a rich pasture to the "Digest," which it now seeks to destroy in the name of Democracy.

The "Digest" has been living a dual and deceitful life. It professes Democracy but lives Autocracy. The blood of Autocracy that courses its veins makes putrid upon its lips the word Democracy.

A CENSORSHIP FOR DEMOCRACY'S SAKE is the last word in diabolical treason to our FREE and democratic institutions.

THE American Review of Reviews says: "England has probably 3,000,000 fairly well trained men in her reserve camps at home."

We are shipping scores of thousands of our young, untrained men direct to the trenches to be slaughtered while the trained English soldier stands by and looks on.

What fools we mortals be!

American soldiers, if sent abroad at all, should be sent to the English camps to be trained and not one of them should be permitted to go to the trenches until every trained English soldier shall have gone before.

This is England's and Germany's fight for commercial supremacy and they should bear the brunt of the battle. If we exhaust ourselves to win the war while England holds back her 3,000,000 trained soldiers, she will have sufficient power to force her terms of peace.

She tried that game upon us during the revolutionary war, and also during the civil war. Can it be said that her conscience will stand in her way today?

Is she not demanding 1,000,000 square miles of German Colonial Territory? Will she change her mind if she conserves her forces while we exhaust ours by winning her victory for her?

Not one American to the trenches until England's 3,000,000 reserves first have gone; this should be the battle cry.

——o——

THE difficulty of coping with the capitalist, backed by the political power of the state, brought many laboring men to a realization of the fact that there was a fundamental weakness in their position. This consciousness of their weakness has caused some to adopt the political theory in addition to the economic, while others have lost hope and with many of the former socialists are abandoning both the old economic organization and political views, and are drifting into the belief that individual direct action, sabotage, and syndicalism offer the solution to the labor problem.

Out of the separation of the economic and political organizations and the failure of organized labor to function politically has sprung a weakness that begets an abandoned hope, that always leads to open warfare.

Whenever a nation abandons all hope of peaceably solving any great and pressing social problem, then all the elements of civil war are present.

So, also, whenever any class or any portion of a class abandons hope of a peaceful solution of the problems that beset them, they, too, are ready for open war.

As long as organized labor fails to use its political power as a class, it will possess little social power and will be unable to direct the legislatures, and hence the courts, and the military force.

The weakness arising from this failure is laying the foundation for a new labor movement which is taking the form of Syndicalism in America.

These syndicalists stand between the economic and political organization, the A. F. of L. and the Socialist party, and draw alike from each.

There is but one means by which this tendency can be checked and that is by establishing complete political unity between the economic and the political organizations. Out of this unity will spring great power—power on both the economic and the political fields. By this unity legislatures and judges can be elected, laws enacted and construed, and the military force directed. The power springing from such united action of the working class will give rise to and sustain an abiding hope, for hope always abides in the bosom of the man or class that has power to act.

Out of such union and such hope a constructive program would spring and be rapidly enforced. This is growth.

If, however, the syndicalist movement should survive we would be brought face to face with the necessity of another adjustment. Whether we believe in individual direct action or sabotage or syndicalism in its highest form, yet the workers will meet with the army and navy, and be compelled to turn to parliament for a minimum wage or work day, or some other law, as has been done in England. This fact will give rise to the theory of political action among the syndicalists themselves, which they will either adopt or upon which they will divide.

Ultimately the power of working class will mobilize politically and economically, if not intelligently—then blindly—because the greatest efficiency lies in such mobilization. The process is rapidly proceeding, as the small property owners are constantly losing their property and dropping from their comfortable positions down into the ranks of the struggling, teeming millions.

There they find an abiding place among the swarms of workers dependent upon each other. For the first time they realize their utter helplessness. Once they thought their superior advantage was due to their superior intelligence, but now they see that it was due to the power stored in the property to which they held title. Having lost their property they now perceive that superior intelligence and skill only measure the additional wealth or power the possessor must part with to his employer. How different the view point: Now their hearts sink under the ravages of despair. How futile and helpless their sordid egotism in this hour of need! How insignificant they now appear, seeing themselves as others see them! Realizing their weakness they turn to labor for help, fully realizing that they will receive far more than is in their power to give, but also as they give so will they receive.

Thus the social passion is born in the heart and brain of these new arrivals as they adopt the view point of the worker and feel and perceive the suffering that follows in the trail of the oppressor.

What a remarkable altruism that gives more to each than each can return and yet that withholds from him who will not give his best! What a natural and wonderful process of welding together a great movement! From all to each

and each to all. Human life first, property second. In their eyes property possesses virtues only in proportion as it ministers to the welfare of humanity. It becomes a vice when it becomes a burden. To the workers it is now a burden. Their lives are being drained to the dregs, into property for others. Abolish the vice by abolishing the burden. To conserve the energy of each to himself is the common necessity. To part with his energy for the benefit of others is the common protest. Common ownership of all the reservoirs into which our lives are being drained is the world cry of the workers. To these reservoirs each shall contribute, from them each shall draw, to the end that the energy of each shall be conserved to him, and his comfort, well-being and unfoldment made safe and secure. What an object for conquest! What elements for a new civilization! What a sea of living, surging, organizing human power, ever swelling with its billows, ever becoming more and more tempestuous, until the tyrannical, heartless ship of state, now triumphantly sailing thereon, will finally reel, its hulk will break, and it will be swallowed in the social deep, leaving behind it, at least for a while, untroubled hearts, bound together by a common interest, happy in their peace and good will. And thus will a working class socialist state arise and thrive on the elements produced by capitalism.

—o—

THE days of conscription are only beginning. The young men first, the middle aged next. Then, later, the older men will be conscripted into industrial service. Still later, property will be conscripted.

One would have thought that after centuries of Christian teaching, human life would have been considered more sacred than property. But alas! property has been conserved by the strong arm of Senate and the lobbying force who are working in behalf of the money powers and "democracy!"

That democracy which sacrifices human life to save property is a strange critter.

The Democratizing of Property and the Aristocracy of the Mob! Not yet—but soon!

—o—

ONE man in America has an income of $10,000,000. He probably is a married man. The Lord saves such men on earth, for the rich shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. And would it not be a crying shame to send them to hell, especially by way of the trenches?

—o—

THE card house of profits is tumbling. This is the apex of the capitalist system.

This is holy ground upon which governments and popes fear to tread.

Peace is the reverberating echo returning from the conscription of profits.

What a cry of peace will go up from the lips of plutocracy as the law proceeds toward the conscription of profits!

PEACE TO SAVE MONEY, BUT NO PEACE TO SAVE MEN!

THE parliament of England has been informed by the lawyers of the Crown of England that it is unlawful for the subjects of the Crown to confer on terms of peace with the subjects of belligerent nations.

How thoughtful!

England will not state her terms of peace. No crowned head will state its terms of peace. No capitalist government can state its terms of peace before the issues of the war are settled.

Capitalism survives by conquest. Terms of peace can only be dictated by the capitalist conquerer after the victory.

—o—

SOCIALISTS are proud, others are ashamed, of their convictions in these war times.

—o—

OF the 12,000,000 men called to the colors in Germany, 9,000,000 are still in uniform. Germany's navy is as strong as it was in 1914. In addition, she has her U-boats.

We cannot conquer Germany by sending men to France. The trenches are a bottomless pit into which we may pour all the youth of America, and yet the chasm will yawn for more men.

It is proposed to conquer Germany by way of the air. The call is made for 10,000 aeroplanes.

Let us not underestimate the power of the opposing force. The cost of ten thousand machines is not a drop in the bucket. Germany will meet them with ten thousand more. Untold numbers should be made and the number should be kept secret.

If this plan of campaign is adopted it should be backed up with an endless stream of death-dealing machines as used by Germany, and which aroused to the highest pitch of moral indignation, England and America.

—o—

COMRADE W. A. Robinson objects to my statements that "brute force is suicidal;" that "force is the law of death;" and that "love is the law of life."

He says: "Force is universal and eternal;" that "force is both constructive and destructive." All of which is true. "Brute force builds our bodies" and "brute force tears them down." The latter half of this assertion is correct. Again, Comrade Robinson says, "Love, itself, is a force." Most assuredly.

Love is the force that spells the harmonies of the universe. It is that state of attraction and equilibrium during which the chemical processes proceed constructively and cohesively.

Love is the antithesis of brute force.

Love is gentle, kindly, upright, truthful, frank, enduring, reasonable, patient, forbearing, constructive, sympathetic, refined and beautiful.

Brute force is ambitious, tyrannical, hateful, unconscionable, ruthless and destructive.

These are the meanings as applied to the social terms, love and brute force. They are the very antithesis of each other. Surely the one is constructive and the other destructive?

Conscription---What It Means to Llano

By Myrtle Manana

CONSCRIPTION! A new word in the vocabulary of American democracy! An innovation in our national life that promises to revolutionize social adjustments. For the first time we are brought face to face with the actual value of men in industry. How the average community computes the value of its men and how Llano computes their value is quite different. This difference is based on their relation to the entire group.

The seriousness of conscription does not strike home so forcibly in the average American community as it does in Llano. As a rule, the average community is completely enveloped in the activities of capitalist industry and the manifold manifestations of the capitalist system of industry and government that accompany it. Its ideals are the ideals of the present order. Its brand of Americanism is the brand approved by groups of influential men of approved character. Its interpretation of events is the interpretation placed upon them by those who are trusted to interpret correctly but who oftimes unfortunately fall short of their task. In short, the average American community has more or less abandoned itself to an apathetic acceptance of things as they are. For such a community to give up sons, fathers, husbands and sweethearts to the horrors of war is a deprivation, but does not constitute a calamity.

The loss of a conscript in the average community is not felt poignantly as a community loss; it is felt most often as an individual loss. His loss is mourned at best by relatives or a few close friends. Then again, the inevitable daily life of the average community is such that in many instances persons receive a direct pecuniary benefit from the conscription of others. For instance, in a certain bank the drafting of one man may mean that a dozen or several employees in that bank will be advanced to higher positions—and will receive higher salaries. Here is a prolific source of selfishness and mean disregard for the life of another. An employee in this bank may have envious eyes on a higher position for months, even years. His desire for advancement may have been fanned into a white heat by the knowledge that the conscription of his superior is imminent. And on the day of the departure of the conscript for war, he may shake hands with him sympathetically, express his deepest sorrow at the other's misfortune, and yet experience a secret satisfaction that the last bar to the goal of financial advancement has been let down.

What a commentary on our civilization! How is it possible for the doctrines of the Nazarene to flower in a society where the fame of individuals is contingent on the misfortunes of another?

In Llano we have the spectacle of several hundred people held together not by blood ties, but by the inseverable bonds of co-operative endeavor. Here each inhabitant receives the same remuneration, the same advantages, the privileges and benefits. Here all are straining every effort to contribute to the progress of the Colony. Here an injury to one is an injury to all.

The members of the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony are members of a big family. It could not be otherwise. Every phase of Llano community life radiates from the common interest of all the people. What affects one must of necessity affect them all. No individual can possibly benefit from the conscription of another. The loss of a comrade, on the contrary, is a direct and quickly-felt loss to him. No matter what position one may occupy, no matter what opportunities are created for personal aggrandizement by the conscription of a fellow-worker, no financial benefit can accrue to one. The destiny of the Colonists is a common destiny. Failure or success in the enterprise is the common concern. No matter how high in the management of the ranch or in any other position of responsibility an individual may get as a result of the total loss of a superior, his advancement cannot be other than one with hollow and empty meaning.

Llano is yet a pioneer enterprise. It is but three years old. Although its growth is phenomenal for the short time in which it has had to develop, still its small army of producers has been built up with much care and difficulty, and with a great expenditure of time and money. Experiments with reference to the management of the affairs of the ranch have gone on since the very inception of the Colony, and at the present time many of the men—young and old—who hold positions of trust and great importance, are absolutely indispensable to the welfare of the enterprise. There are men in charge of various industries of the ranch, who alone understand that particular work, and who could not be replaced by other Colonists without considerable apprenticeship. The loss of these men would entail a serious handicap.

Recently, word was received from the United States Government that ten young men, between the ages of 21 and 31, had been selected from Llano to appear before the military authorities subject to physical examination, and, later, if not exempted from military service, to be sent to the battlefields of Europe.

This news came as a startling blow to every member of the Colony. Although all had realized that Llano could not be so fortunate as to be entirely exempt from the visit of conscription, still little thought was given to the matter. When apprehension became an actuallity, gloom spread like a pall.

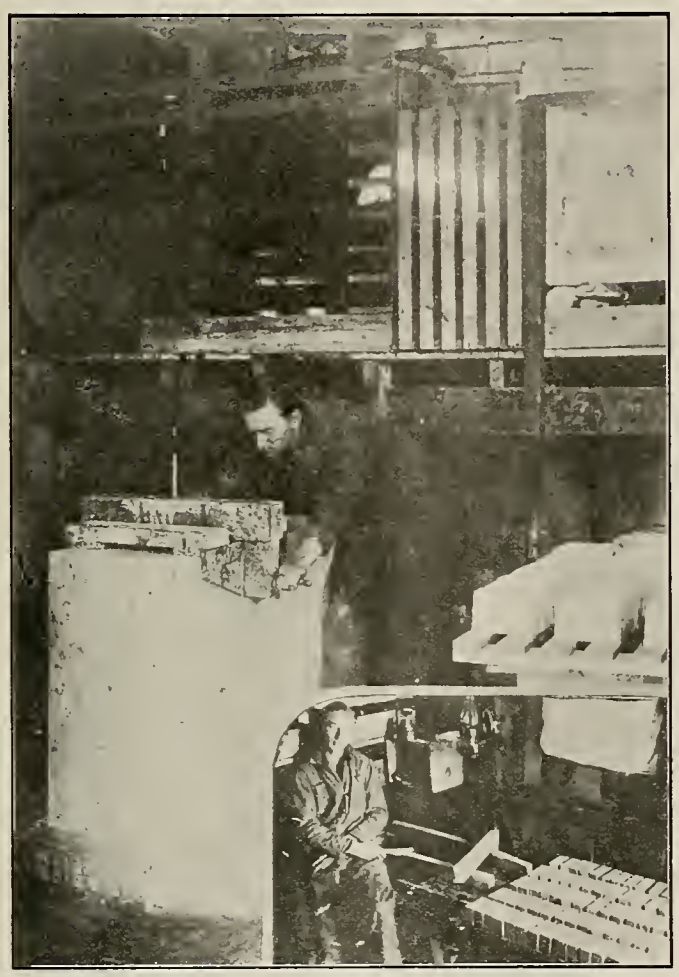
All of the ten young men who were selected to assist the Allies in making the world safe for democracy are assets to the Colony—are young men whose absence, even for a short time, would seriously impair industrial operations. Their complete loss would, of course, be even a greater injury.

It seems unfair that the community of Llano has never been consulted about the matter; has never been asked whether she wishes to sacrifice her sons to a cause which has not the remotest connection with her prosperity or success. It seems unjust that these young men themselves have no voice as to what purpose their lives shall be dedicated. But it is useless to protest; it is a waste of breath to denounce; it is suicide to revolt or disobey. The huge war machine which now dominates our country controls everything and everybody. We can only deplore the disrespect for the sacredness of human conscience that permeates the patriotism of our time.

One of the young men who has been drafted is a mechanic of exceptional ability. He is an inventive genius. He has invented several devices that, when patented and sold, promise to bring great returns. His originality and adeptness in anything he undertakes has been of incalculable value to the Colony. Although, but a very young man, he recently took charge of one of the most important departments on the ranch, and although confronted with meagre equipment and lack of order, has in a short time, brought it to a high state of efficiency. At present he is evolving a brilliant plan for the keeping of time for the entire ranch. This scheme, if com-

pleted, will enable one to see on a board in graphic arrangement precisely the number of workers on the ranch, the departments in which the various workers are employed, the number working in each department, those absent, and so forth.

Another of these young men is in charge of the water development of the Colony—at this moment, perhaps, the most important task with which the Colonists are confronted. He is a miner of practical experience, and has been able to keep an able crew busy at the tunnel and at the sumps in a constant endeavor to increase the flow of water for irrigation purposes.



Fred Allen making a batch of Laundry Soap in the Llano Soap Works.

Another is in charge of the accounting for the Colony. This is another extremely important department, and one which requires adaptability and experience, which this young man possesses in abundance. As the ranch grows older, the work of accounting grows apace, and it is highly nelessary to have a man in charge of such work who has been familiar with the Colony throughout the previous years of its development.

One is in charge of the indispensable work of civil engineering. The surveying of the lands, the laying out of the ditches, the laying out of building locations; this is a work that must be in competent hands. Llano will need this young man to help in building the new city when the time comes to start it.

Another has developed a minor industry to a state of efficiency and self-support. Beginning with practically no equipment, he is now in position to furnish Llano homes with a useful household article on a large scale and obtaining additional funds for the Colony by selling his product to the outside world. He is also popular for his interest and valuable service in stimulating various forms of recreation and social amusements.

The remainder of these young conscripts are extremely useful workers and citizens and would be a credit to any community anywhere. They are greatly needed in the departments in which they are working and will some day be equipped with the knowledge and experience to manage different undertakings.

Llano cannot spare one of these young men. They are worth, if their worth can be computed in money, thousands of dollars. It is on them and such as they that the success of this inspiring co-operative enterprise depends. They are enthusiastic pioneers in a work where there are few enough who have the vision and nobility of character to take it up. Perhaps every community believes that it has young men who are as valuable as ours, but it is hard to convince us of Llano that ten young men chosen at random elsewhere would measure anywhere near those selected here.

However, we will not argue the point about the relative worth and character of the young men of Llano and those of any other community. But a situation obtains in Llano that is far different than that obtaining in any other community.

There is no doubt but what all of the young men of Llano are opposed to the entrance of the United States into the European War. Their opposition to war did not originate in a fear to enlist in the present one. It originated in the philosophy which they embrace which is opposed to war on principle. They agitated against war and militarism and the causes that make for conflict long before the European War started. They contributed their hard-earned funds toward making successful the war on war. They are all brave and have the courage of their convictions. They are neither pro-Teuton nor pro-Ally; they are pro-Humanity and pro-Co-operation.

Yet Llano is on the verge of losing these young men. They may be taken from her, never to return. A few may return, maimed and incapacitated, unfit for productive labor, a curse to themselves and objects of pity.

At this hour more than at any other, is Llano impressed with the value of men. Never before have her human assets been appraised as they are being appraised now. Never before has it been brought home with such force that Llano's wealth lies not in her material things, not in her orchards, livestock, houses, and farming implements, but in her men and women.

As before stated, in the face of the power of the government, we of Llano are helpless. We can only hope that the inhumanity of sending men to the front who conscientiously object to war will become apparent to the people of the nation, and will result in a popular demand for the repeal of the draft law. We can only trust that the supreme injustice of sending to war those whose convictions against war are as strong as those of the exempted Quakers, will show the error of conscription. Their consciences are their armor. Violence fails in the face of the super-violence of war. But the quiet conviction of an honest conscience may save them.

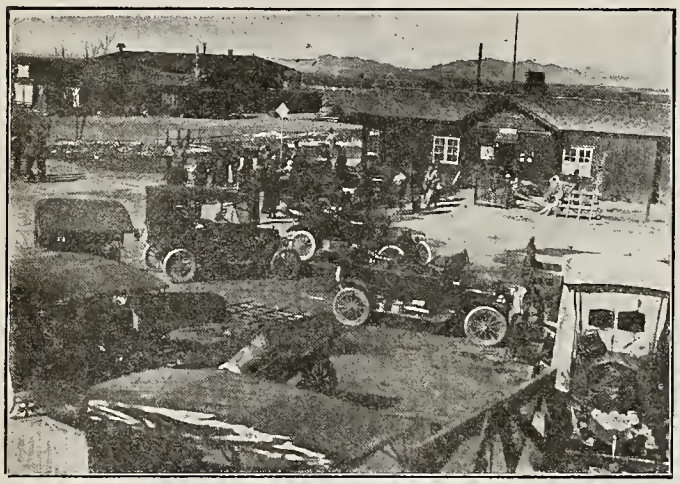
What Are Assets?

IS a range where thousands of head of cattle can be pastured most of the year an asset?

If so, then Llano has an asset worth whatever sum the cattle which can be marketed each year pay interest on. The range lying in the floor of the Antelope Valley has thousands of acres of grass, rich, nutritious grass. It is estimated by conservative men that not less than 3000 cattle can be kept there. It is a matter of water for the cattle and development of this resource, largely. The price of beef is probably never going to be very low again; the range should return good results year after year.

Is a mountain side covered with timber an asset?

If so, then the lumber possibilities here are worth many thousands of dollars. The lumber road built into the mountains can be used to bring hundreds of thousands of feet of lumber into the Colony to be used for building purposes. The road is built, the mill installed, the logs cut, the men on the job. Lumber was never higher in price. It should be possible to sell lumber to neighbors at prices attractive to them



View from Machine Shop looking toward Llano Hotel. Llano del Rio Company offices in foreground.

and thus bring in cash income, besides having all we need for our own purposes.

Is land that can grow fruit trees which should produce from $250 to $1000 an acre an asset?

A neighboring district, similarly situated and not more than 10 miles away, specializes in pears. Virtually nothing else is produced. The residents are specialists in Barlett Pear production. They know market conditions. A kindly climate has made it possible to grow pears along the north slope of the Sierra Madres that are of unsurpassed quality.

Pears are not difficult to grow to perfection in this particular region. The high prices are due to their keeping properties. They are perhaps not to be surpassed for commercial purposes anywhere in the United States. Land owned by the Llano Colony can grow such pears. The trees do not require a great quantity of water when cultivation goes hand in hand with irrigation.

It is quite probable that many thousands of acres of land could be put into pears. The lowest estimate made by a most conservative person is 5000 acres. Many make their estimate much larger. But letting it stand at that, the pear industry offers good prospects. Pear orchards which have begun to produce well are valued at $500 to $1000 an acre, sometimes more. A nearby orchard is reported to have returned $1000 an acre this season. Perhaps this is figuring too much. But at any rate, the returns are high. Suppose they are only half of this amount. Suppose the investment is paying 10 per cent. Then the value of the land is $5000 an acre. However, cutting this down again, it can be seen that with all due respect to conservatism, the value of pear lands are extraordinarily high. Put your own valuation on them. Put it as low as you want, making every allowance you can think of. Then take the minimum of 5000 acres which can be set to pears, which is again the lowest estimate. The value is quite impressive, isn't it.

Is a town an asset?

The collective method of conducting industry and farming operations naturally makes a common housing center, a town, necessary. Instead of scattered homes the tendency is naturally toward centralization. No matter what sort of town it may be, whether it be laid out along old fashioned conservative lines, or whether the more highly organized circular plan is used, a town is usually considered an asset. It represents labor. It has value. The houses have cost money. The public buildings are worth money. The streets, sewer and water systems, lighting—all have a recognized value. Contiguous land is enhanced in worth.

The city of Llano, whenever built, however built, or whereever built, must be an asset. It is an asset on which cash can be raised. It can be bonded if necessary. And if it can be bonded, then it must have a value in the eyes of business men.

Figure out the prospective value of the Llano Colony to suit yourself. Add its ranges with its cattle industry, the timber with the lumber industry, the land with the pear industry. Then put in the value of the city of Llano. Use the most conservative figures. Those given here are very conservative. But cut them down again if you like.

You will be impressed with the value that can be given the Llano Colony. This value can be given by labor and capital, labor owning the capital. This is not a boost article. It cannot be, because the figures are mostly your own and the results what you yourself make of them. It is just an outline of what can be achieved, with the suggestion implied that these results will be secured, and the further suggestion that time is an essential element and that quick results are not to be thought of.

No mention has been made of industries, of other farm and dairy products, of the many other avenues of profit. Use them or not, just as you like. But think of the Llano Colony as a place of great resource, at present almost wholly untouched.

Think of its assets of men and women who have the determination to succeed. Think of them applying their labor power to develop the resources outlined above. But don't expect them to achieve the impossible and to accomplish remarkable results at once. Llano has a magnificent future. It has a setting that is marvelous. It is a project that is economically correct. That it will meet hardships is to be expected. But that it will succeed in realizing its high ideals is inevitable. Llano is a spot of destiny.

* * *

"Of all the agencies which are at work to elevate those who labor with their hands, there is none so promising as the present Co-operative movement."—John Stuart Mill.

Dawn of Humanism

By D. Bobspa

Humanism's
Dawn first lights the skies,
Glad sight to prophet-visioned seers.

Civilization's curse
Ends tomorrow.

Ten thousand years of civilization;
Ten times ten thousand years of human struggle,
And still a race of slaves!

Came speech
In that far primeval dawn, the birth of Democracy on earth
Giving the hairy tree-dwellers a common knowledge.

King Privilege
Throttled the infant Democracy, and began his reign
with Prometheus' gift of fire.

Bow and arrow, pottery, the taming of animals, smelting of iron—
All claimed by Privilege —
But strengthened the rule of the few over the masses.

Came written language
To further bolster special privilege,
And the voice of dead masters
Struck terror to hearts of living slaves.

Through all the ages ran
The red thread of Revolution
And the dream of Democracy,
Whose voice King Privilege could not stifle completely.

Came Commercialism and Trade,
Richest fruitage of Civilization,
Culmination of a thousand milleniums of oppression,
bearing its inevitable wars and strivings for stolen privileges.

Comes Humanism,
When the new world
Shall forget
The ten-thousand-year nightmare of Civilization.

Dark grows the night of Civilization's crazy day
And darker still shall be this night of horror
Ere breaks the dawn
(Now visioned by the prophet-few)
That shall usher in the glad, bright day of
Humanism.

With Fire and Sword

With fire and sword the men of old
Laid waste the world; for fame, for gold,
For pride of power or lust of land,
The diamond clay, the golden sand,
The proud flag in new fields unrolled.

Today another hope we hold,
The World Flag struggles to unfold.
Beneath it, nations hand in hand
Shall lose the hate that once was fanned
With fire and sword.

That people, proud and overbold,
Which outgrown horror has unrolled
Upon our world to-day, must stand
Worse punished by the murderer's brand,
Than all their outrage uncontrolled,
With fire and sword.

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

Two Ways To Govern

By the process of commanding
Many people act as one.
Some ruling will
May hold them still
Or lift them to the sun.
If he be wise and great,
He makes a better state,
But if he fail, of no avail
Is all that he has done . . .

By the power of understanding
Many people act as one;
Their common will
May hold them still
Or lift them toward the sun.
As they grow wise and great,
They make a better state;
Solid and sure, it shall endure
Where all that work have done.

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

The Wreck

By Ethel Winger

A BRIGHT-EYED, bright-cheeked, bright-haired girl loaded with unwieldly bundles, stepped from a dingy grocery store onto the icy pavement, and carefully guided her way through the crowd toward the city's nearby tenement districts. Her face was smilingly happy, and an anticipating light gleamed in her eyes. In living over again the unique manner of making friends with the newsboy who sold her the evening paper, and subsequently with his dear sister who operated a machine that rolled the bandage she used in the hospital, she gave no heed to the throng of weary laborers and the wearier men who were giving up the day's search for employment. She was only conscious of happiness because she had been able to work herself into their hearts to the point where she could, without offense, get up a little birthday dinner as a surprise for Scrag when he came home for supper. She was glad because it meant a touch of humanity—because through them she had gotten her first inkling of economic conditions, and, in her growing interest, had discarded the fashionable "slumming" of society days for the real life among the peoples of the tenements. Her first step, taking training in one of the charity hospitals, had also opened a wonderful new outlook on life, giving a grateful sense of usefulness in the world's activity.

She had been surprised at first to find that the people she met in her new work was more interesting than her highly-educated, polished friends of unquestionable social standing; they had lived more closely to life, gaining knowledge in sorrow and suffering without losing by cultivation a certain human touch. She had been taught to scorn the city's "scum" as her mother called it, but the moment she met Scrag's sister Minnie who looked steadily and clearly from quiet gray eyes that somehow made one forget the cheap dress, the anemic form and the pinched face, she had realized that pride can be greater than poverty; and finally, when she had penetrated the girl's reserve, she was prouder of her friendship than of all her successes of her last year's debutante season. And this evening it was not charity in any disguise but solely Nan's own inclination that had prompted her to plan a birthday supper. complete to cake and candles, that would be the most wonderful feast Scrag had ever known, outshining the Newsboy's Chistmas dinner.

Obtaining a few hours' leave of absence from her hospital duties, she had made an excursion to some nearby markets, carrying away all she could. Celery leaves protuding from a long bundle, bags stuffed suggestively, proclaimed the nature of her errands. Not even the heavy, careworn faces of the laborers could repress her enthusiasm.

Reaching her destination, she carried the bundles up two flights of stairs, pausing a moment at the third. Then she felt her way through several turnings of the corridor, and stopping to fumble for the key Minnie had given her for the occasion, she opened the door and entered. The small room was dark, crowded, but neatly clean. There were carefully cut magazine poster covers on the walls of which the only other ornaments were faded chintz curtains that hid in irregular bulges the family wardrobes. A cloth covered box of drawers holding a few dilapidated combs, brushes and toilet articles, with a dingy mirror above, an uneven bed, a small stand and some rickety chairs completed the furniture. After removing her wraps, Nan took the groceries to the kitchen and began rapid preparations. She wanted to have everything ready by the time Minnie came back from the factory and Scrag returned for supper.

She started the coffee boiling while she opened warm packages from the delicatessen shop, and placed celery, bread and butter on the table, covering the holes in the white oil-cloth with the dishes.

Her absorption was interrupted by the entrance of Scrag's father, who, shuffling wearily out into the kitchen, stopped suddenly when he saw her.

"Good evening, Mr. Williams," Nan began quickly, noting his expression of surprise. "Minnie said I might come in and get up a little surprise supper for Scrag this evening—for his birthday, you know," she added, as his manner had not changed.

Williams' jaw dropped. It had been a long time since he had seen a happy girl preparing a wholesome meal, or speaking enthusiastically of surprises. "Er—I guess it is the tenth of January! I had forgotten—one day seems like another." His voice ended huskily.

"Sit down and have some coffee while we wait," suggested Nan. Eagerly he took the steaming cup she offered him, and gulped down the contents. He watched her closely as she peeled an orange, and talked commonplaces. But Nan's sympathetic attitude always inspired confidence, and he was soon telling her of his long search for work since the strike. He had always managed to find a few odd jobs until lately. Since the riot, when Mrs. Williams had been killed by a "strike-buster's" bullet, the family had owed its support to the scant earnings of Minnie, and the nickels Scrag made with his papers. The doctor bill and the funeral expenses were yet to be paid.

As she sliced the last orange, Nan felt a terrible nausea growing in her. Here was John Williams—like many other John Williams' in that city—strong healthy, kind, goodnatured, with all his spirit and initiative long since starved out, unable to find even enough work to support himself; living in the poor wages of a frail daughter and a twelve year old son. She thought of a "civilization" that produced such wrecks. What would eventually happen to Minnie? Would she marry Jim Sullivan, and re-

Orma Johnston, one of the Entertainers at Llano. She is attired in shredded "Llano Colonists."

peat her mother's experience as a sickly, ill-nourished wife of a day laborer? Jim was employed in a garage—he might work up to a higher place. And Scrag? What would happen to Scrag? Scrag whose cheerful optimism and sparkling personality twelve years of overwork had not yet been able to crush; Would he grow into the dull, spiritless man his father was? She called up a picture of Scrag, with his irregular face, sad but for the twinkling blue eyes that were shadowed by shocks of stiff red scraggly hair that had given him his name. She saw him running in and out the throng, calling in a penetrating nasal tone—"Evening Gazette, Times, Chronicle,—all about the big murder——." Suddenly she looked covertly at the father, sitting dejectedly in his chair, his face in his hands, his elbows on his knees. Her throat choked, and her eyes grew hot. She felt stifled—felt that she must get some air. Quickly she arose.

"Oh, there's something I forgot—I must run back and get it. I think I'll be here before Minnie or Scrag return." She hastily donned her wraps, and ran through the front door, bumping into Minnie who was standing outside. "It ain't no use" she heard her say, "it's Jim I like best." In the semi-darkness Nan could only discern a man's figure.

"Oh, hello, Minnie," she said, pretending not to have heard, "I was just going back for Scrag's book that I forgot to bring. I'll be back before he comes, I think." She ran hurriedly down the steps—anywhere to get away from that atmosphere!

Gaining control of herself in the cold, bracing air, she walked rapidly till she came to the corner where Scrag was often to be found. Before she saw the familiar ragged brown coat, she heard his voice coming: "Evenin' Times, Gazette—all about the big wreck——"! She waited a moment on the corner. Then she caught sight of him as he crossed the street. She again marveled at the agility of small boys in general, and of Scrag in particular, in passing through crowds and traffic. He saw her from the distance and waved. He dodged a street-car and gauged the speed of an approaching motor accurately. But just as he darted past the huge fender, the big car skidded on the slippery pavement. Nan caught a glimpse of falling brown corduroy, and flying papers. Her heart stopped, her knees weakened, but she managed to push through the group that was speedily collecting, and reached the inner circle. A chauffeur was lifting a limp brown bundle that was becoming red in spots. She clutched the man's arm: "Take him to the Hall Street Hospital–I know him–" she said. Then she saw that the man was Jim Sullivan.

"My God! It's Scrag!" he cried.

Nan pushed him toward the tonneau: "You take care of him, I'll drive" and jumping into the chauffeur's seat, she grasped the wheel.

With every muscle she strained, seemingly trying to push the car forward. Never had a motor seemed to creep so slowly. Never had the streets been so crowded.

At last they reached the hospital. The resident specialist was summoned at once, and she waited breathlessly in her wraps while the surgeon, assisted by a clean, capable looking interne, made a preliminary examination.

"A serious case. Both legs lacerated and crushed above the knees. Amputation will be necessary. Have his parents been told?"

"I will send for his father; will you please call a messenger while I write a note?" As she went out, the young interne's eyes followed her, but she did not notice.

The emergency nurse was given the care of Scrag, and Nan could not see him again that day. She learned later that Williams had refused to permit the amputation, and that the surgeon was going to wait a day, in the hope that it might not be absolutely necessary.

Several times the following day she stole into Scrag's room. His head was turned from the door, and she did not disturb him. In the evening, when her work was finished, she tiptoed into the spotless blue room. Scrag opened his eyes as she ran her fingers through the thick, crisp hair. "Scrag! don't you know me?" A smile crossed his face.

"Miss Nan——" was all he could murmur, and his eyes closed again.

She was aroused from her reverie by a nurse, who came to call her to the office. There she found the specialist, calm, scientific, persuasive; Minnie, crying in a chair ,behind which awkwardly stood Jim Sullivan; and Scrag's father, shifting uneasily in his seat.

The surgeon acknowledged her entrance. "Mr. Williams wishes to see you," he said.

"Miss Nan, the doctor says they'll have to cut off his legs or he'll die. Will they, now?" he asked piteously, searching her face for hope.

Touched by the confidence in his appeal, Nan could only answer: "Dr. Newton knows best; he would not say so unless it were necessary, Mr. Williams."

"But I can't have him a cripple—a cripple" said the father, scarcely aloud.

"But don't you see" began the specialist gently, "that it is a question of amputation or death? We want to save him if we can."

"I know" said Williams, choking, "So do I. But that's why—why I can't—have it done. Scrag—a cripple!"

"Mr. Williams, your son's injuries are such that he will die unless we amputate tonight. There is no possibility of saving his legs; surely you are not so heartless that you do not want your son to live——"

"Stop! for God's sake!" cried the tortured man. "Damn you, don't you think I have any feelings? What is Scragg's life now? What would it be if he lost both legs? He can't make a livin' now, and if you make a cripple of him——"

"But if he dies"—began Newton.

Williams fumbled at the door knob. "Let him die!" cried the old man. "If he dies, he dies once. If he lives, he dies a thousand——" his voice failed him, and he shut the door; he was gone.

A tense silence held them. All were staring fixedly at the door where Williams had disappeared. Suddenly a sob filled the room. Nan remembered Minnie. "Come to my room, dear," and she drew her away, as the interne followed Mr. Williams.

When Nan returned, she found that the father had been persuaded to allow the operation, which would take place that evening. She was present, for Scrag asked for Nan to nurse him, and the authorities had consented.

The days following were the hardest she had ever known. The emaciated face, the pathetic, pleading eyes of the once merry boy haunted her. He became much weaker, and she knew his ill-nourished system could not stand the test. One evening she sent for the surgeon. "I think we had better call his family" she suggested, tremblingly.

After a while Jim Sullivan, Minnie and her father had come. Scrag had grown delirious. Minnie knelt at one side of the bed.

Dr. Newton felt the boy's pulse. "He's dying," he said.

Minnie took her brother's hand. "Scrag—Scrag—" she whispered.

(Continued on Page fourteen)

Was Schmidt Guilty?

[This is the fifth installment of Comrade Harriman's address in the trial of the Los Angeles dynamiting cases.]

MR. SCHMIDT told you that he met a man by the name of J. B. Brice at Mrs. Lavin's. That he thought that was his real name. That he did not know until months later that J. B. Brice was J. B. McNamara. That he, Schmidt, was then under his own name. This fact is supported by all the witnesses of the state. That he had used his own name ever since he arrived in the state in 1909. That he was under his own name in Corta Madera where he worked for seven months receiving five dollars a day for his services. That he then went to San Francisco where he remained for a short time, after which he came to Los Angeles. That at all times while he was in Los Angeles he was known by the name of Schmidt and by no other name. The State produced only one witness to contradict this statement, who said she met him in Venice under the name of Perry. She was contradicted by three witnesses besides Schmidt himself, who swears that he was never known by and never used or traveled under the name of Perry.

Schmidt then returned to San Francisco and took up his abode again at Mrs. Lavins. It was there that Schmidt met J. B. Brice. He told you under what circumstances they met. He took the stand like a man; he answered every question frankly and without equivocation. We threw the doors wide open. We asked him general questions. We made it possible for the prosecuting attorney to ask him every conceivable question that might, directly or indirectly, throw light upon the issue at bar. But you men sat in amazement as you watched the maneuverings of the clever attorneys, while they were deciding that not one question should be propounded to this defendant. They did not dare ask him a question. They knew that every question that they could ask would only further illuminate the innocence of the defendant. When they said "No questions" every one of you was sorely disappointed.

I say he met J. B. Brice in San Francisco. He did not know who he was. He thought he was J. B. Brice. There is a conflict of testimony as to how these men met. The District Attorney told you that they did not know to what the witness Doctor Ashworth would testify when he took the stand. They are accustomed, as are all attorneys, to calling witnesses without first knowing what they will say. Mr. Keys, with his boasted thirteen years experience as a prosecutor especially, is in the habit of calling witnesses to testify on matters of importance without knowing what they will say. You will remember how often he has so blundered in this case. Do you remember when Mr. Keys requested the court to take a recess in order that they might talk to one of their witnesses who had just arrived; saying they had not had an opportunity to confer with him? And do you remember that the court granted the request? Yet they brought the witness Ashworth down from San Francisco, according to Mr. Keys, and put him on the stand, and examined him, without first confering with him. Mr. Keys told you that they did not know what Dr. Ashworth's testimony would be when he took the stand. I regret to say that that statement is not true.

Mr. Woolwine—"I was fined for saying that to you."

Mr. Harriman—"No, you were fined for calling me a liar. I know how to say it without being fined. I told you the truth."

Mr. Keyes—"We did not know."

Mr. Harriman—"Was he not seen by your men last spring along in April? Deny it on oath and I will prove you a perjurer."

Mr. Keyes—"Oh, yes, I do not know, but he was seen."

Mr. Harriman—"He was seen! They did not know! Do you remember that Mr. Keyes told you that when a man is found to be false in one thing that you should question his veracity in all things? Look at him! This is the man who professes to be prosecuting, not because he enjoys it, but because of his "divine duty."

Mrs. Ingersoll as Burns detective, told them of the Doctor. He was a friend of hers. She knew how he could be induced to shape his story. He was seen. His story was known. Ah, his story was part prepared for him. The District Attorney forgot his divine duty when he endeavored to lead you to believe he did not know. He would deceive you to induce you to give more weight than you otherwise would give to the Doctor's testimony. Now what are the facts? J. B. Brice came with Mrs. Ingersoll and Dr. Ashworth to the house of Mrs. Lavin when Brice met this defendant for the first time. This was the testimony of Mr. Schmidt. We threw the doors wide open. We removed every obstacle, and gave to the prosecution an opportunity to ask the defendant any question, directly or indirectly bearing upon this case. We said, now Mr. Prosecutor here is your chance, see if he can explain his whereabouts, make him contradict himself if you can, show him up, tangle him, try if you dare to question an innocent man. With all their boasted thirteen years of experience, and with their imported genious from Indiana, coupled with the skill and accumen of Woolwine himself, they sat dumb as a mule, and silent as the tomb, in fear and trembling. "No questions," was their response.

Let us now turn our attention to the description given by the various witnesses of the man who bought the dynamite and his resemblance to this defendant. Summing them up, their various statements were about as follows. "They resemble," or "He resembles him but his hair was sandy," or "He was light complected" or "His face was red," or "He was shorter," or "He was fleshier," or "His shoulders were broader," or "His cheekbone was crushed," or "His eye was all right," or "He resembles him," yes, he resembles him, so also does witness Bryson resemble the man. Indeed he resembles the description in height, resembles it in weight, resembles in breadth of shoulders, resembles in redness of face, and in the drooping eye. Had he been arrested it would have required a far more careful and energetic defense on his part than it has on the part of this defendant.

Even though he answers the description given by the various witnesses far better than does this defendant yet we do not even suggest that he is the guilty party. His cheekbone was not crushed in and his hair was not sandy.

Let us revert to these descriptions more in detail. Upon examination you will be forced to the conclusion, by the testimony of McCall himself, that this defendant was never in the office of the Giant Powder Works in San Francisco or elsewhere.

It was McCall who said positively that this "defendant is the man" who bought the dynamite. It has been five years since McCall saw him. He has talked to the prosecuting attorneys and their representatives many times since he saw the guilty party five years ago. Doubtless he has been de-

scribed many times by the officers of the State in these conversations and shown to him more than once since his arrest. But a mere statement that "this is the man" should be set aside, when statements made on oath before the Grand Jury five years ago, if they be true, make the present statement false and impossible.

What were the statements? Remember they were made five years ago, while the incident was fresh in his mind, while the picture was still vivid and before it had been blurred by a procession of men involved in similar transactions and before he had been talked to by the emissaries of the District Attorney's office whose conversations were fraught with suggestions and assurances so misleading, cunning and clever in their design. What was the testimony before the Grand Jury to which we refer? Here it is.

Question—"What impressed you most?"

Answer—"As I remember the man, he had something the matter with his left eye. I thought that the bone was broken, but I could not see any scar; not that I was suspicious, but I just wondered to myself what kind of a smash he could have gotten without getting a scar, BUT THE EYE ITSELF SEEMED ALL RIGHT."

Why did you not have McCall tell that while he was on the stand? Was it your divine duty that caused you to conceal it?

The fact is, the bone is all right but the eye is not all right. It is out and sunken.

Listen! "I wondered how he could have got such a smash, and broken the bone. But the eye was all right."

Shall this fact be set aside and forgotten?

The man with an eye that was all right and a broken cheek bone, was not this defendant.

In the face of this stubborn fact can you believe the mere statement of McCall that "this is the man"?

Mr. Gilmore was also one of the clerks at the office in San Francisco where the powder was purchased. He saw the same man whom Mr. McCall saw and described. Mr. Keyes the divinely inspired prosecutor questioned him while on the stand. Yet this "fair" attorney did not ask this witness if he could identify his defendant. The defendant was compelled to put him on the stand. What did he say? Listen, and let his testimony sink deep into your hearts and minds, for the statement he makes confirming the statement of McCall before the Grand Jury should be the determining fact in this case. These statements alone show absolutely and beyond the question of a doubt that this defendant is not the man that purchased the powder.

Listen. The fair Mr. Keyes refused to let us cross-examine this witness. He denied us the privilege of asking this witness if the defendant was the man who purchased the powder. He objected on the technical point that it was not cross-examination. He did not want the man to state the truth. He knew what the truth was and that this man would state it. This fair prosecutor whose duty is as profound toward this defendant as toward the state, would rather hang a man on a technicality and gain for himself a reputation, than to let him go free upon the truth.

Upon the objection of Mr. Keyes the witness was excused, and as he walked down the court room toward the exit Mr. Kenzie asked the court "is it possible that we will be compelled to hold this man here two weeks merely for the purpose of asking him one question?" "No," said the court, "bring him back."

He was then asked if the defendant was the man he saw in the office with Mr. McCall. He said, "I saw a man that resembled him. That man at the time met with some kind of an accident like he had been hit with some instrument that fractured the bone, not the eye." Two men saw the same man five years ago. They described the same defect in the same way, a crushed cheek bone but an eye that was all right. The man to whom that eye and that cheek bone belonged was not M. A. Schmidt, this defendant. There can be no question of that."

Question—"He resembled the defendant very much?"

Answer—"I do not say 'very much'; he resembled him."

This witness would not even say that the man resembled this defendant very much.

This defendant's eye is out and sunken, and his cheek bone is as sound as a dollar and is as free from blemish as is his heart from guilt. Come, Mr. Schmidt, stand before them. Let them see for themselves.

Now let us turn our attention to the Argonaut Hotel concerning which there has been so much said.

Who is Mr. Hill? He is the man who had talked to the man J. B. Brice. This man Brice occupied a room in the Hotel. Mr. Hill was the Hotel clerk. He had talked to Brice. He knew him. He had changed him from a single room to a double room so that two men could occupy it together. They registered at the same time. But the defendant was not the man. Hill never saw the defendant before. He is an experienced Hotel man. His attention had been called especially to Perry. He remembered the conversation. He remembered the details about changing the room. But Schmidt's face was a strange one to him. Yet he was trained and had an unusually accurate memory for faces. Surely Schmidt is not the man.

Now comes a man by the name of Cook. He is a bookkeeper. He had kept the accounts of the Iron Workers at Indianapolis for years. He knew the hand-writing of J. J. McNamara and Hockin as well as he knew his own. He saw their letters and signatures every day for years. He identified their signatures in the registers of various Hotels throughout the country. In no case had his identification been questioned either by the state or by the government. The Argonaut Hotel register was placed before him and he swore that J. J. McNamara wrote the name J. B. Brice and that Hockin wrote the name Perry on the register.

If his testimony is correct then it proves that Schmidt was not there. If it was not correct it proves that experts on hand-writing cannot be relied upon.

It reminds me of the expert who testified in a Pennsylvania case, that a certain document was written by a certain person with a forward movement of the right arm, when as a matter of fact, it was written with a pen held with the toes of a man who had no arms.

How easy this question could have been settled once for all. The prosecuting attorney could have been demanded that Schmidt write the name of F. A. Perry. But they did not dare. They knew that he did not write it. We made it possible for them to question him concerning every detail connected with their theory about the Hotel, but they were silent. They preferred to rest their case upon the testimony of so called experts, than to unfold the truth with this defendant.

The general manager of the hotel who was practically always in the lobby never saw the defendant there. Only a bell boy claims to have seen him on the day of his departure. What evidence on which to convict a man! It is too preposterous for serious consideration.

["Was Schmidt Guilty?" began in the May number and will run for several months. Back numbers, ten cents a copy.]

Co-operation in Russia

(From "The Russian Co-operator.")

THE co-operative movement in Russia penetrates every corner of the vast territory of Europe and Asiatic Russia. It embraces 40,000 separate co-operative units, and 12,000,000 of the empire's male citizens.

The strength of the co-operative organization is increasing, and the difficulties attendant upon military necessities have only served to stir this organization and afford increasing mutual confidence and sympathy, broadening the outlook of old organizations, giving enlightened purpose to the new, as they realize the ever more important part they are assuming in the economic life of the nation.

The Russian co-operative movement is already fifty years old but it has now acpuired the strength and vigor of manhood under our very eyes. Without exaggeration, it may be asserted that no other country possesses a co-operative movement so broad in scope or affecting so many classes in the economic world.

Conceived and carried out by the people for the benefit of the masses, Russian co-operation possesses all the force of new and original democratic ideas, the breadth of organization, characteristic business ability and caution in action. At present the co-operative movement in Russia is fighting a stern battle on behalf of the people against unprecedented high prices, and it is making heroic efforts to relieve distress in the rural districts. It undertakes the purchase of consumers' requirements and sells their agricultural produce, both in Russia and abroad. It has performed excellent work in providing for the needs of the army. Huge supplies have been organized by the co-operative movement under the direct auspices of the state departments. Its financial position is sound, the turnover of all the co-operative organizations approaching 2,000,000,000 rbls. The co-operative organization is a power which has to be considered very seriously by the authorities. All this has taken place during a period of political oppression and in the absence of co-operative legislation.

In pre-Revolutionary Russia, the co-operative societies were the only form of organizations, widely spread among the masses. At the same time their membership was chiefly confined to the peasants, while co-operative societies among the working classes were weak and few. The food crisis provoked by the war has increased the number of the latter form of societies, and there is no doubt that their future growth will receive now a powerful stimulus in the free conditions that have been set up. This will also be the case with co-operative societies in the villages, and the co-operative movement will have to play a most important part in the social problems which face the New Russia. It becomes thus a matter of the greatest urgency to trace the relation between co-operation and Socialism, as the political atmosphere is saturated with the ideas of the latter.

Whatever the origin of co-operation may be, it does not by itself constitute Socialism, but on the contrary, it is rooted in the present capitalist state. Co-operation is an economic organization, based on private ownership and aiming at the private-economic advantages of its members. In a Socialistic state there would be no room and no need for co-operation, because the former presupposes the abolition of capitalist economy based on exchange.

Thus co-operation pre-supposes the existence of an economic order based on private ownership. However, that does not mean that co-operation is but one form of the capitalistic state. Differing widely from Socialism, co-operation, at the same time, is not the same as capitalism, and its whole object is to fight the latter. But it fights it with its own weapons, and the end of one must necessarily lead to the extinction of the other.

But, being thus fundamentally different from Socialism, co-operation can under certain conditions become a transition form towards the latter. This is a view taken by many co-operators, and, in this connection, it must not be forgotten that co-operation originated from the socialistic ideas of Owen and Fourier. These "ideas fell on a capitalist soil and gave a peculiar fruit—co-operation."

Of greater importance than its origin are the tendencies shown by co-operation: Does it tend to transform the present order into a Socialistic one, or not?

The tendencies shown by the lines of the development of the movement are different in the case of societies recruiting their membership amongst peasants or amongst the working classes.

Co-operation among workmen gravitates towards Socialism in the form of collectivism, although by itself it cannot transform the capitalistic order into a Socialisiic one. On the other hand, co-operation among peasants, although radically affecting the position of the latter toward the market, does not destroy the existing system, but on the contrary, strengthens their position in it.

Such are the limitations, inherent in the very nature of co-operation. That, however, will not preclude it from occupying a prominent place in the social movement which is now spreading in Russia.

"Therefore, fellow co-operators, go forward towards a better future! Forward towards the Kingdom of Labor on the basis of fraternity, equality, and liberty!"

The Wreck (Continued from Page eleven)

He opened his eyes ,seeming to recognize her, and smiled. Then his lids slowly closed. A frown passed over his face. He was speaking under his breath. All strained forward to listen.

"Extra! Extra! all about the big wreck"— his voice trailed off into nothingness. Then his face cleared, and he smiled faintly. Minnie's head fell into her arms.

"Scrag——!" she cried.

For a while nobody stirred. Then, oblivious to all the others, Jim raised her gently. "Minnie" he said, "iMinnie, let me take care of you now. Let me—"

For a moment she hung limp in his arms. Then she pushed herself back, bracing her hand against his shoulder, and gazed into his eyes.

"Jim," she whispered softly. And then "Jim!" she burst out passionately "Jim, would you do all this over again?" She motioned toward the bed, including in the gesture the bowed, broken figure of her father.

Nan's eyes followed Minnie's to the face of Scrag. As she looked, all the tragedy of his kind seemed to overpower her. She staggered to the door. The young interne followed her anxiously. In the hall he caught her arm. She lifted piteous-tearfilled eyes to his, and saw understanding there, with something that made her accept the comfort of his shoulder. "The big wreck—the big wreck—" was all she could say.

Co-operation the World Over

Notes About the Chief Co-operatives Gleaned from Many Sources

The Goodhue Co-operative Co.

Our company, the Goodhue County Co-operative Company, Red Wing, Minnesota, was organized in November, 1907, succeeding the Workers' Co-operative Mercantile Company. The Workers' Co-operative Company was organized in 1904. Its object was to improve conditions for the working man. Prices of all commodities were advancing. The merchants were well organized and arbitrary, and it was to counteract the effect of the merchants association that the first co-operative venture was launched. The effort was not a pronounced success from the start. No sooner was the co-operative store opened for business, than the "other merchants" began a campaign of price-cutting, belittling, and about every known method to wreck the new concern, but the men who had organized the co-operative were workers and fighters. The "other merchants" said the co-operative would not last three months. They managed to pull through a year. By the end of the first year they had got over their "stage fright," as it were, and could see a new vision. They got more of their fellow workers to join them. Shares which were at first sold for $15.00 were now raised to $25.00, and trade picked up.

The first store was located in the west end of the city near the tile works for which our city is noted. By 1907 farmers were becoming interested in our store and after much discussion and many meetings, it was decided to re-organize the company on broader lines, increase the capital, and open a store in the business district. The services of Mr. W. F. Vedder, now of the American Co-operative Organization Bureau of Chicago, were secured, and when one hundred and seventeen subscribers for stock had been secured, our present company was organized. Shares were sold at $100.00 each, and each subscriber paid $5.00 for membership fee.

The volume of business for the first year amounted to $57,000.00. We have grown each year both in membership and volume until last year we did a business of over $268,000.00, and have about 450 members. We have divided back in interest and dividends over $35,000.00 and have about $12,000.00 in our reserve fund. During the year of 1916 in conjunction with the Red Wing Realty Company, a subsidiary of our company, we erected a beautiful new store building 112x116, right in the heart of the best business district, at a cost of approximately $100,000.00 complete.

Up to January 1st, 1917, we handled only groceries, shoes and meats. In our new building we are handling besides the above, dry goods, ladies' ready-to-wear, men's and boys' clothing, hardware and farm machinery, and have space arranged for furniture, carpets, rugs, linoleums, etc., as soon as we can get capital to add them.

During all our efforts, we have had the most bitter opposition of almost every interest of our city, especially the retail and financial, until sometimes those of us who are at the head of the institution wonder if it is really worth while. Then again we look at our beautiful home, take a big look into the future, gauge it by the record of the past, and try to make ourselves believe that even the Lord of Hosts could have little use for a "quitter."

Yours for co-operative success, GEORGE F. GROSS, Manager.

Goodhue County Co-operative Co. Department Store, Red Wing, Minn.

The Value of Co-operation

Co-operation supplements economy by organizing the distribution of wealth. It touches no man's fortune, it seeks no plunder, it causes no disturbance in society, it gives no trouble to statesmen, it enters into no secret associations; it contemplates no violence; it subverts no order; it envies no dignity; it asks no favor; it keeps no terms with the idle, and it will break no faith with the industrious; it means self-help, self-dependence, and such share of the common competence as labor shall earn or thought can win, and this it intends to have.—G. J. Holyoake.

The Pacific Co-operative League

In 1913, in the city of San Francisco, a few far-seeing persons decided to combat the high cost of living by organizing their buying power. The result was the Pacific Co-operative League, in which sure and immediate benefits were obtained in co-operative and centralized buying.

The steady and rapid growth of the Pacific Co-operative League shows it to be a permanent concern. Over 1000 members have joined and at different points throughout the West and the state of California, strong auxiliary clubs, and in some points stores, have been formed.

The benefits secured through the League are remarkable. A saving of 10 to 25 per cent in the grocery bill is common, and the saving on goods other than groceries is considerable. One club in 1916 saved its members $3000.00 on coal alone. Another club reports conservatively that the saving was 25 per cent on purchases since affiliation with the Pacific Co-operative League.

The League has the enthusiastic endorsement of many prominent publicists and is an active member of the International Co-operative Alliance, which numbers over 40,000,000 people.—From a letter from E. Ames, President, Pacific Co-operative League.

Co-operation in Russia

The European War has had an invigorating effect on the co-operative movement in Russia.

The co-operative societies, which now have a membership of more than 11,000,000 have taken part in organizing public effort for supplying the army with food, in careing for refugees and the families of soldiers.

The co-operative movement in Russia was 50 years old in 1915, the first co-operative society having been sanctioned in 1865. In the first 40 years the progress was slow. In the last 10 years the movement has been especially marked, so that today the movement, with a membership of 11,299,404 has reached a position which is said to be far ahead of that in all the countries of Europe.—The Australian Worker.

Co-operate!

When the prehistoric caveman lived and struggled long ago,
He was strong for independence as he wondered to and fro.
If he had a neighbor handy he would tear him limb from limb,
And the thought of social meetings never much appealed to him;
'Till one day a wiser caveman—sort of prophet, priest and scribe—
Pointed out the simple merits of assembling in a tribe.
"Let us work and fight as brothers, with our strength combined," he said,
"For we've got to get together if we want to get ahead."

—BERTON BRALEY in Organized Farmer.

Co-operative Banking

By Clinton Bancroft

IN view of the hostility existing between organized labor and organized capital, it is strange that the members of labor unions continue to patronize the banking institutions which are the very bulwarks of that capitalism. Private banks (and by private banks I mean all non-co-operative banks) furnish the "sinews of war" to the very capitalism engaged in the war upon organized labor; and the banks get those sinews of war largely from the deposits of their patrons. So that it may be truthfully said, that the laboring people themselves furnish to capitalism the means by which their own oppression is wrought by depositing their money in exploiting banks which, in turn, loan it to exploiting capitalists.

It is strange that laboring people seem never to have thought of that, and stranger still that their leaders have never tried to organize these deposits in a way that would have helped the people themselves or at least established depositories where the funds of their people would be safe and at the same time free from capitalistic manipulation. The working capital of banks is not furnished by the large depositors. These keep their money moving too fast to do the banks much good. It is upon the aggregation of small deposits that the banks depend for their effective capital, and these are furnished in the main by productive labor, by the working people. If the working people should withdraw their deposits it would seriously cripple the exploiting banks; and if they should go further and bank their earnings with a co-operative institution it would be a long stride toward solving the labor problem, both by bringing capitalism to a sense of its dependence upon and subservience to labor, and by helping to establish an industrial system which, in itself, would largely be a solution of that problem. The great mass of laboring people do not realize the vast power that lies in the great aggregation of their deposits in exploiting banks. Census statistics show that deposits in savings banks alone amount in round numbers to about five billions of dollars, and as the average is only about four hundred and fifty dollars per capita, these deposits may be said to belong to the laboring classes or to those naturally in close sympathy with them. What amount of deposits in other banks belongs to these same classes it would be difficult to estimate, but it would undoubtedly reach a large sum. The total deposits belonging to producing labor must run well up to the seven billion figure. By depositing this money in private exploiting banks, the vast industrial power which that sum represents is voluntarily placed by labor at the disposal of the capitalism of the day which uses it to strengthen its own power and destroy the industrial hope of the people.

It is voluntarily placed by labor in the hands of those whose sympathies are against it, and whose active opposition will always be felt against any labor movement that appears to have a chance to succeed. If instead of depositing their savings in the banks of their industrial enemies they had organized co-operative banks and retained control of this vast capital to develop industries operated on a plan that recognizes the manhood of labor, the history of the last fifty years would have been differently written, and the co-operative commonwealth would have been fifty years nearer realization. If the vast sums of money which labor deposits in capitalistic banks should, in a reasonable measure, be turned to the development of a new industrial system, the result would be a marvelous transformation of the conditions of labor in this country. It is strange that organized labor has never attempted to control the savings of its own members, and turn the immense advantages resulting from such collective control back to themselves.

> WHAT do the working people do with their money? Who gets the use of it when they deposit it? Is there no way in which they can reap the advantage, collectively, of the huge sums that are deposited by them? The great mass of the laboring people do not realize the vast power that lies in the great aggregation of their products in exploiting banks.

One reason why organized labor has neglected so powerful a means of helping along its cause as banking, has been that the banking fraternity has for the most part succeeded in keeping an outward appearance of neutrality in the contests between labor and capital. The attention of the people has never been forcibly called to the subtle part which these neutrals actually play in the campaigns of capital. Another reason, doubtless, was the commonly accepted belief that banking is a very complicated and hazardous business; that it requires a very high order of talent to run it successfully, when the fact is that it really requires less business ability to conduct a bank successfully than almost any other business. Integrity, prudence and a common-sense judgment of security values is absolutely all that is required. Any honest man with common-sense prudence can with practical certainty make a successful banker. Dishonesty and speculation are at the bottom of the majority of bank failures that result in loss to depositors. Failure from legitimate causes are rare. But the commonly accepted idea has prevailed, and the idea never seems to have occurred to the people that banking could be conducted on the co-operative plan (that is, so seriously as to assume the proportions of a general movement) and on any other plan they were too wary of corporation methods to invest in shares even had it been suggested.

Another and very potent reason has been that organized labor and labor leaders in the main have devoted themselves solely to securing better wages and shorter days. They have tried to fight it out on that line alone. Very little effort has been made among them to help themselves by organizing any sort of industrial plan whereby labor might be freed from exploiting capital. Labor leaders carefully refrained from such efforts; indeed, their policy has been to discourage the unions as such from turning their attention to industrial reforms of any kind. That they had some fair reason for such policy can not be denied. They found labor unorganized and the main thing was to organize, and they had to proceed along lines of least resistance. But in later years the organizing spirit and power of labor has been so well developed that it is no doubt a great mistake, not to say blunder, to try and hold the laboring people to the single questions of wages and hours. It has been demonstrated that they are well able to handle industrial and business enterprises most successfully;

(Continued on Page twenty-three)

"Evening Thoughts"

By Dr. John Dequer

A PLAYLET composed while musing alone in my room at sunset.

The Antelope Valley as seen from the new-born town of Llano might well be called the Valley of Dreams. It is an almost mystic place. Its wide unbroken reaches of semi-desert, swathed in a delicately soft purple hase, above which the distant mountain peaks arise in silhouette against a turquoise sky have a tendency to place one in an almost reverential mood.

The evening on which I first wrote these lines was one of these; sublime in its tranquil majesty. It suggested the thoughts of infinity.

The Infinite—What is it?

I had been reading an account of a particularly ferocious battle. It seemed as if I could hear the wail of the dying. In the conflagration of passion, life was being extinguished.

Life—What is it?

Here was the desert in almost infinite solitude and peace, yonder were men whose every thought was blood and death, and woe.

With these thoughts in mind I wrote, "Evening Thoughts."

* * *

The Infinite in the character of a Greek god is seen upstage soliloquising.

The Infinite: I am all that is. I encompass the boundless seas of two Eternities. Past and Futurity are my servants. The center of the sun and of the remotest star are part of me. I am time, space, and substance; boundless, endless, and untouched.

Life enters as a matronly woman, in the best years of life. She stands at the door and listens in silence while The Infinite speaks. As he ceases she walks forward, addressing him.

Life: Ah! What you say is true, my father, and yet without me you are nothing, your elements are dead and purposeless, a wilderness of forces, a chaos of ions, sere and unlovely as the dead and barren moon. Unless I quicken, Infinite as you are, you are not conscious of your existence.

The Infinite: Yet you, my daughter, are part of me; born from the womb of my sweetheart, Substance, nurtured by the blood of her elements; I am your father and keeper.

Life: It is true that I was born of Substance. It is also true that I had Death for a nurse who fed me on the blood drawn from my own veins.

The Infinite: Life indeed subsists on Life, that she may rear her children. Love, Joy, Happiness, and Trust are her favorites. She also rears Suspicion, Hate, Sadness, and Pain, and these groups drain each other's blood that Life herself may endure.

Love and Joy enter as young man and woman, wreathed in garlands of flowers. Love to Life.

Love: O mother! how good it is to play with Joy in the rose embowered gardens of Hope and Trust. The stars shine with a most wonderful luster; the night is filled with glory; the hills are clothed in loveliness, when seen from these enchanted spots.

Enter Suspicion and Hate from the right, they glare at Love and nudge one another.

Suspicion to Hate: There is work for us in that garden.

Hate: Yes indeed, those two may play for awhile in these gardens but we must see to it that they do not learn to work together.

Suspicion: For if Love and Joy make a partnership to Labor, what becomes of you and I?

Life looks around, sees Suspicion and Hate at the door but appears not to recognize them.

The Infinite (to Life): Daughter, are these not your children, Suspicion and Hate, in the presence of your more favored children, Love and Joy?

Life (to The Infinite): They are not my children, but born to your eldest son, Necessity.

The Infinite: He is your husband.

Life: I know he is my husband, but he never was my love. My love was and is Ideal; him I am denied, because of Necessity. Necessity has a concubine, her name is Lust, and out of that unholy union these two were born together with Sadness and Pain. They dwell in my house only to torment my children. These two are friends of Death the Destroyer. (Death passes a door upstage.)

Suspicion to Hate: I will persuade Love to go with me to the house of our mother Lust; that will leave Joy in the hands of Death.

Hate: Agreed, that will be perfect. O! my brother you are a genius.

Suspicion approaches Love, who has strayed a little space from Joy.

Suspicion (to Love): How handsome you are when adorned with blossoms.

Love: Leave me. I know you not.

Suspicion: O yes you do, I am your half brother. My mother is our father's Sweetheart.

Love: Go away, my mother hates her.

Lust: Naturally. Your mother envies mine.

Love: Why should she envy her?

Lust: Because my mother knows many wonderful secrets that Life would hide from you. My mother has the golden key to the enchanted gardens of Rapture and Passion.

Love: And pray why should my mother want to hide ought from me?

Suspicion: Because she is envious; she knows that if ever you get acquainted with my mother, she will teach you to eat the fruit of Power; to use the things that make you master of men. You will learn the great mysteries of life, the perfume of Passion, by the use of which you shall become a queen in your own domain, equal to your mother, Life. You will see Joy as he really is, a servant and not a sweetheart.

Love: I understand you not. I love my mother.

Suspicion: Your mother and mine love our common father. We are to that extent brother and sister. Can you not see why your mother is jealous?

Love: I suspect that what you say is true.

Suspicion: Let me prove it.

Love: Lead the way.

Suspicion: Follow me. (They exit to the left.)

Joy (to Life, excitedly): Who is that fellow who went away with Love?

Life: He is Suspicion, the friend of Death.

Hate laughs, as Death enters from behind The Infinite. Lights go out for an instant, and Life and The Infinite are seen alone.

Life: O, why must I endure!

The Infinite: To bring forth Love and lose her; to bring her forth again and again, until all the brood of Fear, Envy, Hate, Suspicion and Death shall learn that though Love dies a thousand deaths, yet she is immortal.

Reviews of Recent Books By D. Bobspa

"Day and Night Stories" by Algernon Blackwood.

Journeyings into the world of mysticism under the guidance of such a master as Algernon Blackwood brings back the fairyland of childhood; leads us again into the youth of the race. His latest volume of short stories, "Day and Night Stories" maintains the high Blackwood standard set by such classics as "The Centaur," "Julius Le Vallon," "The Extra Day," "The Human Chord," "John Silence" and "The Wave."

Mr. Blackwood has the power to make real the "unreal." The "unreal" is to most of something we don't understand. Radium was "unreal" to Sir Isaac Newton. Wireless telegraphy and airplanes were "unreal" half a century ago to the best scientific minds. The "real" is what we understand (or think we comprehend). Algernon Blackwood is no mere weaver of wild fantasies. If as a child you want the sheer flight of imagination; if you want to explore the impossible: if you want to renew the thrill of Kipling's masterly "Brushwood Boy" over and over again; if you want to look into forbidden territory of the invisible world—then read Blackwood. But there is far more than this in his book.

"Day and Night Stories" covers a wide range. As in the score of previous books from the pen of Mr. Blackwood, there runs through these tales a definite philosophy. The author is a deep student. His word painting is that of a master artist; his philosophy fine and clear; his understanding almost uncanny. The fifteen tales take us into England, America, Egypt, the Alps—but always into the heart of nature and into the hearts of men. Mr. Blackwood is the skilled surgeon in both fields. He has achieved the dream of Manfred and here we sense "the viewless spisit of a lovely sound."

Return to the primitive harmony of man with his environment, unspoiled by the artificiality of cvilization, this is a part of the lesson we learn. Place ourselves in harmony with the elemental forces of wind, fire and water. The oneness of life is shown—the oneness of man and the trees and flowers of the forest. The oneness of the present life through the ages. Man's belief that he knows has kept him from learning. The church betrayed its trust; the priest killed the conception of God and substituted a garbled counterfit. Science rebelled against this counterfit and declared no God exeist; that there is no spiritual life possible. Blackwood doesn't preach, but his stories do. He is one of the rare prophets leading the race back into spirituality, peeping into the face of God, forecasting the life in the fourth dimension and showing the possibilities just around the corner when man emerges from the fear that has characterized religion for countless centuries, into the faith that is to be the keynote of the future religions. We hear of faith and belief in some of the older religions, but in practice it has been a feeble note, while the clamor of fear has dominated. "Perfect love casteth out all fear." Mr. Blackwood is showing the way into that path of love. "The Initiation" depicts the finding of Beauty in the heart of the primitive pines; the taking away of all fear of death in the worship of life, nature and beauty as revealed in their underlying unity. "The Touch of Pan" is a beautiful idyllic excursion, and at the same time a scathing denunciation of the lives of the titled parasites and upon the social standard which relegates real living to a place of scorn. "The Wings of Horus" forecasts the possibilities when man shall understand his relation to the universe—and by faith take his place in harmony with the elemental forces. "An Egyptian Hornet" is a fine portrait of a moral coward, the product of the religion of yesterday. And so, all of the stories—each individual and searching.

No one writer has done more for me in the way of combined entertainment, intellectual orientation, understanding and spiritual growth than Algernon Blackwood. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

"Those Times and These" by Irvin S. Cobb.

Irvin S. Cobb is a master humorist—nothing of the depth of philosophy of Mark Twain—but a close reader of human nature. I like him because of his telling the truth about California. I like him because of the abounding pathos and overflow of humor in most of his works; for the high standard that prevails even in so much copy he turns out at so many cents a word for the big magazines. I disagree with his viewpoint on practically all public questions, national and international—which doesn't bother him at all (nor me).

Cobb is never better than in the tales of his old Kentucky home where he was born and learned the newspaper game before going to New York City to grow fat and famous. "Those Times and These" is a collection of stories I can cheerfully recommend as the best ever, for it introduces once more old Judge Priest.

Now, the Judge is an American character who will live. He belongs to the Kentucky soil. We have learned to love the upright old fighter and his companion, Sergeant Jimmy Bagby. From time to time during the past few years Cobb has been opening the secret chambers of his heart in love tales of the old home country. Judge priest has fussed and hurried through many of them until like Cappy Ricks and Matt Peasley, Letitia Carberry and her two spinster friends, and Billy Fortune, he sells a magazine on sight if he is suspected of being in a story.

There are ten of "Cob's best"—how does that sound for a new brand of Kentucky stogies?—in the collection. Ex-Fighting Billy; And There Was Light; Mr. Fleshburg Gets Even; The Garb of Men; The Cure for Lonesomeness; The Family Tree; Hark! From the Tombs; Cinnamon Seed and Sandy Bottom; A Kiss for Kindness; Life Among the Abandoned Farmers.

Cobb impresses me as belonging to the courtly days of the past generation than to the generation merging into the future humanism. Be that as it may, no other writer can equal his telling of the survivors of the period of the Civil War. (George H. Doran Co., New York.)

"Gone to Earth" by Mary Webb.

Mary Webb has a close understanding of the lives of people of the countryside. She has a sympathy for these people whose lives are centered in the soil, whose eventful periods reach a climax in crops; whose fears, hopes and joys center in the clouds and sunshine as related to those crops; whose chickens, flocks, and herds make up a great part of the universe.

In "Gone to Earth" she lets flow her imagination, in much the same vein shown in her previous novel, "The Golden Arrow." She shows a developing power in her new book. Not all productions can be of the mountain peak variety. We must live the greater part of our lives in varying levels, across plains and through valleys and on sunny slopes of the foothills. So, in literature, we cannot dwell ever among the superb masters—a dwelling perpetually with the gods would not be good for us—at least not just yet.

And so, while "Gone to Earth" is not one of the immortals, it has the qualities that makes the good book—sympathy and understanding. Human nature, with its relief of quaint and spontanous humor are the background for the passions of human living woven into the tale. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

"The Definite Object" by Jeffrey Farnol.

Jeffrey Farnol is known to the readers of current fiction through his previous novels, "Beltane the Smith," "The Broad Highway," "The Amateur Gentleman," and "The Honorable Mr. Tawnish." He comes before the public this summer with "The Definite Object; A Romance of New York." A gratifying merit of Fr. Farnol's novels is that they are stories for their own sake, not romances about which to hang some moral or social question. The present story has not been published serially, and comes fresh to the readers. The scene is laid principally in that portion of New York known as Hell's Kitchen.

In the novel, Mr. Ravenlee, a young man just a little past the first draft age, ennuied, bored and distracted because there is nothing in life of further interest, because of the millions of dollars, automobiles, servants and country and city homes. The champion heavyweight of the world piloted his automobile and his butler was a work of art, the envy of acquaintances.

With these accomplices, he accompanied a young burgler whom he had apprehended in his New York residence, to Hell's Kitchen, where a room was engaged of a good hearted woman of angular build. He ventured poverty and went into the street as a peanut vender. Then the "definite object" appeared in the person of the sister of the burglar. The robber reformed after proper moral vicissitudes. The sister was a beautiful girl, the idol of the heart of the leader of a desperate gang of gunmen. What this prince of good fortune does under the circumstances allows Mr. Farnol to introduce some entertaining and exciting chapters. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

"The Adventure of Death" by Dr. R. W. MacKenna.

"The Adventure of Death" is a valuable message, another envidence of the passing of materialism as a philosophy. When a Scotch M. D. defends immortality it is time for the followers of materialism to do a bit of thinking and scrap some of those ten-cent pamphlets from which they learned their philosophy of life.

Dr. Robert W. MacKenna writes like a poet. Bill Hyatt says he ought to write novels, so more people would be led into the joyland of his beauteous expression. Of his earlier chapters, "The Great Adventure," "The Fear of Death," "The Painlessness of Death," and "Euthan-

asia" I shall make no comment, pertinent as are his suggestions. It is in the closing part of the book I find most interest.

Here are treated the questions of what life gains from death, whether death ends all, is man more than matter and survival of personality. Death, says Dr. MacKenna, is the force that gives force and meaning to life. Is man more than matter? Let us listen to a beautiful comparison:

"But let us imagine that our materialist is a musician, and let us set him before a piano out of tune, with stiff keys and a half-a-dozen broken wires, and without telling him of the crippled condition of the instrument, let us ask him to play Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata. On such an instrument that exquisite harmony would become a discord. The player has all the necessary skill; the score is before his eyes, and his fingers touch the keys at the right time. But the instrument is damaged; a hammer falls where there is no wire to catch its blow and tremble into music, and instead of a concord of sweet sound we have a chaotic dissonance. The analogy is a permissable one, and when the disgusted materialist rises from the instrument, we may point out to him that just as he has been unable to extract harmony from the damaged piano, so the mind cannot, or at least does not, play the harmony of life on the keyboard of a diseased brain."

The brain is placed on the defensive as a limitation of mind. It is compared to the window which lets into the room of our being the play of mind. The survival of individuality is also advocated. "Reason can make but one answer, which is, that mind is also imperishable and must persist." And "it persists as personality, with this essential difference, that it is freed from the trammels and limitations of the physical body . . ." (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

With The Editors

By B. Bobspa

Dr. G. Henri Bogart, of Shelbyville, Illinois, veteran writer, poet, lecturer and editor, woke up the medical profession last month with a widely published article on venereals in the United States army. Dr. Bogart is a graduate of two medical schools, but didn't like the commercialized guesswork and graft of the profession and so has devoted himself to free lance lecture work and writing. His essay, "War, Morals, Health—the Future," appeared in many of the leading medical journals last month. Dr. George L. Servess, editor of the "Denver Medical Times," wrote: "Although I had completed the arrangement for the contents of the August issue, I am sending the manuscript to the publishing house, telling them to drop everything else out of the issue and run this article."

Dr. Bogart has given to the conservative world the knowledge that the radical press has realized for a long time. He brings his personat investigations and long professional studies to bear in an authoritative condemnation that not even the "nice" respectables can overlook. Dr. Bogart is on the staff of a score of medical journals and is doing much to humanize the profession, being, like Dr. William J. Robinson, one of those "sane radicals" who fail to see the "ethical" distinction that would make a mystic priesthood of the medical profession.

* * *

Orientation is the crying need of today. We must face the future, wherein lies new worlds in the throes of travail. But those new worlds will spring from the seeds of the past. Let us turn occasionally in the midst of the stream of new books to a consideration of those which have already become classics.

What can be better for your spare hours than a thorough study of C. Osborne Ward's "The Ancient Lowly?" Why not make these two pregnant volumes more than a name? Here is "A History of the Ancient Working People from the Earliest Known Period to the Adoption of Christianity by Constantine." If you have read Simonds and Oneal on American history, you have learned that this study involves the working class and is something more than merely wars and battles. Ward will take you back into the misty past and show you the history of your class in the days when there were no beings on earth but priests and kings of importance—to judge from the distorted "facts" we learned in college. No capitalist house dared publish the original edition of this revolutionary work, which in eight editions has carried the gospel of proletarian history.

There are a few minor details—noted by the publishers—in which later investigations have developed a different conception of some social phenomena. These in no wise disparage the general value of the author's deductions, and the two volumes still stand one of the greatest monuments of research into the true development of mankind.

You will find that Tom and Rena Mooney were not the first strike leaders to get into trouble with the ruling classes for trying to help the people; and your 'Spartacus to the Gladiators" will ring with a clarified tone after a study of the "Ancient Lowly." What do you know about the ten-year war in which Ennus marshalled an army of 200,000 soldiers against the economic slavery of Rome? Historians have been silent on such matters of the uprisings of the proletarian masses.

* * *

Closely allied with "The Ancient Lowly" as a class document of virile force is Dr. Lewis H. Morgan's "Ancient Society: or Researches in the Line of Human Progress from Savagery through Barbarism to Civilization." Dr. Morgan is the author of a number of authoritative books and was one of the prominent scientists of the nation.

Just as savagery and barbarism gave way to civilization, the last named is now yielding to the dawn of humanism, socialism, or whatever name future generations will term it. Standing on the verge of this new world, it is important to take a survey of the three preceding periods of man's tens of thousands of years on earth.

Four main divisions are treated in this book: "Growth of Intelligence Through the Inventions and Discoveries"; "Growth of the Idea of Government"; "Growth of the Idea of the Family"; and "Growth of the Idea of Property." The first division tells of the ethnical periods, arts of subsistence, and the ratio of human progress. Then, following a treatment of the organization of society upon the basis of sex, Dr. Morgan tells of the development of the gens in the Indian tribes of America, among the Aztecs, those of Rome and Greece, together with the gentes of other tribes of the human family. Among the interesting discussions are the growth of various confederacies in eastern and western hemisphere, the Grecian Phratry, the institution of political society, and the change of descent from the female to the male line.

This brings us to the consideration of the ancient family, the consanguine family, the punaluan family, the Syndyasmian and the patriarchal families, the monogomanian family, sequence of institutions connected with the family. The books conclude with the subject of the three rules of property inheritance.

* * *

As the Jewish bible is simply the collection by a wrangling committee at the dictate of Constantine, so there has grown up a radical "bible," though it has not been crystalized into a single set and made a fetish of. So, to my list of classics I would add a note concerning a more recent production than the above.

The elected "representatives" of the people have ceased to function. The courts and the dictators rule today. So it is interesting to know the inside history of our ruling tribunals. Charles Beard in "The Economic Interpretation of the Constitution" told of the origin of the sacred bull of the supposed basic law of the land. The tale of the setting aside even of this supposed bulwark of liberty by the courts is told by Gustavus Myers in his "History of the Supreme Court of the United States." He is the author of "History of Great American Fortunes," "History of Tammany Hall," and "History of Public Franchises in New York City."

"Palpably a dominant class," writes the author, "must have some supreme institution through which it can express its consecutive demands and enforces its will, whether that institution be a king, a parliament, a congress, a court, or an army. In the United States, the one all-potent institution automatically responding to these demands and enforcing them has been the Supreme Court of the United States. Vested with absolute and unappealable power, it has been able, with a marvellously adaptable flexibility, to transmute that will not merely into law but into action. Hence, the narrative of that court inevitably becomes a history of the origin and progress of capitalism and correspondingly of the forces in society antagonistic to the capitalistic order."

The book is no attack on persons connected with the supreme bench. It deals with fundamental causes, the working out of forces of which the jurists were often unconscious tools, the product of their blighting environment. Neither is any space given to theories or to hypothetical cases and arguments. It is based entirely on historic facts, the verification of which can be made by investigation of public records. No denials have been successfully launched against the book. The facts are brought down to the year 1912. While some important developments have transpired since then, they are only an extension of the powers and activities outlined by Dr. Myers.

* * *

In the name of comrades, I extend to Comrade Ethel Lynn the love of fellowship in this sad summer which marks the death of her devoted husband. "Dan" was described in Dr. Lynn's late book, "The Adventures of a Woman Hobo." Each reader felt a personal acquaintance with this fine comrade in the discriptions of his devotion to his wife as written by her. It is sad that just when the book is winning a wide national popularity the companion of the hardships and joys it describes should be removed from us through death.

Terms of Peace

By Ida Crouch-Hazlett

WHEN shall we be ready for peace? Will it be next week or next year? Will it be when the angel of death is seated at every fireside and the earth is desolated of the priceless achievements of civilization?

Now is the accepted time. The evidence is apparent that the German aggression is not likely to succeed. The results obtained by Great Britain are meager. France has not many men left. New Zealand is exhausted. The British working class is on the point of rebellion. Canada is mutinous; and the German defensive is practically untouched. Russia cannot be depended on even with the pistols of the allies at her heart. She has the sweet wine of Brotherhood in her veins, and even her Battalion of Death cannot produce a will for slaughter when there is none. The United States has the entire experience of war to learn before she can be counted on.

"No indemnities and no annexations." No indemnities could repair the colossal devastation; no indemnities could be squeezed out of the weaker antagonists, and, if the war continue much longer, the protagonists will be "bled white." Indemnities would be a fruitful irritant for future wars, and the question of their division would be extremely difficult to solve without friction.

Each nation should have the freedom to expand without intervention from any other nation. The State should not be a collection and insurance agency for foreign investors, but its sovereignty should end with its boundaries. Investors should take risks on their own initiative, and should be stripped of the support of the home government, with no army and navy to back them.

Disputed territories should be allowed to vote on their boundaries and allegiance. This would give a United Poland, heretofore ravished by Austria, Germany and Russia. Italy's desire for predominance in the Adriatic brings it into conflict with the Slav seeking the sea, and the Italian ports have become more Slavish than Italian. Alsace-Lorraine is more German than French.

The open door, free trade and freedom of the seas would now largely settle the problems of ports like Trieste, Fiume, Constantinople, Casablanca, Agadiz, Koweit and Antwerp, and would give Russia, Germany, Servia and Austria a chance to get to the sea.

The longer the war is continued the more disastrously the infection spreads with no possible outcome but exhaustion to the status quo. The Socialist sees in this inevitable exhaustion the final collapse of the capitalist form of production from inherent defects of its financial mechanism, international bankruptcy and confiscatory taxes, and, tremendously stimulated by the war, exportation of products, both as capital and merchandise.

An international syndicate for the development of the backward ports of the globe, and a common tribunal to which all concession seekers and investors will submit their claims means an escape from armament. This means the establishment of democracies of all people in all advanced powers as the only real method with which to encourage and assist backward nations.

The conflict of classes must be stopped so as not to embroil whole peoples for the advantage of any class.

All factories of war supplies and munitions should be owned by the governments, and not operated for private profit. The privileged classes would lose their enormous profits by peace. Armaments should be abandoned to rebuild industries.

New democratic standards for the world must take the place of the clash of classes. The disarmament of all nations except for the purpose of actual defense would strike at privileges, profits, and immunities. No permanent peace is possible until we have democracy. Junkerism and democracy cannot unite on a peace program.

All strategic places should be internationalized; all routes over which international traffic flows by sea or land; all ports, straights, seas, canals, and international railroad lines, as Gibraltar, Bosporus, Suez, and the Bagdad railway.

All the agencies of foreign relations should be democratized and an end put to secret diplomacy.

The making of war should be lodged with the people. Armies and navies should be democratized and military caste destroyed; and so long as defense must be provided for, a democratic, citizen army should be the type, an industrial army that would be employed in public undertakings.

The cause of labor and peace and democracy are one.

Prohibition and Discontent

From "The Public"

THE New York Tribune's staff correspondent at Spokane reports a new argument against prohibition by the lumber men and other large employers of the Northwest, recently gone. Labor unrest, they complain, is due to the lack of drinking places where men can forget their troubles, to wake up the next morning with no money in their clothes and the necessity of going back to the boss to beg for a job. The correspondent puts it thus:

"The men from the camps come to town with so much money and it lasts so long. . . . They have the new spirit, a new independence. The I. W. W. leaders say frankly that these sober, well-to-do men are far better material for them to work on than the blear-eyed, wiskey-soaked gangs that used to loaf around the I. W. W. halls for shelter. They have an interest in economic questions, and they like to hear serious, even if revolutionary, speeches. They begin to think. Well dressed, well groomed, grasping in their soberness of life, they begin to consider that the orator argues well when he tells them that they have as good brains and more brawn than their employers, and that it is merely because they permit the traditional masters to 'stack the cards' on them that they do not own the industries they work."

If the I. W. W. is doing this for the lumber workers and the construction workers of the Northwest, it is entitled to our gratitude. Any fallacy in the I. W. W. doctrine will be found sooner or later by men thus awakened to serious thought, and they will either leave that organization for one that offers soberer promise or they will change it from within. The testimony of these employers, paraphrased by the correspondent, confirms that of the regular trade union leaders of Colorado and Washington that prohibition has been a blessing to the labor movement. The best of our labor leaders are rapidly coming to a realization that the old political alliance between booze and labor has been an unmitigated obstacle, that labor has been jobbed again and again by the liquor interests to whom it turned in its times of desperate need. Mr. Gompers' steadfast opposition to prohibition will not much longer represent the prevailing attitude in labor circles.

News and Views in Agriculture

Hoover says:

"The savings of the American consumer should be made by the exclusion of speculative profits from the handling of foodstuffs, and not by a sacrifice on the part of the producer."

"This is no time for the illegitimate food manipulator. Hoarding and speculation are rife."

"Those producers who fail to sell their crops at a reasonable price should use them at home."

"There is no occasion for food panic in this country. There is no justification for outrageous prices."

"What we hope to do under the food survey and administration legislation is to stabilize prices by various devices, and to regulate the profits and speculation out of handling commodities."

Weeds are Water Wasters

Few people appreciate how thoroughly weeds rob the soil of its surplus moisture. An experiment recently conducted at the Nebraska Experiment Station shows that whereas a certain area of corn abstracts 300 pounds of water from the soil, a similar area of sunflowers robs the soil of 1200 pounds of water. It can be seen from this what a waste of soil water occurs when rank-growing weeds are allowed to survive.

Illustrative of what a lack of soil moisture will accomplish in the way of plant growth, another Nebraska field trial is of interest. One acre plot of corn that was never cultivated or worked yielded twenty-two bushels of corn, as compared with a like area that was thoroughly cultivated and produced seventy-eight bushels of corn.—Country Gentleman.

Manure and Fertilizers

A ton of stable manure usually contains 10 pounds nitrogen, 10 pounds potash, and 5 pounds phosphoric acid, making a total of 25 pounds of plant food.

The excess of nitrogen in hog and sheep manure, is greater than in horse manure. In cow manure the excess is a little less than it is in horse manure. In the four manures, horse, cow, hog, and sheep, the average excess of nitrogen is about the same that it is in horse manure, or about three times as much as it should be for corn.—Co-operator's Herald.

Cows and Calves

Foul in the foot in cattle is caused by standing in mud, and may become serious. To cure, cleanse the space between the toes by drawing a small rop through, then apply sulphate of zinc, one drachm in half pint of water.

Regularity in feeding and milking the cows is very important. Both should be done at regular set hours each day, as cows quickly form habits, and any delay is apt to cause worriment, which will mean a lessening of the product in the pail.

It is a mistake to cut out the morning milking during the time of scant production, as some farmers are often known to do.

Do not fail to have your herd examined at least once a year by a skillful vetenarian to see if tuberculosis has gained an entrance. Promptly remove any that respond to the test. Never under any circumstances add an animal until it has passed a rigid examination.

It is impossible to say just how soon in her life a heifer should be bred. The distinctive, specialized dairy breeds may be bred earlier than the large strains. Some heifers at sixteen months are as fully developed as others at twenty-four. Therefore the experienced breeder will breed according to development.

A good liniment for all kinds of swelling on dairy cows, as well as on all other farm animals, is made by mixing equal parts of turpentine, sweet oil and camphor. Apply liberally and frequently to the swollen parts.

Good milch cows do not generally carry a large amount of flesh. It it impossible to produce milk and flesh at the same time. But they need good feed just the same.

To get the best flow of milk during the winter, cows should be bred so as to come in the fall. They begin to fall off in milk in spring, but the grass will stimulate a larger flow, and they will keep it np until time to be dried off for the next calf. In this way the non-milking period will be at a time of the year when butter and milk are the lowest.—United States Dept. Agriculture.

Drying Vegetables

Vegetables can be preserved for future use by drying. One point to keep in mind is that the drying should be fairly rapid so that there will be no chance for the vegetables to spoil before sufficiently dry. Another point is that the vegetables, if fleshy, should be cut into slices 1/8 to 1/4 inch thick. There are several ways of drying: sun heat, artificial heat and air blast. There are several makes of driers on the market. The trays on which the drying is done, should have unpainted screen or wooden slat bottoms. The open bottom allows better circulation of air than can be secured in a pan. Several of these trays can be placed, one above another and when set over a stove the heat will pass through the trays and bring about quite rapid drying. The electric fan, when available, can be used to force a current of air through the vegetables. In drying the vegetables they should not be dried until crisp but to a leathery consistency. It takes experience to tell just what degree of dryness is best.—Farmers' Bulletin No. 841.

World's Greatest Food Crisis

Sixty million men have been withdrawn from the fields of labor in Europe. Reserve stocks of meat, grain, butter, eggs, canned food, have been and are today falling below the danger level.

The Allies have bought for FUTURE delivery 300,000,000 bushels of 1917 wheat. Unless our government intervenes, wheat may sell at over four dollars a bushel.

Anyway, ninety-nine million out of our population of about one-hundred million positively refuse to admit any emergency.

So it is the duty of the American farmer to prevent a possible world-starvation. Think it over, and begin to act.—The Western Empire.

Spineless Cactus as Feed

A trial with spineless cactus as a feed for milch cows conducted in the University dairy herd showed it to have no more merit than suggested by its chemical composition (92.8 per cent moisture, 0.3 per cent digestible protein, 3.9 per cent digestible carbohydrates and fat). It proved unpalatable to our cows, but undoubtedly in some cases it has been eaten by cows and hogs with a relish and in considerable amounts. As 100 pounds contain less than eight pounds of dry matter, and but slightly over four pounds digestible nutrients, it can only be looked upon as an appetizer to stock that have become accustomed to it, and cannot be considered a substitute for either roots or silage, as is sometimes claimed.—Berkeley College of Agriculture.

The Alfalfa Weevil

Alfalfa is California's most valuable forage crop. It is the backbone of the livestock industry of the state, and its protection from destructive pests is therefore of prime importance.

The alfalfa weevil (Phytonomus posticus Gyll.) is the most destructive pest of alfalfa occurring in the United States, and against it California maintains a strict quarantine. This insect occurs at the present time in Utah, the southeastern corner of Idaho and the southwestern corner of Wyoming. It was introduced in some unknown way from the old world, where it is found throughout the Mediterranean region. It was first discovered in this country near Salt Lake City, Utah, about thirteen years ago, where it covered only a few acres of territory. Since then it has spread with considerable rapidity, although it has not made any extended jumps in its distribution.—State Commissioner of Horticulture.

Bristles

Young pigs should not run in heavy pastures when the dew is on the grass. The best cross to produce pigs for bacon is one between pure-bred boars and sows of the same breed. To speak plainly, crossing of breeds is rather risky except in the hands of one who thoroughly understands breeding, and such men do not practise it to any extent.

Many newly-born pigs die immediately after delivery just for lack of a helping hand. If a sow farrows nine pigs and loses three, a loss of one-third is experienced; but few look at the matter in that light. They generally consider themselves fortunate that the other two-thirds of the litter pulled through. About three weeks before farrowing, pregnant sows may be given a ration consisting of nine parts of rolled barley and one part of tankage, or three pounds of skim-milk to one pound of the barley. This method will insure strong, lusty, active new-born pigs.—Farm Journal.

ENTER THE NEW CONTEST NOW!

EWALD SANDNER
Who won a membership in the first contest

You can earn your way to Llano
by taking subscriptions to the

Llano Publications

Write today for full information about the second

Grand Membership Circulation Contest

which offers valuable premiums.

CLOSES DECEMBER 31, 1917

Reduced Freight Rates

on Shipments of

Household Goods

from all Eastern points

to California

Members of the Llano del Rio Colony will find it especially advantageons to make their shipments through the

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.

443 Marquette bldg, Chicago; 324 Whitehall bldg, New York; 640 Old South bldg, Boston; 435 Oliver bldg, Pittsburg; 1537 Boatmen's Bank bldg, St. Louis; 518 Central bldg, Los Angeles; 855 Monadnock bldg, San Francisco. WRITE NEAREST OFFICE.

Can You Reduce Weight?

Information regarding my Obesity Treatments is contained in a little booklet and consists of fully explained systems of dieting, exercises, bathing, manipulative movements, and various other essentials to effect the desired results. Persistency in this common sense and proved treatment will surely bring results in your case as it has in others. No drugs are used; it is a natural and beneficial way of reducing flesh. It gives full details for daily conduct. In sending remittances, state what portion you particularly wish to have reduced and emphasis will be given as to what treatments will prove most beneficial.

Full $5.00 Treatments, $3.00 **Mrs. C. M. Williams, Llano, Cal.**

"The Truth About The Medical Profession"

By John A. Bevan, M. D.
Columbia University
(Inventor of the Œsophagoscope)

The result of clinical and pathological researches at Guy's Hospital, London, and the Bellevue Hospital, New York.

BENEDICT LUST, N. D., D. O., D. C., M. D., writes: "The book is splendid and will help to enlighten many skeptics who still believe in medical superstition."

Prof. DAVID STARR JORDAN, M. D., writes: "I have looked over the book called 'The Truth About the Medical Profession.' There are a great many things that are forceful and truthfully said."

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW writes: "There are some quite interesting and important things in the book."

Cloth Bound, Postpaid $1.00
Paper Bound, Postpaid .50

Llano Publications, Llano, Calif.

Co-operative Banking Continued from page 16

and co-operative banking is one of them.

The failure of the government monetary system to provide the people with a volume of money equal to the needs of exchange has forced them at times to resort to various devices to supply the unprovided need. The banks themselves in the past as well as at the present time have been forced to provide temporary relief by issuing clearing-house certificates, certified checks, bills of exchange, federal reserve notes, and other forms of commercial paper during the frequent recurring financial crises that are a necessary evil of the prevailing monetary system.

To the private capitalistic banks the necessity for such action arises only when they suddenly need to mediumize their securities, that is, reduce them to an exchangeable medium form. To the people such necessity is chronic. On account of the miserably inadequate volume of government money they are continually forced to capitalize their securities, to mediumize their wealth or sacrifice it by buying with it a scarce and hoarded legal tender for which there is an enormous over-demand and a corresponding under-supply. Through the federal reserve scheme therefore, the banks are only doing what the government ought to do. But by that plan the associated bankers of the country have successfully siezed the money-issuing function of government and control it absolutely for themselves. Notwithstanding the scheme may be authorized by the Congress, although it may be called a "federal reserve bank" and however large its capitalization may be, yet the establishment of such an institution is usurpation of a government function by private individuals which can have but one result—the progressive enslavement of labor to private capital-ownership. The issuing of a medium of exchange is a government function. To demand that the government go out of the bank business by ceasing to be the issuer of money and turn the function of mediumizing values over to the private banker, is like demanding time to roll backwards. But an essential social function that is undertaken by the government and inadequately performed, must in self-defense be supplemented by the people themselves or they must suffer until the government sees proper to do its work well.

The beneficiaries of the government monetary system, the bankers, are too highly pleased with the inadequate performance of this function to allow it to be done any differently. The people have suffered long enough patiently waiting for capitalistic experts to give them relief. The time is near at hand when they will be forced to supplement this government by establishing a system of banking and exchange that will promote industrial production instead of throttling it, one which will develop the country's resources for all the people instead of artificially centralizing them into the private fortunes of a few.

—o—

"Scraps of Paper."

"Scraps of Paper" is one of the most realistic bits of source material that has been given to the public. It consists of nearly a score of reproductions of the German proclamations in Belgium and France. These bulletins, of which we have read so much, are reproduced photographically in all the original colors of blues, greens, yellows, white, orange and red. We seem to be traveling through the very war zone itself as we look upon these martial posters. A full page is given to each poster, with the translation and a historical note given on the opposite page. (English version brought out in America at 25c. New York. George H. Doran Company.)

Articles Promised For Early Issues

ARTICLES of general interest which will appear in early issues of the WESTERN COMRADE are now being prepared.

Mr. H. G. Teigan, connected with the national headquarters of the National Nonpartican League of St. Paul, Minnesota, has promised a series of three articles on this remarkable farmer's organization. Each will consist of between 2500 and 3000 words, or about two pages of the WESTERN COMRADE.

Perhaps only a minority of the readers of this magazine have any knowledge of what his virile, vital, growing, thriving organization is achieving. It has spread througout the wheat belt of the northwest and is traveling southward. It controls governors and legislatures and has a representative in Congress. It is economic and political in its functions. Controlling the governing forces is but a means to an end with these farmers. Their platform calls for government ownership of elevators, etc. It has gained for its members a more stable market for products and higher prices. It has organized purchasing facilities that secure necessities at lowered figures.

In his series of articles Mr. Teigan will give a brief history of the achievements of this extraordinary organization. With no claim of being Socialistic, it is securing the very things that Socialists have talked, worked, and voted for. Therefore it is of interest to every person who believes in co-operation, and it should convert those who do not. We believe Mr. Teigan's articles will be eagerly read.

Universal Brotherhood

THIS is the name a group of Socialists chose for an organization which would be of interest to Socialists. It was started in Fresno, California, in 1915. It, too, is a vital organization which interests all who believe in co-operation.

Just now certain details are being perfected, but shortly the WESTERN COMRADE expects to begin a series of four or more articles which will tell of the ideals, growth, plans, and achievements of this auxiliary to the movement for emancipation from capitalism.

The prime purpose of the Universal Brotherhood is to secure the benefits of co-operation without requiring the purchaser to finance a store. How it has been achieved suggests an easy solution to the problems that have hindred, ofttimes, the growth of co-operatives in this country.

But there are ideals connected with the Universal Brotherhood; it is more than a mere purchasing society. The Universal Brotherhood now has headquarters at 3058 Iowa Avenue, Fresno, California. It is attracting the close attention of radical and progressive people of Central California.

No definite date has been set for the beginning of this series, but it will probably commence within the next two or three issues.

—o—

About Manuscripts

Only typewritten material or that written with ink will be given consideration.

Please put your name and address and date on manuscripts.

The WESTERN COMRADE does not pay cash at present.

Please state if you desire return of manuscript.

The COMRADE is always glad to consider contributions, but nothing of a controversial nature will be printed.

THE INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL OF SOCIAL ECONOMY.

Three Correspondence Courses of Study

Organized in 1900. Students in All English Speaking Countries

LESSONS PREPARED AND TAUGHT BY

Walter Thomas Mills

Any of these Courses can be taken by a single individual or in classes. Work can begin at any time and can be completed as quickly as anyone is able, or the time may be extended as may be necessary.

FINELY ENGRAVED CERTIFICATES are given to those who satisfactorily complete the work in any of these courses.

Here are the Courses

I.—TEN LESSONS IN THE STUDY OF SOCIALISM.
II.—TEN LESSONS IN THE ART OF PUBLIC SPEAKING.
III.—TEN LESSONS IN THE CORRECT AND EFFECTIVE USE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THE TEN LESSONS IN SOCIALISM

Lesson I.—**The Evolution of Capitalism.**
Lesson II.—**The Evolution of Socialism.**
Lesson III.—**Scientific Socialism.**
Lesson IV.—**The Failure of Capitalism—The Coming of Socialism.**
Lesson V.—**Trades Unions and Socialism.**
Lesson VI.—**The Farmers and Socialism.**
Lesson VII.—**The Middle Class Workers and Socialism.**
Lesson VIII.—**Religion, Education and Socialism.**
Lesson IX.—**Political Parties and Socialism.**
Lesson X.—**How to Work for Socialism.**

Each of the ten lessons which have been especially prepared by Mr. Mills, the author of "The Struggle for Existence," gives special directions for the study of some one topic as given in the above schedule. Each lesson gives a summary of the subject matter to be studied with special references to all the paragraphs in the text book bearing upon that topic and designating those to be read only, as well as those to be carefully studied. Each lesson in the course is followed by a list of test questions, the answers to which are written up as studied and forwarded to Mr. Mills for correction, approval or recommendations for further study, together with answers to any special questions asked.

THE TEN LESSONS IN THE CORRECT AND EFFECTIVE USE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Lesson I.—**The Building and the Mastery of Words.**
Lesson II.—**The Classes of Words.**
Lesson III.—**The Relation of Words to Each Other.**
Lesson IV.—**The Building of an English Sentence.**
Lesson V.—**The Finishing Work on an English Sentence.**
Lesson VI.—**The Forms of Speaking and Writing.**
Lesson VII.—**The Telling of a Story and the Explaining of a Situation**
Lesson VIII.—**The Building of an Argument.**
Lesson IX.—**Effective Correspondence.**
Lesson X.—**Writing for Publication.**

These lessons consist of ten pamphlets, each complete in itself and containing all the material necessary for a student's work. Each lesson is followed with test questions and the manner of procedure in doing the work, the same as above.

TEN LESSONS IN THE ART OF PUBLIC SPEAKING

Lesson I.—**The Training of the Voice.**
Lesson II.—**Gathering the Speaker's Materials.**
Lesson III.—**Constructing the Argument.**
Lesson IV.—**The Delivery of a Speech.**
Lesson V.—**Adornment and Power in Public Address.**
Lesson VI.—**The Speech and the Occasion.**
Lesson VII.—**Errors in Speech.**
Lesson VIII.—**Controversial Speech.**
Lesson IX.—**How to Manage a Crowd.**
Lesson X.—**The Personal Qualities of an Orator.**

In these lessons, as in the course of English, each lesson is complete in itself and no text book will be required, and the manner of proceedure will be the same.

REMEMBER:—If you wish to understand the labor question, to deal with the high cost of living, to understand the rise of militarism and the way of escape, to fight effectively for the young, the disabled and the aged, in short, if you wish to be a good and an effective Socialist, begin at once the study of these lessons in Socialism. If you wish to have a voice as clear and musical as a bell, so that people will listen to you just for the music of your voice, to be heard distinctly by the largest crowds, to have a throat of steel that will never fail you, to have a great fund of fresh and interesting information, to be able to think at your best on your feet and before a crowd, to be an effective salesman in offering goods or in presenting ideas, to speak without notes and never forget, to address a throng as though you were speaking to a single friend and to become yourself the incarnation of the message you take to others, then take these ten lessons in the Art of Public Speaking.

If you want to write for the press, not for the waste basket, to be understood, not to be laughed at, to write letters that bring replies, to serve on committees, write resolutions or party platforms, to gather the greatest fund of information, to write a story that will read when printed as it sounds when told, to recover from the brogue or the broken forms of foreign speech or of untrained utterance, then take these lessons in the study of the English language.

¶ **THESE LESSONS WILL BE WORTH YOUR WHILE.** The following well-known speakers, writers and organizers were once students of Mr. Mills: George R. Kirkpatrick, Anna Maley, Fred. D. Warren, Kate O'Hare, Frank O'Hare, Guy Lockwood, Mrs. Lockwood, Oscar Ameringer, Phil Callery, J. W. Slayton, Gertrude Breslau Fuller, O. S. Wilson, Judge Groesbeck, Geo. W. Downing, Agnes Downing, John M. Work, Mrs. A. M. Salyer, Geo. H. Turner, George D. Brewer, J. E. Snyder, George Scott, Mrs. Bradford, Walter and Rose Walker, Anna Strunsky Walling, T. E. Latimer, Caroline Lowe, James O'Neal, W. C. Benton, J. L. Fitts, J. L. Engdahl, Dr. Nina E. Wood.

TERMS: The Course of Lessons in Socialism, including a paper-bound copy of "The Struggle for Existence" by Walter Thomas Mills, free, $5.00 for a single student; in classes of five or more, $3.00 each; in classes of ten or more with text book free to each student in any case, $2.50 each; or the course free to anyone ordering ten copies of the cloth-bound edition of "The Struggle for Existence" at $1.50 each (regular price $2.50); or ten copies of "Democracy or Despotism" by Walter Thomas Mills, regular price $1.25 each, to one address.

The Courses in the study of English and in the Art of Public Speaking are $10.00 each for single students; in classes of five $7.50 each; in classes of ten or more $6.00 each; or either Course for a single student free to anyone ordering fifteen cloth-bound copies of "The Struggle for Existence" at $1.50 (regular price $2.50); or fifteen copies of "Democracy or Despotism" at $1.00 each (regular price $1.25) to one address, purchasers paying the freight.

¶ Now is the time to get ready for the winter's work. You can invest in nothing that will pay so large a return as when you invest in yourself. You can earn these courses getting up clubs for the books. You can greatly reduce the expense and add to the pleasure and profit of the work by getting up classes in any of these Courses.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, always mentioning that you saw this ad in THE WESTERN COMRADE, to

The International School of Social Economy

R. R. No. 1, Box 15, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.

Western Comrade

October 1917

Beginning In This Number

The Revolution in North Dakota
By H. G. Teigan

Current Problems
By Walter Thomas Mills

Contents

Page

EDITORIALS by Job Harriman 3

THE DEVIL'S PUNCH BOWL 9

THE NEW SOCIALISM by Alec Watkins 12

SOCIALISM IN JAPAN by S. Katayama 19

A NICE GIRL (Story) by Mary Allen 20

Llano's Louisiana Purchase

EFFICIENCY IN RELIGION by Myrtle Manana 22

THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH by Clinton Bancroft 24

Other Features Are:
"Was Schmidt Guilty?"; Successful California Co-operatives; Co-operation the World Over; News and Views in Agriculture; Book Reviews, etc.

Price Ten Cents

THE INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL OF SOCIAL ECONOMY.

Three Correspondence Courses of Study

Organized in 1900. Students in All English Speaking Countries

LESSONS PREPARED AND TAUGHT BY

Walter Thomas Mills

Any of these Courses can be taken by a single individual or in classes. Work can begin at any time and can be completed as quickly as anyone is able, or the time may be extended as may be necessary.

FINELY ENGRAVED CERTIFICATES are given to those who satisfactorily complete the work in any of these courses.

Here are the Courses

I.—TEN LESSONS IN THE STUDY OF SOCIALISM.
II.—TEN LESSONS IN THE ART OF PUBLIC SPEAKING.
III.—TEN LESSONS IN THE CORRECT AND EFFECTIVE USE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THE TEN LESSONS IN SOCIALISM

Lesson I.—**The Evolution of Capitalism.**
Lesson II.—**The Evolution of Socialism.**
Lesson III.—**Scientific Socialism.**
Lesson IV.—**The Failure of Capitalism—The Coming of Socialism.**
Lesson V.—**Trades Unions and Socialism.**
Lesson VI.—**The Farmers and Socialism.**
Lesson VII.—**The Middle Class Workers and Socialism.**
Lesson VIII.—**Religion, Education and Socialism.**
Lesson IX.—**Political Parties and Socialism.**
Lesson X.—**How to Work for Socialism.**

Each of the ten lessons which have been especially prepared by Mr. Mills, the author of "The Struggle for Existence," gives special directions for the study of some one topic as given in the above schedule. Each lesson gives a summary of the subject matter to be studied with special references to all the paragraphs in the text book bearing upon that topic and designating those to be read only, as well as those to be carefully studied. Each lesson in the course is followed by a list of test questions, the answers to which are written up as studied and forwarded to Mr. Mills for correction, approval or recommendations for further study, together with answers to any special questions asked.

THE TEN LESSONS IN THE CORRECT AND EFFECTIVE USE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Lesson I.—**The Building and the Mastery of Words.**
Lesson II.—**The Classes of Words.**
Lesson III.—**The Relation of Words to Each Other.**
Lesson IV.—**The Building of an English Sentence.**
Lesson V.—**The Finishing Work on an English Sentence.**
Lesson VI.—**The Forms of Speaking and Writing.**
Lesson VII.—**The Telling of a Story and the Explaining of a Situation**
Lesson VIII.—**The Building of an Argument.**
Lesson IX.—**Effective Correspondence.**
Lesson X.—**Writing for Publication.**

These lessons consist of ten pamphlets, each complete in itself and containing all the material necessary for a student's work. Each lesson is followed with test questions and the manner of procedure in doing the work, the same as above.

TEN LESSONS IN THE ART OF PUBLIC SPEAKING

Lesson I.—**The Training of the Voice.**
Lesson II.—**Gathering the Speaker's Materials.**
Lesson III.—**Constructing the Argument.**
Lesson IV.—**The Delivery of a Speech.**
Lesson V.—**Adornment and Power in Public Address.**
Lesson VI.—**The Speech and the Occasion.**
Lesson VII.—**Errors in Speech.**
Lesson VIII.—**Controversial Speech.**
Lesson IX.—**How to Manage a Crowd.**
Lesson X.—**The Personal Qualities of an Orator.**

In these lessons, as in the course of English, each lesson is complete in itself and no text book will be required, and the manner of proceedure will be the same.

REMEMBER:—If you wish to understand the labor question, to deal with the high cost of living, to understand the rise of militarism and the way of escape, to fight effectively for the young, the disabled and the aged, in short, if you wish to be a good and an effective Socialist, begin at once the study of these lessons in Socialism. If you wish to have a voice as clear and musical as a bell, so that people will listen to you just for the music of your voice, to be heard distinctly by the largest crowds, to have a throat of steel that will never fail you, to have a great fund of fresh and interesting information, to be able to think at your best on your feet and before a crowd, to be an effective salesman in offering goods or in presenting ideas, to speak without notes and never forget, to address a throng as though you were speaking to a single friend and to become yourself the incarnation of the message you take to others, then take these ten lessons in the Art of Public Speaking.

If you want to write for the press, not for the waste basket, to be understood, not to be laughed at, to write letters that bring replies, to serve on committees, write resolutions or party platforms, to gather the greatest fund of information, to write a story that will read when printed as it sounds when told, to recover from the brogue or the broken forms of foreign speech or of untrained utterance, then take these lessons in the study of the English language.

¶ **THESE LESSONS WILL BE WORTH YOUR WHILE.** The following well-known speakers, writers and organizers were once students of Mr. Mills: George R. Kirkpatrick, Anna Maley, Fred. D. Warren, Kate O'Hare, Frank O'Hare, Guy Lockwood, Mrs. Lockwood, Oscar Ameringer, Phil Callery, J. W. Slayton, Gertrude Breslau Fuller, O. S. Wilson, Judge Groesbeck, Geo. W. Downing, Agnes Downing, John M. Work, Mrs. A. M. Salyer, Geo. H. Turner, George D. Brewer, J. E. Snyder, George Scott, Mrs. Bradford, Walter and Rose Walker, Anna Strunsky Walling, T. E. Latimer, Caroline Lowe, James O'Neal, W. C. Benton, J. L. Fitts, J. L. Engdahl, Dr. Nina E. Wood.

TERMS: The Course of Lessons in Socialism, including a paper-bound copy of "The Struggle for Existence" by Walter Thomas Mills, free, $5.00 for a single student; in classes of five or more, $3.00 each; in classes of ten or more with text book free to each student in any case, $2.50 each; or the course free to anyone ordering ten copies of the cloth-bound edition of "The Struggle for Existence" at $1.50 each (regular price $2.50); or ten copies of "Democracy or Despotism" by Walter Thomas Mills, regular price $1.25 each, to one address.

The Courses in the study of English and in the Art of Public Speaking are $10.00 each for single students; in classes of five $7.50 each; in classes of ten or more $6.00 each; or either Course for a single student free to anyone ordering fifteen cloth-bound copies of "The Struggle for Existence" at $1.50 (regular price $2.50); or fifteen copies of "Democracy or Despotism" at $1.00 each (regular price $1.25) to one address, purchasers paying the freight.

¶ Now is the time to get ready for the winter's work. You can invest in nothing that will pay so large a return as when you invest in yourself. You can earn these courses getting up clubs for the books. You can greatly reduce the expense and add to the pleasure and profit of the work by getting up classes in any of these Courses.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, always mentioning that you saw this ad in THE WESTERN COMRADE, to

The International School of Social Economy

R. R. No. 1, Box 15, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.

Political Action Co-operation Socialism

The Western Comrade

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Entered as second-class matter November 4th, 1916, at the post office at Llano, California, under Act of March 3, 1879.

PUBLISHED EACH MONTH AT LLANO, CALIFORNIA.

JOB HARRIMAN . . . . . Managing Editor. ERNEST S. WOOSTER . . . . . Business Manager

Subscription Rate—75c a year; Canada $1. Single Copies 10c; clubs of 4 or more (in U. S.) 50c. Combination with LLANO COLONIST $1. Publishers and others are invited to copy at will from the WESTERN COMRADE, but are asked to give credit. Nothing copyrighted unless so stated. In making change of address always give your former one so that the mailing department may be certain that the right name is being changed.

Please do not send subscriptions, changes of address, complaints, etc., to individuals. Address ALL communications to the Llano Publications, Llano, Calif. This paper will not assume responsibility unless this rule is followed.

VOL. V. LLANO, CALIFORNIA, OCTOBER, 1917. No. 6

Editorials

By Job Harriman

NEVER in the history of the world did a revolutionary movement show such vitality and determination as that of Russia. It is confronted with the all but irresistible German army; with the conservative, plutocratic rebellions of the empire; and with the infinitely complex and perplexing problems of reconstruction. Yet the new government is handling the situation with great skill and profound wisdom. Political and industrial democracy are growing in an orderly manner out of the tyranny and chaos that gave them birth.

The vitality of this new movement is due largely to the philosophy of Socialism, so thoroughly and generally understood by the Russian people. This movement was known as "underground Russia." It grew in spite of eternal vigilance of the universal secret service spy system, backed by a brutal police and an armed force of infantry and cossacks.

These humble but highly intelligent people contrived to publish their books, pamphlets, papers and leaflets, and to circulate them by the millions throughout the empire. Occasionally an unfortunate, courageous enthusiast became too bold, and, being detected, he was transported to the mines or prisons of Siberia and punished for life for the crime of uplifting and educating his fellowmen. It was these long years of persistent and relentless effort to teach the people their rights that prepared the Russian mind for the establishment of the foremost democracy of the world.

It was in the same manner and against similar obstacles that the German Socialists overcame the brutal Bismarckian laws, and were, before the war, moving irresistibly toward the overthrow of the Kaiser's government and the establishment of a social democracy.

The downfall of the Kaiser will yet be brought about, not by the Socialist forces from without, but by the Socialist forces from within. It will be done with order, precision and determination. Even greater discipline and more profound wisdom will be shown in Germany than was shown in Russia.

Whoever is acquainted with the German people and has observed the German mind must know that they will not make a move until they first know that they maintain perfect military discipline and sustain a solid front to their enemies when the Kaiser goes down. It is toward the fall of the Kaiser and the uplift of the people that the Socialists of Germany have been moving for the last half century. Their victory is as certain as the morrow is to come. The peaceful, educational methods of the Socialist movement will overcome and overthrow any government on earth that rests its power on oppression, sustained by brute force.

There is a profound reason for this. Every human being, like all other forms of energy, seeks the line of least resistance. When he is bearing burdens of tyranny and plutocracy, he is not moving in the line of least resistance. Every thought that tells him how to cast off his burden and make life more desirable is music to his ears and food for his soul.

There is yet another reason. Every conviction that leads to one's liberty of his fellows begets a social passion that is dearer than life, and for which millions have been, and, if necessary, will yet be crucified. But persecution and crucifixion and all the tortures of hell will not cause them to deny their convictions nor surrender their social passions.

Yet there is not and never has been a man in all the world so rich but that he would freely give his last dollar to save his life!

The social passion, the inborn desire to give aid and succor to humanity is born and lives and moves in the very depths of human impulses, while the getting of money is only a matter of superficial rational activity.

It is because of this fact that all governments founded on property rights constantly gather military power around them, but are from their inception doomed to go down before the tidal wave of more humane impulses, struggling for the general uplift and the welfare of the race.

THE headquarters of the Socialist Party in Chicago and various other cities are reported to have been raided by the government authorities.

We cannot believe this has been done with the sanction of President Wilson. The world cannot be made safe for democracy by such methods.

There is a very general misunderstanding of the Socialist on the part of many government and state officials.

The Socialist movement is international. The members

have been meeting together in international congresses for half a century. Their interests and philosophy are the same. They feel towards and treat each other as brothers. They are brothers, not only in theory but in deed. The thought of killing each other is unbearable and except when immediate necessity presses, they refuse to fight.

We believe, however, that none of them would refuse to work in any industry where conscription might call them, especially if that work were required to be done upon property conscripted for the same purpose.

Surely if men may be conscripted to work, property may also be conscripted for them to work with and upon.

Conscription of men, conscription of food, conscription of property, is as certain as tomorrow, if the war lasts.

If men, food, and property are conscripted they will not be unconscripted. "You cannot unscramble eggs." The power to conscript in times of war establishes the right to conscript in times of peace or war. Necessity knows no law but action, and such action is always in line with the power action, let that power be what it may.

It is up to the acting power to be wise, for if wisdom is lacking and the burdens imposed are too heavy, the result will be a revolution. That is what took place in Russia. That is what President Wilson demands of the German people; that is what will happen wherever the burdens are unbearable.

Conscription of men, foods, and property lead inevitably to state socialism; beyond that, and in sight, lies the long-sought Social Democracy.

—o—

ENGLAND's war debt to date is upwards of $5,000,000,000; the war debt of the United States at the present moment is $20,000,000,000.

A fool and his money are soon parted.

—o—

CHEAP bread! Unfortunately, we do not have it; but it will soon come.

"The members of the price-fixing commission think that the new price will permit of a fourteen-ounce loaf of bread selling for five cents and allowing a fair profit both to the flour manufacturer and the baker," says the Literary Digest.

A profit, fair or unfair, is fixed in the minds of all. This fact is the fulcrum upon which the world war is turning. World cataclysms will continue as long as this fact remains. No man can make a profit off another and live in harmony with him. The bone and marrow of all war is the conflict of interest; and "profit" is the essence of the conflict.

—o—

THE Pope's peace proposal is now being published by a Catholic publishing company and circulated in an artfully prepared paper that spouts flames of danger from every line.

The mighty organization of Catholicism is striving with all its might to re-establish the temporal power and absolutism of the Pope.

The following quotation will reveal the hand-writing on the wall. But the Pope will be the Belshazzer:

"In my opinion, Europe and the civilized world ought to institute at Rome a tribunal of arbitration presided over by the Pope, which should take cognizance of the difference between Christian princes. This tribunal, established over princes to direct and judge them, would bring us back to the golden age."

Golden age, indeed! It is a golden age now for the princes. Princes always have and always will, as long as princes exist, enjoy a golden age! What do we want with princes and their golden ages? Will someone tell? What was the American Revolution all about? We are not looking for a golden age for princes or Popes. They have had their innings. They have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Poverty, misery, ignorance and degradation have been man's lot under their sceptres. Away with their political power! They are partners in tyranny. It remains for the people to be partners in liberty and democracy.

Again we listen to the Pope: "We must find a new bond to unite us all. The Pope alone can form this bond. Only Rome can make her impartial and unprejudiced voice heard, for no one doubts for an instant the integrity of her judgement."

How about her impartial and unprejudiced judgment in the days of the Spanish inquisition? No, no one doubts. Everybody knows that the world has had enough of such impartial and unprejudiced judgment. None of it for us.

Again: "The interests of the human race require that there be a curb which will restrain sovereigns and protect the life of nations; this curb of religion might by universal consent have peen placed in the hands of the Pope."

Curbing! The people had better do their own curbing. The Pope curbs to the glory of the Pope. The people will curb to the glory of the people. A little abolition on the side might help some.

Again: "It is necessary that the present system of deciding international questions by a congress be abandoned and recourse be had to the supreme arbitration of the Pope."

The pages of history are smeared with the blood of religious persecutions. The hands of the Popes are black with human gore.

Swallow the Pope by choice and you will swallow his religion by force!

What is the matter with democracy?

—o—

THE most remarkable fact in connection with the enormous cantonments now being built in the various parts of our country is the **permanency** of structures.

Concrete foundations of many buildings; water pipes encased in concrete; enormous substantial storage houses; and other durable structures;—all impress one with the idea that the foundation for militarism, rather than democracy, is being laid.

In all probability, those holding such political offices as enable them to temporarily direct the construction work, will honestly repudiate this idea, but their terms of office will soon expire, while the institutions that gave rise to their military camps will continue to live and the owners of those institutions

will direct the military force of the future as they direct the military power of today in every labor trouble.

The labor and reform movements will then stand face to face with an all but irresistible military force. Such a successful strike as the recent shipbuilders' strike in San Francisco will be a thing of the past.

Far be it from us to question the honesty of our high officials. But honesty does not remove danger. An honest man is far more dangerous than a hypocrite if he is in error. A hypocrite can be changed from his course by a show of power, but an honest man will die for his convictions, be they right or wrong.

So, also, are those honest who own the industries. And, strange as it may appear, every dollar of accumulated profit confirms the conviction of the man who believes that it is right to accumulate money by employing men for a wage less than the worth of their product. Comforts and luxuries are added in proportion to the wealth accumulated, and even doubtful opinions are transformed into convictions by the luxuries that are added. It is hard indeed for him to surrender his luxuries who kuows that he has employed wrong methods in accumulating them; but it is impossible for him to surrender them if he believes the methods employed to accumulate them were right.

Not only will the honest man die for this privilege; but, being in power, he will use the public force to protect himself and all others in the exercise of those privileges. In this fact lies all the elements of monarchy and of militarism. Militarism and monarchy are only different forms of the same thing. Their roots run down into, and are made up of, the private ownership of productive property. While this institution of private property lasts, our liberties are in danger, and democracy hangs by a thread.

—o—

GOVERNOR FERGUSON, of Texas, has been impeached. Of course, he resigned his office but did not do so until the vote impeaching him was about to be taken. Not only is he impeached, but he is indicted for embezzlement and misappropriation of funds. Nor is he alone; he has plenty of company. Many officials in high places in that state are now before the grand jury and will be prosecuted for the same offence.

The condition in Texas is not very different from that in other states. The trouble in Texas seems to be that the machinery of the state got out of the hands of the machine.

The preachers of Texas have raised their voices at least an octave. It is not a sweet refrain that they are singing. The titles of their songs are "original sin," "the fall of man," and "total depravity," and their breaths are laden with the brimstone and sulphur.

They have forgotten that these men were born pure and sweet, and were those of whom Christ spoke when he said: "Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Nor yet do these preachers see that the temptations laid before these men by the industrial and commercial system of which these very preachers are champions, is the cause of their downfall. The money power incident to office was a greater temptation than they could withstand.

Our political institutions are only a duplicate of our industrial institutions. The opportunity to get money without earning it is the curse of the age. Buying and selling and speculating and employing for profit—all lead to gambling and swindling and embezzling, and getting money by cunning.

The principle involved in both are the same.

Something for nothing is the curse of the age.

—o—

BRUTE force as a means of government is committing suicide. It is the law of death. Every race or species that adopts force as a rule of action ends in the tomb. The most peaceful races and the most peaceful animals have survived. Were force the law of life, the reverse would be true.

—o—

JUDGE BURNS of Texas would murder all men who vote contrary to his views on the war question. He would crucify democracy in the name of the nation. He is mad with power and made insane by the law's restrictions. Our laws are made to bridle such beasts. No crime is too base for him who would deny the right of franchise to the American people. The right of suffrage was the fruit of the American Revolution. The blood of our forefathers was spilt for this right. Burns would wickedly spill the blood of our forefathers to maintain it.

Instructing the local grand jury, he said, "If I had a wish I would that you men had jurisdiction to return bills of indictment against those who sought to obtain votes at the expense of the nation's welfare. Such men should be placed against a stone wall and shot."

Judge Burns is guilty of treason. When accepting office he swore that he would support the Constitution. The right of free speech and unrestricted suffrage is the very heart of our constitution. His statement, if followed, would cut this heart out.

The people shed their blood for the privilege of voting for the alteration, the change and repeal of any law that they disapproved.

If Burns' advice were followed, another civil and terrible revolution would be upon us.

The policy of our people is and should be to support all laws while in force, but to change them when disapproved.

What else does democracy mean?

If the President's message means anything it means this. No one has a right to presume that he means otherwise until he says or acts to the contrary.

Violence to the right of franchise is treason in the first degree.

The robe of a judge can not conceal this treasonable act.

—o—

"PEACE without victory!" The hope of America!

This is the hope of the people of the world!

But this is not the hope of the aristocracy of the world. To this sentiment they say "Get thee behind me, Satan, I know thee not!" The aristocrats are ravenous beasts. They are ambitious for the spoils of war and for the world's dominion.

Llano's Louisiana Purchase

WHEN the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony was established at Llano, Los Angeles County, California, it was expected that it would be the first of what should ultimately be a large number of associated colonies scattered through many states, all to be correlated and to work in perfect harmony with one another.

Now the time has arrived when this intention is to be carried out.

The first attempt was made at Llano, and it has aroused widespread interest. From every English-speaking country come letters evincing the utmost sympathy, and expressing the desire to be with those who are pioneering in this work.

Llano, situated in the edge of the great Mojave Desert, in the part known as the Antelope Valley, is one of the finest pear-producing districts in the world. Apples and other fruits do well. Markets are not far distant, and every indication points to the Llano property eventually being worth millions of dollars if developed as a fruit growing district.

But in the meantime Llano cannot support a great population because trees do not begin to bear for several years. The pioneer work having been done, most of the people will either have to go into some industry or to go into some other colony.

About a year ago Comrade Harriman began a quiet investigation to determine the best place to begin the first colony extension work. His travel took him into many states and he considered many tracts of land. Finally he learned of a vast stretch of virgin soil in the cut-over pine district of western Louisiana. Without making known his intentions, he investigated fully, gathered an amazing quantity of accurate and detailed information, and reported to the Board of Directors. It was favorably considered by them and then the proposition was placed before the Colonists in a mass meeting. They became convinced of the splendid possibilities. A committee was at once appointed to verify the report of Comrade Harriman and to gather further information.

This committee left Llano the latter part of August. Stops were made at Minneola, Texas, for the big encampment there, and at other places. The comrades in Texas were wildly enthusiastic and immediately proffered aid of all sorts in making the first extension a grand success.

But like their comrades in Llano, they were very much opposed to the disposal of the California property. This has been advocated by some. The sentiment is not at all favorable to such a sale.

The foregoing brief explanation is intended to forestall misconceptions on the part of readers, and erroneous ideas as to why this move is to be made.

The Truth About Louisiana

The Gulf Lumber Company owned a 16,000 acre tract of land in Vernon Parish, Louisiana, one portion of it is within one mile of Leesville, the Parish seat of Vernon Parish, being to the south and west, and about 12 miles from the Sabine River. It is perhaps 45 miles from Alexandria, 100 miles from Shreveport, and about 200 miles from New Orleans.

So much misunderstanding exists concerning Louisiana, and so much misinformation has been spread broadcast, that it is necessary to correct, right on the start, some of these erronous impressions.

Louisiana has been considered a state of swamps, alligators, yellow fever, malaria, and people of little education. Of course a portion of this is true; otherwise the wrong stories would never have been told and re-told. But the truth about Louisiana is that it is like many other states—some of it is good and some is not so good. There are swamps along the coast. In these swamps there are mosquitoes and in them diseases menace the health.

But these swamps are only a comparatively small part of the area of the state. The rest of Louisiana is a treasure house of potential wealth. Its soil is wondrously rich. Its people are probably as well educated. Though it has had overwhelming odds to contend with, Louisiana has made progress. Without advertising, and therefore without having attracted wide-spread attention, Louisiana nevertheless has forged ahead.

One of the best portions of Louisiana is Vernon Parish, which has been covered with heavy forests of pine timber, this being the chief long leaf pine district. Some of the greatest saw mills in the world are here. The most recent figures give 666,000 acres of timber land out of the nine hundred and eighty thousand acres comprising the total acreage of the county. Residents are few, there being but 20,000 in the Parish. Leesville, the county seat, has but 2,500 people. It is a modern little city, and a pretty one, with good schools and modern conveniences.

The Highlands of Vernon Parish are fertile and productive. Moreover, these piney highlands are healthful. There are no mosquitoes, no malaria, no fevers. The people are healthy. A letter from Dr. Oscar Dowling, to the WESTERN COMRADE in answer to questions concerning the health conditions of Vernon Parish, brought the following answer:

New Orleans, La.
Sept. 7, 1917.

Llano Publications:
Llano, Cal.
Gentlemen:

Your inquiry concerning Vernon Parish received and it is a pleasure to state that health conditions in the entire state of Louisiana will compare favorably with those of any other Southern state . . .

As State Health Officer, I travel over the state—even to the remote rural districts—many times every year. I have been in Vernon during the last seven years a number of times. The citizens there are very healthful in appearance, and the schools are running over. Both of these I consider most excellent indications of good conditions.

An adequate supply of potable water may be had in any section of Vernon, and if the residents are reasonably careful as to their sanitary environs . . . they need not fear sickness any more than in any other part of the country.

Very truly yours,

OSCAR DOWLING, President

The weather conditions are also favorable. Though there is no weather bureau station in Vernon Parish, there is one at Sugartown just a few miles south and one at Robeline, a few miles north of the Colony property. Precipitation for Robeline is given at 45 inches for the year, for Sugartown at 53 for the year. Mean temperature for the year is highest at both stations during July and August, and stands at between 81 and 82. Lowest mean temperature is given at Robeline at 47 in December and January, and at Sugartown at 50 and 51 for December, January and February. These figures are taken from records covering a number of places. Thus it will be seen that there is ample rainfall, and very little cold weather, giving a growing season of at least eight months.

The Commission of Agriculture and Immigration has this to say regarding Vernon Parish:

"This Parish is situated in the western part of the state, and contains 986,600 acres of land. The formation is chiefly pine hills, with a little prairie and alluvial lands. The Kansas City Southern railroad runs north and south through this parish. It is drained by the Sabine and Calcasieu rivers, and by bayous Comrade, Castor, Ana-

coco, and numerous small streams. Water is abundant and of good quality.

"Leesville, on the Kansas City Southern railroad, is the Parish seat. Cotton is the chief crop product, and corn and hay, oats, peas, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, and sorghum are grown. The fruits and nuts are peaches, pears, pecans, apples, figs, pomegranates, plums, and grapes. Livestock comprises cattle, sheep, hogs, and horses. Game consists of deer, squirrels, coons, opossums, rabbits, beaver, wild turkeys, wild ducks, partridges, woodcock, pheasant, becasine snipe, plover and rice birds. There are fine varieties of fish found in the streams, among them trout, pike, bar fish, and bass. The timber is pine, oak, elm, gum, willow, hickory, and cottonwood. Extensive areas of long leaf pine exist."

The crop report for the year 1916 gives the following data regarding crops produced in Vernon Parish.

Cotton	1598 bales	Sweet potatoes	100,000 bu.
Corn	240,000 bushels	Irish potatoes	10,000 bu.
Syrup	4,500 barrels	Hay	700 tons
Peanuts	1,000 bushels	Oats	7,000 bushels

Among the live stock listed are 15,075 head of cattle, 5,864 hogs, besides sheep, goats, horses, mules, etc., proving convincingly that this is an ideal stock country.

Forage crops grow splendidly, and Louisiana can boast of many varieties of grasses. In these piney highlands, which are 240 feet above sea level, rolling, well-drained, with rich soil and healthful environment, many kinds of forage grasses grow and as a stock country it is so good that this promises to become one of the greatest meat producing regions of North America. Here the livestock of the Colony can be pastured through most of the year, and made ready for market at little cost.

What The Committee Reported

When the committee was selected by the Colonists to view, investigate, and report, it went with a full sense of the tremendous responsibility resting on it, and its report is given with all due care for accuracy. The committee consisted of President Job Harriman and Secretary W. A. Engle of the Llano del Rio Company of Nevada, and Robert E. White, assistant superintendent of the ranch. The report is given here.

"The state of Louisiana is a rich and beautiful but sadly neglected state. It has not yet completely recovered from the blow dealt it during the Civil War. This is one of the reasons why its land has not been taken up before and why it is possible for the Colony to secure this vast, rich territory. Even yet there are old plantations which have never been touched since the war, the buildings long since fallen into decay, the lands grown again with pines, some almost large enough to be made into lumber.

"The stream of emigration has been westward, and Louisiana, neglecting to advertise her wonderful resources, has been overlooked. Even those from the South, westward bound, passed through Louisiana without stopping, and have gone on into Texas.

"But this year there is drouth in Texas. There are vast districts as barren as the desert, the cattle and other stock driven off in search of pasturage, the fields mere dry wastes. No rain has fallen for many months, and what was once a productive land is now being deserted. The people are leaving, and the stream of emigration is this time eastward again, east into the heretofore neglected and overlooked Mississippi states, where this year the corn and cotton crops are large, for this land does not have drouth. The rains never fail.

"The land for which the Colony has bargained, an immense tract of 16,000 acres, is southwest of Leesville. On it are perhaps 1200 acres of the finest of hardwood timber, comparable with the best to be found anywhere in the Mississippi Valley. Its estimated value runs up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. These trees are of several kinds, among them being beech, magnolia, white oak, cypress, walnut, post oak, red oak, sweet gum, hickory. The trees are very large, magnificent specimens of their kind. There is also much good pine, though the trees are scattered in small groups. It will, however, serve to supply the Colony with all of its needs for many years to come.

"Among the first questions asked are: What will the land produce? What kind of soil is it? Is it easily worked?

"The soil is a gray sand, underlaid with a deep red subsoil. It is easily worked, but it must be remembered that this tract is almost entirely covered with stumps, and these must be taken out, although it is possible to farm with them in the land for a while. The trees were cut off about fifteen years ago.

"The land is highly productive and good results can be secured for the labor applied, but it means work and lots of it. On the land are several small farms, and inquiries were made to ascertain what is grown and what the production is. Special attention was given to learning whether the land would produce the very first year, and also whether it would retain its fertility. It was found, by questioning there, that the land will produce from the first, and that the variety of crops is extensive. Moreover, it will retain its fertility, though of course the rotation of crops, rational methods, and the application of fertilizer crops or fertilizers are quite as essential for big results as they are anywhere else. One of these farms had been farmed for fifteen years and is a paying proposition.

"The land will produce many crops. There is no finer fig district anywhere. This will surprise those who had considered California the finest fig growing state. Cotton and corn and sugar cane are the big paying crops. Melons of all kinds produce wonderfully. This is in the pecan district. Oats are profitably grown here. Peaches, plums, prunes, cherries are all profitable, as are berries of nearly every variety. Not far away, in this same general district, the growing of strawberries is a special industry. Raspberries, blackberries, and dew berries grow wild. With the exception of citrus fruits, there are practically no fruits but what can be produced here, not only for home use, but also commercially, and made to pay. Vegetables of all kinds do exceptionally well. There will be no difficulty in producing everything for our own use, and having a great abundance to dispose of. We should be able to market a large quantity of corn, cotton, melons, potatoes, cane and peanuts the first season.

"On this land are a number of small cottages which can be utilized by having just a little work done on them. Lumber is easily secured, and the building of other houses is a matter of comparatively little expense. On an adjoining piece of land is a saw mill, and it is possible that we will be able to secure this mill for Colony uses at less cost than one could be taken from Llano.

"One of the advantages we will enjoy is being close to the railroad, so that transportation will not be a serious problem. Leesville, close by, has a good high school and good grammar schools. Our educational problem will not be a serious one.

"There is no disease, except such as is found in any district anywhere in almost any country. The environment is good and the health conditions are excellent. There are no mosquitoes. Though we were there in the early part of September, the heat was not oppressive, and we slept under blankets every night. This condition did not exist in other parts of Louisiana even at that time. The people are alert, progressive, and of the kind that it is a pleasure to be among.

"Water in the wells is clear as crystal, and as pure as water can be. In the streams, however, the water is discolored by the leaves and vegetation, though not impure. Fish live in it. Large ones are caught in the stream which flows through

this property. About twelve miles away is the Sabine River, which is full of fish of several varieties.

"No liquor is sold in Louisiana. It is a dry state. It is a place to make a home and to want to live. The need of Louisiana has been men and money, and her resources have been largely untouched. Only about twenty per cent of the arable land is under cultivation. Vast fertile tracts are not producing. Just recently have efforts been made to develop the agricultural resources as they should be. In Vernon Parish the land has been covered with timber, which has, of course, prevented agricultural development, but as this is being rapidly cut off, the time is close when it will all be under cultivation."

"This report is not by any means complete, but it will give a good idea of what to expect. The land is rich, but it requires work to make it produce. We investigated every phase of it we could think of, and we believe that no place we have ever seen combines so many advantages.

"A summary of what is secured with the new Colony possessions will give a more adequate idea of the wonderful possibilities and the ease with which it may be developed and made to become productive.

16,000 acres of land in all;
1,200 acres of hardwood timber;
27 good habitable houses;
One 18-room hotel, in fairly good condition;
100 cheap houses;
One shed 130x300 feet;
One shed 130x200 feet;
One shed 80x100 feet;
One store 30x90 feet, fixtures in good shape;
1 concrete power house;
One office 40x50 feet, iron safe included;
Eight other sheds and structures;
2 million feet of lumber in these wooden buildings.
5 concrete drying kilns, each about 20x70 and 20 feet high, cost $12,000;
Railroad bed with ties (no rails) through the middle of the tract, connecting with railroad on each side.

"The value of the above, aside from the labor put into them, is quite a consideration, and will save a vast amount of time and work. Besides housing the first families who go there, the industries can also be well housed and no time will be lost in providing for them.

"Very little work will be required to put the buildings into condition so that they may be used at once.

"This is indeed the most wonderful opportunity, and nothing can hinder the progress of the Colony. There is every reason to believe that within a short time the Llano Colony in Louisiana will be a producing, thriving, growing concern, a source of interest to all, a means of livlihood and more to those within it."

Some idea of the vastness of a 16,000 acre tract of land may be secured by remembering that if 16,000 acres were laid out in one long narrow strip, one mile wide, it would extend for 25 miles. Just imagine some point 25 miles away and think how immense this is! Or, if we were in a more nearly square shape, which it is, it would be 5 miles in length and 5 miles in width.

So well impressed were the people of Texas and Oklahoma, that they gave substantial pledges of their intention of becoming members immediately the tract is ready to receive members. Before the deal was fully closed, thirty families were ready to become residents of the New Llano. This is the kind of recommendation that the people who know Western Louisiana are giving. One comrade from Texas writes that there will be 75 to 100 ready to come in by December first. And this means that the first extension work of the Llano Colony will be a gigantic success from the very first.

In spite of war and high prices and mistakes and hardships and disappointment and attacks by those who cannot or will not understand, the co-operative colony movement is going ahead and the wonderful work attempted by the Llano del Rio Colony has just really commenced.

Inquiries made in the Llano Colony indicate that a majority of the people here will desire to go to Louisiana to give the new Colony a start. Not all, of course, will go, for there are many so enamored of the climate and the wonderful views that they will not leave. Others came here, drawn largely because of the healthful conditions, the dryness of this climate being the particular quality that attracted them. These persons will not want to go. They are here to stay.

But many of the people of Llano naturally have the desire to change environment. It is of their chief characteristics. They are venturesome by nature. The idea of extending the work of the Llano Colony, of invading the Solid South with the ideas of co-operation applied, appeals to them.

So the likelihood is that a majority will want to go to Louisiana. They wil pack up their household utensils and goods. The industries will be taken down, some of them, and moved to the new center of activity. The temporary tent houses will be razed to the ground, the canvas converted into many purposes, the frame work made into other articles and used in building.

It is to be a titanic task, this one of moving a city. It means incessant activity. It means securing many cars, perhaps a whole train. The road will be lined with loads of goods bound for Palmdale.

$185,000 has been spent in hard-surfacing the roads in Vernon Parish. Further Improvements are being made yearly.

Of course, this does not mean the abandonment of Llano, California. It merely means expansion. Those who are left will carry on the enterprise. They will develop the water, put it on the land, distribute it through the ditches to the points where it is most needed. They will plant the orchards and care for them. Theirs will be the task of carrying out the plans which have been made.

Llano Socialists have come, have worked out their theories, and have demonstrated them. They have stripped theory of its non-essentials and have reduced it to a practice. They KNOW their Socialism. Theirs is not mere theory, untried. Theirs is the experience born of three years of worthy effort, of genuine constructive work, of pioneering where man and nature frowned, where powerful enemies oppressed, where ignorance cast its obstacles in their path, and where the faint-hearted quit and the doubters left.

But it has made its place. It has everything in its favor. Llano the Second is born, and by the time this reaches the readers, it will already be a lusty youngster, anxious to conquer and subjugate the 16,000 acres before it.

[The November WESTERN COMRADE will tell about the plans being made for handling and developing the new Colony.]

The Devil's Punch Bowl

SOUTH of Llano, tucked away in the surrounding hills, and scarce visible from the road unless special attention is directed toward it, lies a huge mass of conglomerate rock, worn and eroded, seared by time and storm, perforated by innumerable little caves, carved into deep canyons and ravines. Uplifted masses rear themselves above the general level. A precarious trail winds along cliffs that look down hundreds of feet into the chasms below. It is a weird and picturesque spot, little visited, rich in scenic wonders, a small reproduction of some of the wonders seen in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

The Devil's Punch Bowl it is called. It is perhaps a mile in width and two miles or more in length, paralleling the ranges of the Sierra Madres. Almost devoid of vegetation, yet circled by more or less verdant hills the spot is one to long be remembered.

Visitors are not taken to the Devil's Punch Bowl when they visit Llano. Some go to the timber where the logging camp is, where pretty, though diminutive, Jackson's Lake is a cool and inviting spot; some go to the Fish Hatchery where the cienegas, flowing from the dry bed of a seasonal creek, unite to form the Big Rock, and these visitors marvel at the springs thus bursting forth.

But the Devil's Punch Bowl is not Llano property and it is not easily accessible. There is a way to reach it by automobile. That is by way of the Pallet Valley, a valley high above the Antelope Valley, snuggled up close to the highest southern mountain range visible from Llano, in the protected coves and arroyes of which are small farms. But the road from Llano to the Pallet Valley is neither direct nor good, and those who make the trip once do not care to make it again unless it is necessary.

There is another way and a direct one. That is to go through the beautiful Valyermo ranch, perhaps five miles south of Llano. The road to this place is excellent. But the rest of the trip to the Bowl must be made afoot. However, the trail is good, and it is easily followed.

Standing sentinel guard over the North Portal of the Bowl is a giant mass of red rock. A narrow defile through the hills which mask the Punch Bowl widens rapidly and the vast upheavals of grayish rock are piled higher and higher.

Trickling out through the south gap is a little stream. It does not get far, soon being absorbed by the thirsty sand, licked up by the ardent sun, and drunk by the roots of the alders that line the little stream. A splendid camp ground, long known and reached by a short trail branching off from the main one, with plenty of wood, with clear, cold, pure water in abundance makes this a delightful place to remain. The source of the little rivulet is about 200 yards above this spot, where it emerges from beneath the foot of a cliff. Early in the morning there is a generous flow; by night it has dwindled to a mere trickle, but it is unfailing throughout the year. Why it should be so low in the evening is not fully explained by absorption, by the amount taken in by tree roots, and that which is evaporated. The interesting explanation has been advanced that the mass of rock in the cliff becomes heated during the day, expands, and in this expansion closes the crevice until only a small dribble comes out of the earthquake fault, just as one might shut off a faucet.

Leaving camp, and again taking to the trail, one is soon high up toward the crest of the formations, for the trail disdains the valley and holds to the ridge. It is an old and wellworn one, probably used when these mountains were prospected over.

On every side are deep clefts, while rising higher than the trail and off to the west are still higher peaks. Many are quite rugged, and some are almost sponge-like in appearance, being honey-combed with deep, narrow caves which reach into the dark interior of the peaks.

Some of these caves are quite large, and one which is easily accessible, though not visible from the trail and perhaps 500 yards west of it, is large enough to shelter a dozen men. Bees are occupants of many small fissures and holes in the cliffs. High up on some of the crests can be seen dark openings about which buzzards wheel and sail, and in which are probably their nests.

With exception of the trees along the rivulet before mentioned, and a clump of pine trees near the trail in another place where a depression has permitted soil to collect enough to nourish some hardy pines, there is little vegetation with exception of some manzanita and greasewood that clings to the steep, rocky walls, their roots prenetrating the crevices of the rocks and finding in some mysterious manner, food and water on which to survive.

This whole, upheaved rocky mass lies in strata, the lines of which are visible at considerable distances. Great uptilted ledges, pointing at angles of 45 degrees toward the north, each perfectly parallel with its neighbors, lean like multiplied towers of Pisa, vast and mysterious and enticing.

In this land of the Devil's Punch Bowl, barren of vegetation, nearly, there's a charm and a beauty that is difficult to describe. Deep clefts have been worn by tiny streams of water which have persistently cut away at the soft rock till they have worn their way through. Through these gateways, V-shaped, inverted pyramids of space cut deep into the rock, are glimpsed enchanting views of the far-off, low-lying hills, and the still further, vast stretches of the Antelope Valley, rimmed in the blue distance by the pale Tehachapi mountains, misty and uncertain on the northern horizon.

There's nothing of value, but there's much of beauty in the Devil's Punch Bowl, and those who leave Southern California to visit better advertised regions could spend wonderful days here and never be more than 100 miles from Los Angeles, within 50 miles in a direct line.

It is one of the wonderful things of this wonderful spot on the edge of the Antelope Valley, part of the Mojave Desert. It is one of the surprises; and comparatively few even of those living in the Colony, have ever visited the Devil's Punch Bowl and viewed its rugged crags, its deep chasms, its caves, its peaks, its perpendicular cliffs of conglomerate. Some day its charm will be appreciated and commercialized, and together with other points of interest here, neglected and appraised at but a fraction of their value will be the haunt of tourists and visitors, in summer because of the delightfulness of the mountains at that season and because it is vacation time; in winter because residents of Southern California can vary the monotony of the winter days by quick, easy trips to scenes of snow. And those from the East, pining for a glimpse of snow and the bite of frost again, can enjoy it till the novelty wears off, returning home again, all within a day, for the Devil's Punch Bowl is 4000 feet above sea level and there's plenty of snow there in the winter time. It is probably more beautiful then, even, than it is in the summer. But seen summer or winter, only those lacking in a perception of the beauties of Nature or those surfeited with scenes of grandeur can fail to be impressed with the beauties of the rugged, rocky pocket hidden among the narrow range of hills that divides the Antelope Valley from the smaller Pallet Valley. It can never become a popular place, but it merits a journey of many miles, and well repays the effort.

The Revolution In North Dakota

By H. G. Teigan

Written Specially For the Western Comrade. Those Copying Please Give Credit.

[This is the first of three articles by H. G. Teigan, telling the story of the Nonpartisan League of North Dakota.]

NORTH DAKOTA is an agricultural state, and wheat is its chief product. It is, in fact, the greatest wheat producing state in the Union.

But while North Dakota has produced such an abundance of wheat that it has become known as the "bread basket" of the world, the fact remains that the finished product—flour—is not made in North Dakota, but in Minneapolis. At Minneapolis, in Minnesota, are the great flour mills of the country. These mills grind into flour the wheat produced on the fields of North Dakota.

Early in the history of the Northwest, a group of shrewd and far-seeing men saw the opportunity of establishing at Minneapolis a permanent gouge in the form of flour mills and a grain buying agency. This grain buying agency became known as the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce. In 1881 a law was passed by the Minnesota legislature conferring upon the Chamber of Commerce the exclusive right to establish the rules governing its operations. The courts were ousted of all jurisdiction in regulating its rules. Only the legislature has power to set these rules aside, and so long as the big millers and grain gamblers control the legislature, it is not likely that the rules will in any way be interfered with. It might be of some interest to know that the Governor of Minnesota, when this law was passed, was none other than John S. Pillsbury, the founder of the Pillsbury Flour Mills.

Now to understand the pernicious character of the Chamber of Commerce in its relation to the farmers of the Northwest, it is important to have a fair understanding of how this institution controls prices. The Chamber of Commerce not only buys and sells real grain, but it also buys and sells fictitious grain—"futures"— that is never delivered or intended to be delivered. By these gambling methods of the Chamber, it is an easy matter to force prices down at certain times of the year, and in like manner compel them to rise at other times of the year.

At a hearing before the committee of the Minnesota legislature in 1913, these highly important facts were established:

1. Future sales in the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce alone has totalled not less than the stupendous sum of $10,000,000 a year. Prices paid to farmers by millers for real wheat are fixed by the prices made by the operations of the pit gamblers.

2. Of the three hundred eighteen specified memberships, one hundred thirty-five were held by line elevators; fifty by millers; thirty-nine by terminal elevators; and two hundred by commission houses. The remainder of the members were feed men, shippers, manufacturers, linseed oil men, and others. (In this testimony of John G. McHugh, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, there is evidently a duplication in the enumeration of the owners of memberships.)

3. Much testimony was brought out showing how commission houses owned subsidiary companies, sold grain to their own subsidiaries and bought it from them.

4. According to Mr. McHugh, "there are commission charges for buying as well as selling, and for future transactions" and the rules permitting these multiple commissions are established by the very men who pocket the commissions.

5. Methods of manipulation are such as to force the farmer to accept an inadequate price for his wheat, and to boost the price to the consumers after the traders have obtained control of the market.

6. Mr. McHugh contended that the Chamber was a "private corporation" and was, therefore, in no way obliged to publish its affairs.

7. It was shown at this investigation that the Chamber of Commerce robbed the farmers out of millions of dollars by a false system of grading. Between September 1, 1910, and August 31, 1912, the terminal elevators (owned by the Chamber of Commerce) of Minneapolis, received 15,571,575 bushels of No. 1 Northern wheat; but during the same period these same elevators shipped out 19,978,777 bushels of the same grade. Yet they had no wheat of this grade on hand at the beginning of the period, and 114,454 bushels at the end of the period. A like condition was true of No. 2 Northern, but the reverse was true of the lower grades. This merely goes to prove that the Chamber of Commerce bought the farmers' wheat at grades far too low. Now it must be borne in mind that there is considerable difference in the prices of the high and low grades of wheat. There are other minor steals that I could discuss, but the above will suffice to show what sort of a proposition the wheat farmers are up against. (See "Facts for the Farmer," published by National Nonpartisan League.)

But the Chamber of Commerce and the big mills have not been the only exploiters of the farmer. The banks have been equally bad. It frequently happens that the farmers of the Northwest do not harvest a large crop, and, with low prices for their grain, it becomes incumbent upon them to borrow money at the banks. Often, too, in former years, the homesteader was compelled to borrow money to buy machinery, horses, a few cows, and other things necessary in farming. Invariably the banker charged an interest rate of at least twelve per cent on these loans. Only on real estate could a slightly lower rate be obtained. With the Chamber of Commerce pounding down the price of wheat in the fall, and the banks at that very time demanding payment of interest and principal, the farmer was caught "a-comin' and a-goin'."

The effect that this double skinning game had on the farmers can be seen from the following report of the Census:

> In 1910 the total number of farms owned in whole or in part by the operators was 63,212. Of this number 30,651 were reported as free from mortgage; 31,728 were reported as mortgaged, and for 833 no report relative to mortgage indebtedness was obtained. The number of mortgaged farms constituted 50.9 per cent of the total number of owned farms, exclusive of those for which no mortgage report was obtained. In 1900 such farms constituted 31.4 per cent, and in 1890, 48.7 per cent. It may be noted that the per centages given for the three censuses are comparable, but that the number of mortgages and unmortgaged farms reported in 1890 is not entirely comparable with the numbers reported at the later censuses, because at the census of 1890 the farms for which no reports were secured were distributed betweeen the two classes of mortgaged and unmortgaged farms. It is evident, however, that the number of mortgaged farms decreased slightly from 1890 to 1900, but increased greatly from 1900 to 1910.

Since that time the mortgage indebtedness has increased at an enormous rate. It has been estimated that at least seventy-five per cent of the farms of North Dakota are now plastered with one or more mortgages.

This condition of things was primarily responsible for the revolt of the farmers that took place in 1915. Of course

there were other more immediate causes. Two of these I shall here briefly mention:

1. The work of the State Union of the American Society of Equity.

2. The work of the Socialist party.

The work of the Equity Society was confined very largely to a specific agitation for the inauguration of changes in the grain grading system and the establishment of a state-owned terminal elevator either in Minnesota or Wisconsin, or within the state.

It may be of some interest to know that as early as 1893 a law was passed appropriating $100,000 for the establishment of a state elevator at Duluth, Minnesota, or at Superior, Wisconsin. Nothing was done to establish this elevator, and as a matter of fact, nothing could be done, inasmuch as the law was in violation of the state constitution. The framers of the state constitution four years before had seen to it that the gambling game of the Chamber of Commerce should in no way be interfered with. Thus it was that the Equity Society commenced a new agitation for the establishment of a state-owned elevator, about 1908.

In 1909 the legislature was induced to pass a resolution for a constitutional amendment authorizing the state to establish a state-owned terminal elevator, and with the passage of the same resolution by the 1911 legislature, the proposed amendment went to the people for approval in the fall of 1912. The amendment was ratified by an overwhelming vote. The 1913 legislature, however, practically refused to obey the mandate of the voters as expressed in the vote on the constitutional amendment. The 1915 legislature also ignored the expressed demand of the people and even went so far as to repeal the law passed by the previous legislature appropriating a small amount for an elevator fund.

During the same period that the Equity Society was agitating for the establishment of a state-owned terminal elevator, the Socialist party was also carrying on a vigorous campaign throughout the state. Its propaganda was confined very largely to the "immediate demands," viz.: for establishment of state-owned terminal elevators, flour mills, packing houses, cold storage plants, exemption of farm improvements from taxation and such other measures as would be of benefit to the farmer in controlling the marketing of his products. In short, it was a farmer propaganda.

Thus it was that in the spring of 1915 the farmers of the state were seething with revolt. The only thing necessary was a means of crytallizing the revolutionary sentiment. Here a man of remarkable genius as an organizer appeared on the scene and commenced the work of active organization. This man was A. C. Townley. In order to fully appreciate the story of the early development of the Nonpartisan League, I wish to quote from one of his speeches delivered at Grand Forks, March 31st, 1917, two years after the founding of the League. The following is Mr. Townley's own story:

"Most of the farmers in this state do not know how the Nonpartisan League started. They don't know anything about this Movement in the early months of its development; this thing that is big enough now so that it attracts the attention of all the people of the United States. You and they want to know about it, so I am going to tell you, that just a little more than two years ago, out here in the county of McHenry, at Deering, North Dakota (most of you know where it is) I met Mr. Wood here—Howard Wood—you see him in the corner there—and his father, Mr. F. B. Wood. I had met them down at Bismarck at that legislative session. I had talked with them and with Mr. Bowen and two or three others, about a plan to organize the farmers of the state and capture the government of the state.

"We had an idea, just an idea, and on the first day of March or the last day of February, I came out to Mr. Howard Wood's place at Deering. I called him up over the phone. I had told Mr. Wood about my plan to build the Nonpartisan League; but he did not expect me to come there in the winter when there was snow on the ground. But he knew what I meant when I phoned all right. And he met me on the sidewalk. I will never forget how he looked the day and the hour and the minute that he looked at me and shook hands.

"He said to me (because he knew what I was there for): 'What the devil are you out here at this time of the year for?'

"He thought I was coming in the summer, and there I was in the middle of winter with plans, as he knew, to organize all the farmers of the state.

"No we didn't have any of the funds that are back of the Republican party or the Democratic party. We didn't have any money to build this organization. All we had was just the idea. And the story to tell.

"You know I have got a reputation of having gone broke. I want to plead guilty to that. I don't need to emphasize that very much here. You all know that as a farmer I was not much more successful than the average farmer. I want to tell you that there is not very much difference between myself and a good many other farmers except that I went broke and found it out, where a good many fellows go broke and don't know it. That is all the difference. (Laughter and applause).

"And when I found out that to farm under the conditions that you farmers have to live under, made it impossible for a man ever to hope to win an honest competence, I simply quit and said: THERE IS ANOTHER WAY OUT. I am going to cut out this. I know a different way.

"So I roamed around about the prairies of North Dakota for about a year and a half, talking to the farmers. I used to walk thirty miles a day sometimes and talk to the different farmers as I came to them. I thought I understood the matter. I went from one to the other and I talked to them, hours, and discussed things with them, sometimes an hour, sometimes two, to see whether there was not something that could be done.

"You may think it was peculiar, a funny thing, that I would tramp back and forth in that way talking to farmers. But I thought that an organization could be built. I did not know—I was not sure. So I went on and on, and talked to farmers, discussed things with them. And we would come to the conclusion that SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE, or there was not any use staying on the farm. And so I got that idea and that experience.

"Mr. Howard Wood and his father knew I had gone broke as a farmer, and I was discredited. My neighbors and all people knew that I was out hollering against conditions; and when I came to Mr. Wood without any money—my wife at that time was sick in St. Paul, and I was without any money—with nothing but a PLAN to organize the farmers of North Dakota in one summer—when I came to his house when the snow was still on the ground, asking him to help me do that, you can readily understand what he meant when he said: 'What the devil are you doing out here at this time of the year?'

"Mr. Wood had been in the state eight or ten years, and had given about half of his time to trying to build an organization and had not got very far. And he had friends! And here I came to Wood's place without any money, without any friends, with NOTHING BUT A STORY! You begin to get some idea of the situation. I wonder how many men there are in this room that I could have got to get out a team and go with me to see a neighbor with a proposition like that? Of course, if I had had a good reputation, like Jerry Bacon here (Bacon is the owner and editor of an Anti-League sheet at

(Continued on page 30)

The New Socialism

By Alec Watkins

Written Specially For the Western Comrade. Those Copying Please Give Credit.

WHERE is the Socialist Party today?

It's activities in many directions have practically ceased. Part of its press has been suppressed and the rest of it muzzled. Some of its members are in prison, and more are likely to be. Others, more or less prominent in the counsels of the party in the past, have deserted the ranks and are now dividing their time between firing long-distance broadsides at the Kaiser and hurling verbal stink-pots at their former comrades. The majority remains true to their organization, but their organization is utterly unable to afford them a means of doing effective work.

Before the war the Socialist Party was like a ship at sea, without chart or compass, and headed for nowhere but the horizon. And the storm came and wrecked it.

Can the Socialist Party make any progress in its present shape? It cannot. No organization can do anything without power; and the Socialist Party has none. It was impotent in time of peace; it cannot expect to be otherwise in time of war. It failed to prepare for war in time of peace.

It is useless to blind ourselves to facts. We have been powerless in the past, we are powerless now, and we will continue to be powerless as long as we cling to the methods that have rendered our labors futile in the years that have gone.

The situation is not entirely hopeless. Let us hope that when the Federal authorities entered the National office of the Social Party a few days ago they destroyed the dogmatism and fanaticism that bound the movement hand and foot and killed the growth.

When the war ends, it will be necessary to re-build the party. How shall we do it? In the past we built it on argumentation, debates, pamphlets, lectures, words without end. In the future we must lay its foundations deep in our economic institutions.

> WE must understand that a man is not of necessity a fool or a knave because of his inability to recite the Communist Manifesto backwards. We must learn to utilize the forces that may not be consciously socialistic, but whose progress inevitably leads in the direction of Socialism. We must make co-operation not only an ideal to be realized in the distant future, but the immediate policy of our party.

In the past we have preached the Class Struggle; in the future we must get into it—that we may finally end it.

We must remake our party, reshape its policy, and reverse our mental attitude.

We have been narrow, fanatical, dogmatic. Dogmatism inevitably breeds suspicion, intolerance, bitterness. We have been disgustingly, childishly suspicious of all who could not subscribe to our infallible creed.

Let us make no mistake. Bitter though it will be to the dogmatist and the doctrinaire, we must be prepared to take to our bosom many whose souls are still scarlet with the sins of capitalism, many to whose minds the theories of Marx are unknown. And we must be constantly ready to co-operate with organizations whose feet do not always tread the path we would have them tread.

Fusion! This is heresy, of course. We have but one alternative; we can repeat the performance of the past. We can stand by ourselves apart, viewing the struggle from the dizzy heights of our own creedal perfection, refusing to soil our skirts by contact with the multitude who are still unwashed in our own superior brand of holy water.

No doubt our company would be select, and certainly it would be exclusive; but the world would continue to groan under the burden of Capitalism, and we could do nothing to set it free.

Nothing should be more obvious than that if the Co-operative Commonwealth is to await the time when the majority of men are able to comprehend the Class Struggle in all its ramifications, the reign of Capitalism is secure for a long time to come.

Our first need is Power. Where are we to get it?

From whence does any political party derive its power? It should not be necessary to repeat the answer, but our creed-loving Marxian friends seem to be singularly incapable of grasping it. Any power that a political party may possess is drawn from the economic group whose interests it represents.

Why was the late Progressive Party a dismal failure? It had the support of able and influential men, men experienced in politics, men who held the confidence of a large part of the people. But they were held together only by an emotional idealism which found expression in the demand for certain mildly-benificent reforms. The Progressive Party failed because the business interests of the country were already attached to one or the other of the principal parties.

It will be a source of satisfaction to some Socialists to know that the independent Socialist Party, that it is proposed to form of the Socialists who have left the party since we entered the war, would also collapse for the same fundamental reason—unless they sieze upon the opportunity which we have neglected. A group of idealists may exercise a limited usefulness as an educational force, but no matter how eloquent or able its members, it can acquire no power while it remains dissociated from the everyday concerns of the interests upon whose behalf it essays to speak.

The reason that our rigid Marxians fail to realize this elemental fact is perhaps because, like all dogmatists, they attach importance to the letter rather than to the spirit of the teachings of their master. They passionately affirm allegiance to all the theories enunciated by Marx, some of them hastily and imperfectly conceived, but ignore the severely practical spirit that characterized his entire work. No one did more than Marx in his time to rescue the sanguine souls who, pinning all their faith in the potency of persuasion, believed that the Social Commonwealth would suddenly and miraculously spring from man's natural goodness of heart.

The Socialist Party must definitely identify itself with every economic organization whose progress lies in the direction of Socialism.

The political Socialist must become an active unionist, and the unions must go into politics. This means a struggle in the unions, but it is useless to evade the issue; it is inevitable. It is not necessary to make academic socialists of the members of the unions; it is only necessary to convince them that they suffer a loss of power through limiting their organized activity to the industrial field. It is not necessary to fill the union halls with socialist oratory; but it is necessary that the

(Continued on page 30)

My Californian

By D. Bobspa

STURDY little native son
Of four,
In nightie, ready to sail
The dream ship journey
To the Sandman's palace,
Gazed intent at colored map.

"This is Cal'fornia,
Where I was borned,"
In triumphant announcement;
And then,
"Was you, Daddy, and Muvver
Borned in Cal'fornia too?"

Just Hoosier-born,
We had to confess
Our position
Outside the pale of the elect.

A puzzled look on
That eager, earnest face.
Then a smile.
"But I had you, Daddy and Muvver,
In Indiana."

Confession once again
To that little
California lad.
In Love's young honeymoon
On banks of
"The Wabash far away,"
Full fruition had not come
To consecrate our altar.

Undaunted, undismayed,
Our California sunbeam
Quickly flashed
Triumphant answer,
"But I wanted you,
Daddy and Muvver,
An' I cwied an' cwied,
An' you tame
Across the desert
An' the mountains
To get me in Cal'fornia."

One of the wonderful views looking through a cleft in the Devil's Punch Bowl toward the north. The garden spot seen below is the Valyermo Ranch; across the range of hills beyond it lies Llano. There are other views which surpass this one, but they are not so easily represented on paper. This one is looking north across the Punch Bowl, and further off across the Antelope Valley can be seen the Lovejoy Buttes and the Tehachapi mountains.

Was Schmidt Guilty?

[This is the sixth installment of Comrade Job Harriman's address in the trial of the Los Angeles dynamiting cases.]

NOW let me call your attention to the boat in which the dynamite is alleged to have been carried. You will remember Howard Baxter. He was one of the owners of the boat. His partner swore that the men who hired the boat were to pay two hundred and fifty dollars, but Mr. Baxter demanded five hundred dollars deposit. The deposit and practically the entire transaction was conducted with Mr. Baxter. After the men used the boat one of them went back to Mr. Baxter. The transaction was closed, Baxter wrote him a check deducting the rental and the man went his way. They had probably spent an hour together conversing partially concerning the business at hand and partially on general topics. Not withstanding this prolonged conversation, the most Mr. Baxter could say was that the defendant resembled the man but that he could not say that he was the man.

Mr. Scott a relative of Mr. Baxter cashed the check given by Mr. Baxter. He said, "In my judgement he is the man, but I would not say positively."

Mr. Burroughs, the partner of Mr. Baxter, said that Schmidt was not the man. Hold for one moment the image of witness Bryson in your mind. The man was much fleshier than the defendant; Bryson was much fleshier. He had a much fuller face; Bryson had a much fuller face. He was much broader in the shoulders; Bryson was much broader in the shoulders. He saw him, talked to him about the boat, instructed him how to run the engine, was with him an hour and a half, was down to the engine room with him, saw him face to face and was close to him, as close to him as you are to each other for one hour and a half. He says, "I know that Schmidt is not the man." What are you going to do with his testimony? He talked to him more than all the other witnesses put together. He had been near to him and looked him straight in the face. He dealt with him both before and after the boat was used. "HE KNOWS HE IS NOT THE MAN." He was subpoenaed by the state and should have been examined by the fair prosecutor, whose sacred duty is to be as fair to this defendant as to the state, but he sent him away without putting him on the stand.

Mr. Keyes—"We did not send him away."

Mr. Harriman—"You subpoenaed him?"

Mr. Keyes—"Yes."

Mr. Harriman—"You did not put him on the stand?"

Mr. Keyes—"No."

Mr. Harriman—"Oh, you let him go back. You did not send him. Yes, he knew the way home and you in your fairness knew enough to keep him from telling the truth."

You knew, Mr. Keyes, that he had been with Perry for one hour and a half, that he had dealt with him, showed him the boat, explained the engine, showed him how to run it, and you knew that he would say on oath that this defendant is not the man.

I do not know just what idea of fairness thirteen years as prosecutor developes in an aspirant to office, but I do know that a number of fair and honorable men have been prevented from taking the stand because they would not testify as the fair prosecutor would have them testify.

Mr. Schmidt did not buy the "Peerless" letters. Mr. Nutter sold the word "Peerless" to two men. He says Schmidt resembles one man, but that man was stouter. He could not identify Schmidt. The man had a round face with a droop in his left eye. Mr. Schmidt's face is not round and his eye does not droop. That is a strange co-incidence. No one thinks Bryson was guilty, but the man was stouter, much fleshier, had a much rounder face, had a droop in his eye. It is by far a better description of Bryson than it is of Schmidt. This all come from the mouth of witnesses for the prosecution.

But listen, the witness says he had a light complexion and sandy hair. Look at it. Look at Schmidt. Remember Bryson. Neither of them has a light complexion, and neither has sandy hair.

How rapidly they ride over the high places. They emphasize the statement that one witness said that Schmidt resembled him, or that a man said that Schmidt was the man, but they fail to tell you what were the points of identification. The gist of the matter does not lie in the fact that one man says that this is the man or that he resembles him; but it lies in the fact that the cheek bone was crushed, that his eye was all right, that his hair was sandy, that his face was round, that he was fleshier, that he was short and broad shouldered. You must hold in your mind the facts pertaining to his description, and not the mere statement that this is or is not the man.

Again the man enters the store where he buys the letters. The witness stated that two men came in and asked for letters. He resembles the type of man. Why did not the prosecuting attorney in all his "sacred fairness" read to you that the witness said he resembled the type of man. "I could not say positively Schmidt resembles the man, not the eye; he had a peculiar look in his face, not in his eye." Schmidt has nothing peculiar in his face, but his eye is faulty. "Not his eye," but something peculiar about his face. Here is the crushed cheek bone coming to the front again. But Schmidt's cheek bone is not crushed.

Schmidt did not go to the cafe Miramar. Steuprich said, "I just glanced at him. I only saw him in the dining room. That is not the man—does not look to me like the man. There was something the matter with the left side of his face." This is the fourth witness that noticed the crushed bone. Some say the bone was crushed and the eye was all right. Some say the left side of his face was affected, not the eye. Others say there was something peculiar with the left side of the face.

Mr. Steuprich said, "He ain't the man I seen." The prosecuting attorney laughs at his ignorance and his pronunciation. His lack of education surely will not dicredit him. That is his misfortune and should elicit our sympathy and not our ridicule. He has suffered enough for want of joys that education brings. Far be it from me to question a man's integrity because his education was neglected. "He is not the man, he resembles him certainly. I just passed him by. About my size. I could see him face to face, just about my height." There is an essential fact in the description. There is another cheek bone fact. Thinking they would catch him, the District Attorney had Schmidt step around to compare his height with Steuprich. He never would have done it if he had known that Schmidt was a head taller. Steuprich was broad shouldered and looked to be as tall as Schmidt. With all this testimony can you believe that Schmidt was the man?

Mr. Brown, the man at the Howard Street dock said, "He looked like he had been hit with a hammer." This is the fifth man who noticed the crushed cheek bone.

Mr. McCall was one of the five. He defined the crushed cheek bone with the greatest particularity. He defined his own state of mind, and that he wondered how the man could

have received such a blow without leaving a scar. But he said also that the eye was all right. This defect was observed by five different men, all strangers to each other. There can be no question but that man who purchased the dynamite, and hired the boat, and bought the letters for the word "Peerless" and tied the boat to the Howard Street wharf "had an all right eye" and a "crushed cheek bone." The physical defect that attracted the eyes of so many does not mar the face of this defendant. This fact alone will open the prison doors and let the defendant go free, with his sister to their home.

The two women who saw the parties unload the dynamite at the cottage in which it was stored say this defendant is not the man. They did not observe him critically but they were near him and they were positive that they would be able to identify the man they saw.

Now let us consider the testimony of Mr. Phillips, the man who was in charge of the powder works when the dynamite was delivered on the boat "Peerless." I shall not dwell long with this witness, but leave the analysis of his testimony to Mr. Coghlan who examined him.

He testified before the Grand Jury some five years ago. He stated to the Grand Jury that he did not take particular notice of the man, that he only got a side view of his face and that he was there where the powder was being loaded only about two minutes and had no reason for suspicion. But on this stand he stated that he saw the man square in the face and was there twenty minutes; that he helped load the boat and let the boxes down from the wharf with a rope; that he was suspicious of the men. Can such a man be believed?

The man's anxiety to convict this defendant had no bounds. He was an advocate and not an impartial witness. You will remember how nervous and excited he was when he went out of his way and and began to argue saying, "It must have been true or J. B. McNamara would not have confessed."

Mr. Phillip stated that after the boxes were let down from the wharf he said to the men, "You won't have much room for ten boxes on your boat." They replied that they were going to load them on the skiff that was behind. Before the Grand Jury he stated that he was there two minutes and went before the powder was loaded and that when he said, "You won't have much room for ten boxes," he departed. At this trial he stated that he was there twenty minutes and went after the boxes were loaded. The quesion is whether he went before or after the dynamite was loaded. Determine the fact and you will know whether he is a true or a false witness. The fact is already settled by the very sentence he uttered. Listen, "You won't have much room for the ten boxes." Was that sentence uttered before or after the boxes were in the boat? Had the boxes already been in the boat he would have said, "You have not much room for ten boxes." When he spoke that sentence the boxes were still on the wharf, and he said, "You won't have much room," when you place them there, is the thought. But immediately upon making this statement he departed. Such is his testimony before the Grand Jury. It was then fresh in his mind and he was free from his great anxiety to convict any one. He was merely telling his best recollection.

He told the Grand Jury that he was not suspicious; that he only had a side view; that he did not notice particularly; that he was only there two minutes; but now he states that he was there twenty minutes; that he helped load the boat; that he saw him square in the face; and that he was suspicious of them. Would you take a man's life or liberty on the testimony of such a man. Have you not been told by the prosecuting attorney that when you find a man false in one thing that you should mistrust him in all. The court in the instructions will tell you the same thing. A still higher authority, your own minds and consciences command you to do the same thing.

Human life and liberty are too sacred to be taken by the word of one who is so anxious to convict that he cannot refrain from argument while serving as witness. Such a witness is either consciously or unconsciously false and his testimony is unworthy of belief and should be altogether discarded.

So much for the question of identification. Were either of you being tried instead of M. A. Schmidt you would feel that in all fairness and justice such an identification is altogether insufficient. Your heart and conscience could not help insisting that at least the physical defects and marks upon the face and the color of the hair should be the same. You would feel that it would be nothing less than a crime to convict a man of dark complexion when the real criminal's hair was sandy or to convict a man whose cheek bones were perfect when the criminal's cheek bone was crushed; or to convict a man whose left eye was out when the real criminal's eye was all right; or to convict a man who stood five feet eleven when the real criminal was about five feet seven or eight; and your feelings in such a case would be righteous and holy.

Now let us go with this defendant from San Francisco to Los Angeles. With all their effort and all their thousands of dollars at their command and with an unlimited number of detectives, they could find no trace of him in the South under the name of Perry. Only one witness testified that he saw him at Venice. This witness was contradicted by three witnesses who testified that the defendant was never there under the name of Perry.

Was Schmidt in Los Angeles? Yes, certainly he was. When? He came in July and returned in the early part of August. He was here under the name of M. A. Schmidt. He so testified. We again open the door to the prosecution, but they were afraid to enter. Not a question did they ask him in regard to the whys and wherefores and his whereabouts in Southern California. Again they were silent and their only response was, "No questions."

Every one of you where disappointed when the District Attorney failed to cross-question Schmidt. You expected it. We courted it. They failed to do so. They failed because they knew that he could satisfactorily explain every detail of any question they might put to him.

Why did he come to Los Angeles? Why does every one who visits the Coast come to Los Angeles if possible? He who fails to see Los Angeles fails to see one of the gems of the Pacific Coast. He had decided to return East and came to visit the South before he departed.

One witness only could be found who testified that she knew him by the name of Perry, and that she met him in Venice at Mr. Johanson's house. She was contradicted by three witnesses beside the testimony of Schmidt himself.

The failure to identify Schmidt as the purchaser of the dynamite breaks all connection between J. B. Brice and the movement on the Pacific Coast, and especially between him and the Los Angeles strike of 1910.

That Brice was connected with the Eastern movement there is no question. Nor is there any question as to his being in Los Angeles. But that he was not directly or indirectly connected with the Los Angeles movement is absolutely certain. The methods pursued in the East by the McNamaras were directly opposite to the methods employed here. In this one fact lies the proof that the Los Angeles movement could not have had a hand in this disaster. Theirs was a movement of violence. The Los Angeles movement was political and peaceful in character.

["Was Schmidt Guilty" began in the May issue. Back numbers ten cents a copy.]

Creek on Llan
Louisiana land
Cotton Field c
adjoining prop
erty to Llan
lands; Lon
Leaf Pine Fore
in the Highlanc
of Louisiana.

A Sweet Potato Field in Louisiana Highland District.

Soy Beans grown in L

Oat Field located in Louisiana Highland District.

Corn Field in
Highlands of
Louisiana near
Colony lands;
Corn produces
well on the cut-
over pine lands.

Alfalfa Hay Field not far from the property purchased by Llano Colony in the Highlands of western Louisiana.

Dairy Cattle raised in Louisiana Highland District.

na Highland District.

Threshing Oats in Louisiana Highland District.

Cattle grazing on cut-over pine lands of Highland District of Louisiana; the cattle industry promises great profits.

Current Problems

By Walter Thomas Mills

Written Specially For the Western Comrade. Those Copying Please Give Credit.

The Greatest Problem of Them All

IT was seen last month that effective dealing with the current economic and political problems, requires the joint action of the organized unions, farmers and co-operative societies.

Any political movement in behalf of labor which is not directly related to these organizations and responsible to the workers through these organizations, cannot hope to deal effectively with the problems of labor.

But how does it happen that there are such problems?

Provision is made for the common welfare by the joint use of (1) the natural resources, of (2) industrial equipment including a system of credits, of (3) organization and management, and of (4) labor.

The natural resources are abundant. There are no problems in connection with their production. All social problems relating to natural resources have to do with the opportunity to use them, not with any efforts to produce them.

The industrial equipment and the possibilities of credit, representing goods in transit or in process of production, present no real difficulties in the matter of efficiency.

The same is true of labor and hence the earth is rich enough in natural resources and the machinery of production is effective enough and labor numerous enough, skillful enough and willing enough to produce enough for all human needs and to spare.

For this reason, it follows that there are no serious problems as related to the productive possibilities of natural resources, industrial equipment or labor.

The one remaining factor involved in provision for the common welfare is that of organization and management. It is in this field where all the problems in economics and in politics arise.

It is not a matter of the creation of more natural resources. It is a matter of the organization and management of natural resources already and abundantly provided by the gift of nature.

It is not a matter of the necessary production of new machinery in production, transportation, manufacture, storage or exchange. In all these matters, the machinery provided is so effective that the real problem is not one of producing better machinery but of providing the organization and management which is indispensable to its proper use.

It is not a matter of providing additional labor. It is a matter of such organization and management as shall provide useful employment all the year around for all able-bodied people, and all these workers should be made skilled workers, should be equipped with the best possible machinery, should be provided with free access to the natural resources and should be given for their own use the net total products of their own labor.

But all this is a matter, not of providing more labor, but of better organization and management.

Is it not perfectly evident that the great social and political problems are altogether questions of organization and management? And hence, the greatest problem of all, is how to provide this organization and management.

It was said above that all workers should be given the total product of their labor but of all forms of labor at this time, the labor which is most sorely needed, is the particular labor required in organization and management.

With this work effectively done, all other work is easy. With this management once provided, all other social problems vanish.

Such a management must be made answerable to all those whose interests are involved. The fruits of the services rendered by them for the common welfare, must be made available for the common need.

Now, the authority to manage rests on the ability to invest. This ability to invest does not rest on the capacity or the disposition to serve the common good, but entirely upon the private monopoly control, by a few, of the common needs of all.

> THE greatest social problem is one of organization and management, and the greatest problem in organization and management is how to relate the personal interests of the manager to the common good, so that he shall become in very truth, "the greatest servant of all."

For this reason, the task set for every manager is not one of service for the common good of all, but of service to the few who monopolize the natural resources and industrial equipments upon which the life of all depends, and necessarily to the disadvantage of the many who are dependent, and to the unearned and undeserved advantage of the few who are masters. Under current conditions, the more capable and effective the management, the more serious the social disaster. The manager is not now employed to serve the common good of all, but to serve the special interests of the few as against the most vital needs of all.

The greatest social problem is one of organization and management, and the greatest problem in organization and management is how to relate the personal interests of the manager to the common good so that he shall become, in very truth, "the greatest servant of all."

Now the greatest managerial ability is chained to the necessity of serving the interests of those who render no service but who live as parasites on the civic body, and all its energies are required to further the interests of the parasites at the expense of the common good.

How different would be the situation were the manager to come to his place by promotion, not for efficiency in serving the parasite, but for efficiency in promoting the common good.

How different the situation if the tenure of his position rested, not on what he could get out of the workers for the benefit of the masters, but on what he could devise and contrive for the benefit of all.

The organizations of the labor unions, of the farmers and of the co-operative societies, are, at least, the beginnings of forms of organization in the processes of primary production, manufacture, storage and delivery.

These organizations can succeed only as efficiency in their management shall be developed and finally, as they shall be

(Continued on page 30)

The Socialist Movement in Japan

By S. Katayama

Written Specially For the Western Comrade. Those Copying Please Give Credit.

THE Social Democratic Party of Japan was organized and its manifesto published on the twentieth of May, 1901. Six hundred members, including the writer, were associated with the organization. This party was suppressed by the government on the day of its birth. But the Socialist propaganda was unrestricted, so that, in spite of the suppression of the party, the philosophy spread rapidly throughout Japan. The Socialists made a great fight during the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-5, and made many sympathizers.

In the summer of 1906, the Socialist Party of Japan was reorganized in Tokyo, and in a few months several hundred members were enrolled, and all indications pointed to a movement of growth and activity. The party had a Socialist daily in Tokyo in the spring of 1907, but it was quickly suppressed by the authorities. Since that time the Socialist Party legally was never permitted to exist until the present time.

Socialists in Japan have had hard, discouraging living the last ten years. Many have suffered prison life. Twelve have served life-terms for their agitation of revolutionary doctrines. Six have died in prison. Twelve have been hung. There are many in prison at the present moment for persisting in Socialist propaganda. Probably the treatment of the Socialists has been harsher and more cruel than that in any other country on earth. Notwithstanding this constant suprpession, oppression, intimidation and rigorous punishment, however, scattered throughout Japan there are some seven thousands of Socialists. Many of these once active in the cause, quit for the sake of living. The remainder are true martyrs and bravely face all persecution that may be directed against them.

At the time of the last parliamentary election, the Socialists ran a candidate. Comrade Toshihiko Sakai assumed the responsibility in initiating this move. Five campaign meetings were held but all were broken up by the forces of the brutal police. Following this, the Socialists were entirely suppressed, although the constitution guarantees them the right of liberty and freedom of speech. Moreover, in spite of the specific provision in the election law which allows candidates to hold campaign meetings during the two months previous to the day of election, the platform and manifesto of the Party were suppressed. Even then, Comrade Sakai received twenty-five votes.

There are about one and a half million voters in Japan out of a population of seventy million souls. This number is restricted by property qualifications and educational tests, so that the proletarians are utterly excluded from the franchise. To get twenty-five votes under such circumstances shows a very promising future for the Socialist movement in Japan. From the viewpoint of the government, the Socialist is nothing but a traitor, and he is so treated by the authorities. For one to vote for a "traitor" candidate is, indeed, an act of courage and determination.

Why is the Japanese government so severe on the Socialists, and why does it treat them so cruelly? The answer is that it is to subject the growing proletariat. The government is afraid of the increasing power of labor and of the Socialist movement. It desires to sacrifice every national interest to imperialism and militarism. Imperialism is the enemy of labor and Socialism. A victory in war with a foreign nation means a military despotism at home.

Japan twice won a victory over China and Russia. The result has been a powerful class of military bureaucrats who sacrifice every sacred interest of the nation to commercial expansion. The government has been trying to increase the size of the army and navy, until at the present moment its people and resources are staggering under the burden of supporting them. The imperialism of Japan ignores the welfare of the proletariat and exploits it as much as possible. This is the chief reason why the government so bitterly opposes the growth of the Socialist movement in Japan.

The present ministry of Count Terauchichi is the most imperialistic and autocratic Japan has ever had since the promulgation of the constitution. This ministry is extremely afraid of the Socialists, as it is its prime object to subject the proletariat as long as possible.

Thus, in spite of the oppression, the Socialists are trying admirably to make as much headway with their agitation as is possible under the unfavorable circumstances. Their work must necessarily be of a more or less clandestine nature, as they are not allowed to agitate openly among the workers. The fact remains, however, that in spite of the popularity of the Socialist philosophy and the extreme difficulty of gaining the ear of the public, the Socialists are growing in numbers.

There is a marked sign of the awakening of the workers in Japan since the beginning of the European war. Frequently strikes in the various industries within Japan and the inspiring lesson of the Russian Revolution have made a profound impression on the workers, thus showing that there will doubtless soon occur some changes for the better. The pressure from the outside is so great, that further resistance is futile. The lot of the proletariat under the greedy exploitation of modern capitalism, will continue to improve until the workers en masse will rise and throw off the heavy burden laid upon them for generations.

PROVING that the inevitable trend of industrial development is toward Socialism, the story of the Socialist movement in Japan is of unusual interest just at this time when the paramount question is: "What Will Japan Do?" Everywhere people are turning toward the Socialists for solution of the world's troubles. What the Socialists of Japan are striving to do is of utmost importance.

* * *

KINDLY GIVE US CREDIT

We observe that many magazines are lifting copy bodily from our publications, some without giving us credit for the same. We are glad to have our matter copied, but as we secure much of our stuff at the cost of considerable time and labor, not to say money, we deem it only fair that contemporaries credit us with all matter that they reprint from our publications. LLANO PUBLICATIONS.

A Nice Girl

By Mary Allen

Written Specially For the Western Comrade. Those Copying Please Give Credit.

DAVID BOLTON was considered "queer" by the neighboring ranchers. In the first place it was rumored that he was a "Free Thinker," and while none could have told just what a "Free Thinker" is, still all would have agreed that it is something particularly mysterious and deadly; in the second place he kept a heathen Chinaman to do his housework and help care for his motherless boy; in the third, he received through the mails certain literature which set the village postmistress to whispering; and in the fourth, his three-room frame house, instead of being lined with paper was lined with books.

But the Prewitts, who lived on the ranch adjoining, found a good neighbor in him, always ready to help in irrigating or other emergencies, and in return Mrs. Prewitt did what motherly favors she could for the small boy David. In this way Nancy Prewitt and David had become playmates when the little girl still had baby dimples in her bare knees and elbows.

The particular delight of the children was a certain pasture of filaree, malva weed and wild mustard, which became in the summer a mass of swaying yellow, the most enchanting place in the world for games of hide-and-seek, wild Indian, Bluebeard's castle and heaven knows what not. Sometimes David's father would come and play with them and suggest fascinating new games and tell them wonderful stories of the rocks, the stars, and the plants. Even a tiny wild mustard seed became a thing to tremble and weep over when Mr. Bolton spun a story around it. And best of all, when Nancy in hushed voice would say, "And is it all true? Every word?" David's father would answer, "Every word!" And David would add, "All Dad's stories are true!"

Then Nancy began to grow. She became a long, slim, spindling thing, with no sign of a dimple or a curve, save in her cheeks. Her mother began to tell her a great many things that nice girls must not do. When Nancy would ask why, her mother would answer, "Nice girls don't ask why. They do as they are told!"

Now Nancy had always wanted above all things to be a nice girl, first because she had been told in that way little girls would some time get to heaven, and later for a more definite reason. She had surpassing love for babies and she felt sure if she were good enough God would send her some of her own when she was a woman. She never expressed this desire. It was one of the things nice girls must not talk about.

It was hard to remember all the things nice girls must not do, especially as it seemed every day there was a new rule to be learned. Nancy's teacher had a hook on the side of her desk upon which she hung a note of things she must remember to do. Nancy had an imaginary hook of the same kind, a sort of mental file upon which she hung each new rule of conduct as it was told her. But there was a difference. Her teacher, when she had done the duty, could remove the note, while Nancy could not take a single rule off her hook! She must keep adding and adding and adding until she wondered if in time a poor girl's brain might not burst.

One day—she was nine then and David ten—she came into the kitchen with her sunbonnet hanging on the back of her neck and daubs of something, probably watermelon and dust, around her lips. She dropped, panting, into a chair.

"Gracious, Nancy!" said her mother, "Where have you been?"

"Over in the mustard field, playing with David." She lifted her dress and untied a wet blue cotton handkerchief which bound her knee.

"I fell down and skinned my knee," she explained, blowing upon it to relieve the smart. "It hurt awful, but David wet his handkerchief in the ditch and wrapped it up."

"Go put your stockings on," her mother ordered abruptly, "You're too big a girl to go barefooted any more. Nice girls don't show their knees."

"What's an old skinned knee?" was Nancy's thought. But if a girl's knee shouldn't be shown, wild horses couldn't make Nancy show hers! She searched until she found her longest pair of everyday stockings.

A few days later she blew into the kitchen like a gale. Sprays of yellow mustard were fastened in her dark hair and down the back of her blue gingham dress.

"My goodness, Nancy!" said her mother, "You look like a wild Indian!"

"I am," Nancy replied, folding her arms and strutting. "I'm Sitting Bull's squaw and these are my feathers. David says squaws don't wear feathers, but I wouldn't be his squaw unless I could wear them too, so he had to put them on me!" She laughed gleefully. "They stay in my dress better than they do in his suspenders!"

Her mother frowned. "You stay away from the Bolton pasture after this. You're too big a girl to play there with David all this time."

Nancy's eyes filled with tears. It was going to hurt to give up David and her magic playground in the pasture. But if being a nice girl demanded it, she would do it. Yes, she would do it! But she wondered what harm her little playmate could do her.

After that her skirts gradually crept down to her ankles. She remained more and more in the house when school was over, helping her mother and sewing for herself and little brother, Dan. The dimples of babyhood began to return. Mysterious curves were busily at work supplanting the old gangliness, strange new processes that at times left her flushed and tremulous. It was a painful lonely task, this becoming a woman. Still when she looked at herself shyly in the mirror she decided there were compensations.

She wanted doubly to be a nice girl now. Her teacher had given her a small framed copy of Raphael's Madonna as a prize for perfect attendance, and she hoped that some day God might send her a baby like this picture of the Child Jesus. Of course she must get married first. Nice girls never had babies before they were married. Then it would be granted her. She did not know how. That was one of the things nice girls did not talk about.

David was slower in maturing. When he was fifteen he announced that he was through with school and was going to work on his father's ranch.

"'Dad's going to teach me at home now, out of his books," he told Nancy. "He has some bully books."

Sometimes when Nancy was late getting home from high school, she would take the short path across the mustard field, where she often met David as he went after the cow. Her demure ways always prompted him to mischief. Snatching her books he would dodge with them just enough to keep out of her reach, or sometimes he would take out his big knife and pretend he was going to cut off one of the little curls at the back of her neck.

These strange encounters sent a strange glow through Nancy, a delightful and quite incomprehensible inner warmth; and sometimes when her eyes would meet David's her heart would give a great leap and flutter, just as when a little girl

she swung high in the schoolyard swing. She wondered why,

One evening she was unusually late. She was hurrying through the pasture, vaguely regretful at not meeting David, when suddenly he jumped at her from out the high yellow mustard with a ferocious "Boo!"

Girl-like she screamed and dropped her books. He gathered them up and held them high above his head.

"What'll you give me for them?" he teased as he backed away from her outstretched hands.

"Please don't, David," she coaxed, reaching for them. "Mother'll be mad, I'm so late."

He stretched his arm its utmost length. He had grown into a tall slender youth with a trace of dark down on his cheeks and chin. He laughed into her uplifted face.

"Please, David!" she coaxed. Again that incomprehensible glow and pang!

"Please David!" this time she barely whispered.

It was the last thing in the world he intended doing. He let the books fall, and stooping, kissed her, an awkward experiment the first time, a finished product the next. And Nancy, with innocent girlish abandon, her soul in her lips, returned it.

Picking up her scattered books he placed them in her hands. He took her by the shoulders and shook her playfully.

"There'll come a time some day," he hummed. "Now you scoot home! It's late!"

Nancy fled.

David took his way across the field, his face very sober for a time. Then it brightened and as he drove old Brindle through the gate and proceeded with the milking, he began to sing in a deep uncertain bass.

"Dad," he said that evening as he sat in front of the fireplace with a book before him, and with his brain whirling with visions, "Nan's a peach of a girl. I'm going to marry her as soon as I'm old enough."

"All right, son," his father answered. "The day you're twenty-one I'm going to deed you the east ten acres, so you better begin planting it to oranges."

"Oh, gee!" was all David could reply, quite overcome by so many stupendous events.

As David studied the fire, his father all unbeknown, studied him.

In the meantime Nancy, too, had gone home. Her mother scolded her for being late and little Dan laughed because she put salt on her pudding instead of sugar. Nancy smiled, patted his hand, and dazedly ate the pudding.

It was not until she reached her room and her eyes fell upon the Madonna that she began to consider what she had done. Had she been nice? Had she? Never in all her life had she felt so much like a nice girl as in that moment when she had kissed David. Still, from what she had read and heard, there was no rule on the hook—but a girl must be so careful—

Eyes on the Madonna, she stood and pondered. David's soft hum kept repeating itself over and over in her mind—"There'll come a time some day." He had meant that when they were old enough they might be married. Her face brightened. That was it! They loved each other! And when people loved each other it was nice to kiss!

Relieved, she took the Madonna from the wall, and looked deep into her eyes. They were a little alike—Nancy and the Madonna—the same oval face and eyes set wide apart. There was something she would have liked to ask the Madonna about the baby in her arms. Of course, Jesus was different from earthly children. He had only a heavenly father. Perhaps—perhaps—Mary had been kissed by an angel, and in that moment of perfect joy the heavenly infant had begun to blossom within her. It was very easy to understand after all! And perhaps—perhaps—if the Holy birth took place that way, perhaps an earthly baby was born of the kiss of a man and woman who loved each other! Yes, it must be so! How simple, how natural, how beautiful it was! It would be far stranger, far more of a miracle when two souls met and united in love as she and David had done, if a little soul did not take root and begin to grow, and make a mother and father. But—

Her eyes dilated and the picture slid from her lap.

But nice girls must be married before that happened! That rule had been on the hook ever since Jennie Warren had drowned herself and everybody had said it was a good thing she did! She had read in the newspaper of another girl who had taken poison and given her baby poison. Well, she—Nancy—could'nt do that, poison her baby. She would not wait till everyone knew of her disgrace. She would pretend she fell in the reservoir. Then no one would ever know. She would do it in the morning. She wished that she had not let the Madonna fall, for now the glass was broken. But after all it did not make any difference—the water in the reservoir was so terribly muddy at this time of the year—to think she wasn't a nice girl after all—to think—

Her brain whirled on and on.

"Are you sick, Nancy?" her mother asked at the breakfast table.

"Just a headache," she replied. "I think I'll go out and get a little fresh air."

She lingered a moment, looking wistfully into the kitchen.

"All right," her mother said absent-mindedly.

When she reached the corner where she turned into the mustard field she began to run. Her curls neatly tied back with a brown ribbon bobbed up and down girlishly.

"I must hurry or I can never do it," she kept whispering.

She did not stop running until fairly in the water with the mud oozing and sucking around her shoes. She gasped when the water struck her but kept steadily on.

"Nan!" There came a shout. It was David.

"Nan!" he called, "Nan!" He seized her hand and jerked her back on the grass.

"What's the matter? Are you crazy?"

At the sight of him she was filled with anger. "It isn't fair," she burst out, "that I have to kill myself and you don't."

He stared, mouth open. "You're crazy," he said, with conviction.

Her need of comfort was greater than her anger. "Oh, David! What shall I do? I can't face it! The disgrace."

The boy stood, puzzled. Then light dawned in his eyes. "Why, Nan! You haven't—— Has somebody—— Why, Nan!" Then, collecting himself, "Come! We'll go to Dad. He'll know what to do."

She sobbed convulsively. "I—I wanted to be a nice girl. I tried to be."

"Sure you did!" He squeezed her hand and patted it, trying to choke back his own hurt tears. "And you are, too, the nicest girl on earth! Don't cry. Father'll help us."

But he was only sixteen, and hurt to the quick. There was something that must be explained. "Did you like that—that—him so much better than you do me?"

"Him? Him?" she cried incoherently. "You are him!"

He stared. It took a long time to digest this. Then he said gently, "Nan, did you think what we did would disgrace you?"

Face in her hands, she nodded.

"Didn't your mother ever tell you anything?"

She shook her head.

"Well, of all the——. Say, don't you know **anything?**"

Again she shook her head.

"Well, say, Dad has a bully book. I'll get it for you to

(Continued on page 31)

Business Efficiency in Religion

By Myrtle Manana

Written Specially For the Western Comrade. Those Copying Please Give Credit.

IT is a long way from the little country church where the underpaid parson exhorts his flocks to be content with their humble lot and to follow the golden rule; it is a long way from that simple religion to the high-pressure, wonderfully efficient, business-managed, quick-results religion of William Asher Sunday, who is styled by himself as the "walking delegate for Jesus Christ."

Billy Sunday has been accused of being dishonest, of being insincere, and of using religion as merely a vehicle for his own aggrandizement and material gain. Others, those of religious conviction, believe that Billy Sunday is all that he claims to be. This is not an attempt to prove either contention. It is merely an attempt to show that the principles used in making Big Business and Big Industry can also be used to make Big Religion. Also, it might be shown that the application of these same principles of efficiency might make a Big Socialism if they were intelligently applied.

Whether Billy Sunday is right or wrong, honest or dishonest, crook or inspired evangelist, is not the point. The fact is that he is getting RESULTS, and in the philosophy of modern business the thing to be considered is just this one magic word—RESULTS. This assertion that he is getting results may be doubted, but the proof of it is that business men of acumen and leaders of industry who measure everything by results are the ones who pay the way and make the arrangements, and you may be perfectly sure that they know Mr. Sunday is able to deliver the goods or they would not back him. It is the best proof of his success.

> TEN thousand people daily hear Billy Sunday in the city of Los Angeles, California. Think of the tremendous power of this evangelist who can attract the attention of entire cities for months at a time with his gospel of orthodox Christianity!
>
> Rev. Billy Sunday has systematized religious revivals, put them on a business basis, and is being liberally paid for his ability.

William Sunday was born in Indiana in 1862, which makes him fifty-five years old. He does not look it. He is alert, clean-limbed, active, quick, muscular, athletic. He is in perfect condition. He began his career as a baseball player in Marshalltown, Iowa, where he journeyed when offered a job there if he would make that city his place of residence and play on the baseball team. The job was not found for him as promised, but his baseball playing improved and he made good at it. He eventually secured employment without the aid of those who had made him the glittering promises. Through good fortune, he came in contact with "Pop" Anson, famous baseball character, and within a short time was given the opportunity to try out with the Chicago White Sox. He made good—so good that he was one of the supreme baseball stars of the day, liked by his comrades, and his services were desired by other baseball clubs.

Sunday was careful, prudent, saving. He worked during the winter and saved his money. He did not drink or gamble.

But his was no sudden conversion to religion. From his earliest infancy he had been taught a sublime faith in Jesus Christ. His was the religion that takes the Bible implicitly. On the diamond he played the game according to the rules and his own skill and judgment, but he united with this, prayers for greater success. He prayed for results and expected them. Moreover, he expected immediate manifestations.

It was in the height of his success that he decided to abandon his career as baseball player and take up religious work. He worked in Y. M. C. A.'s and missions. It is true that his attention was directed solely into religious channels by the exhortation of those working in a Chicago mission, but the religious conviction had always been his, and it required but the crystallization of this conviction to give strength to a resolution made then and there to abandon baseball for the pulpit.

And at that time he had just been offered a contract of $3500 for the season! He says that when his family was in need and he was being paid a salary of $18 a week—when it was paid at all—he was receiving telegrams asking him to return to baseball at any salary he would name. At least he cannot be honestly accused of insincerity in his religion.

For three years, 1894, 1895 and 1896, he worked with an evangelist famous at that time—J. Wilbur Chapman. When this organization was disbanded, Sunday was asked to go to a little city in Iowa to conduct a religious revival. His efforts were an unbounded success. He had at last entered on the career that has made him perhaps the most famous and successful of all evangelists of the day.

He has followed the methods of the old-time evangelists but he has improved on them. Just as he was a good baseball player because he used his head and studied the game, so has he become the world's greatest evangelist by studying his profession and getting the most out of it by putting the most into it. He has succeeded because he has applied the rules of efficiency to it. He has succeeded for the same reasons that successful business men succeed. This does not mean that he has decended to shady transactions at all. It means that he has studied his business, lopped off leakages, applied the most efficient machinery of the day, advertised, systematized,, and put the whole thing on a sound business basis. It is nothing to his discredit that he has done so. It is merely one of the secrets of his success. He is a man of ability who has capitalized his ability.

He opened his tabernacle in Los Angeles recently. The tabernacle is a huge wooden affair, built specially for the purpose for which it is used. For weeks arrangements had been under way. Nothing is left to chance any more than a railroad leaves the shipping of freight to chance or the dispatching of trains to good luck. Every move is prearranged. Careful planning has wrought results.

The seating arrangement is excellent. Trained ushers, each with a small section of seats, place the huge audience in short time and without confusion. Each usher has a seat, marked with a star, reserved for himself. Each usher is expected to perform certain duties and he does so. When it comes time to take up the collection, he uses a receptacle which is always placed near him, and collects from his own section of the great tabernacle. In just a few minutes hundreds of dollars are taken from the thousands of people who have gathered. There is no confusion. The dropping of pennies and nickels and dimes and quarters and larger coins patters over the great auditorium like the din of hail on a tin roof. In a surprisingly short time the coins have all been collected and have been taken to the business office of the revival.

Marvelously efficient is the organization throughout. When one reaches Twelfth and Grand, the first thing seen is the Billy Sunday Cafeteria. Just more plain commonsense. Booths purveying meals are bound to spring up about any great gathering of people. Why allow this profitable business to go to unbelievers? Why have it unsystematically handled? It is just plain commonsense to establish a cafeteria and to provide what the crowds want in a cleanly and efficient manner. And that is what is done. As a business proposition, if the crowds are brought together by Sundays' organization, then this same organization should profit by whatever business enterprises are thereby created.

Back of the pulpit, which is an ample platform to allow free range for the athletic gesturing that goes with the Billy Sunday speeches, is a huge choir of thousands of trained voices. A special section is set aside for ministers, and on the opposite side of the stage or pulpit is another section for the members of the press.

Homer Rodeheaver, leader of the choir, and organizer of rare ability, takes charge of the musical part of the work. He is a trombone player. He is a rough and ready talker who takes the audience into his confidence, speaks on the spur of the moment, apparently, and pits section against section of the huge auditorium crowd in a sort of singing contest, stirring up the curious, awakening the laggards. First the great choir sings the song. Then the outside sections along the left sing one verse. This is repeated by the sections along the right; then by the last ten rows and those standing in the rear; lastly by those in the middle. It is a good way of introducing the element of contest. It is just subtle efficiency.

Song books are sold, so that all may sing. The audiences are told repeatedly not to move about, and during one intermission are admonished to make themselves comfortable that they will be able to remain quiet during Mr. Sunday's talk.

It might be remarked that there are no disturbances during the Billy Sunday meetings. During twenty years in which he has studied his calling as a business is studied, ways have been found to prevent such things without friction.

BILLY SUNDAY is a power! Whether you believe in him or not, there is little doubt that he is perfectly sincere. Billy Sunday is a man who is able to arouse interest in religion when the tendency of the day is quite the other way.

Business principles and modern efficiency have been applied to religious proselyting and they have won results.

USING THE PRESS

One of the secrets of success—if it can be referred to as a secret—is the extensive advertising. Nothing is left undone that can direct attention, in a quiet, dignified manner, to the Billy Sunday revival. The newspapers without exception grant columns to Billy Sunday, even running huge heads across seven or eight columns. He is pictured in every conceivable pose. Hundreds of dollars worth of advertising space is given to the William Sunday propaganda. It is not graft. It is business. The revival of religion as conducted by the Sunday organization is on a business basis, and the channels by which private business is expanded are used to expand the business of saving souls as conducted by Sunday.

Press agents and reporters write columns of impressionistic matter that, whatever may be the opinions of the unbelievers, gets before thousands of persons daily and undoubtedly stands the test of getting results, else it would not be continued.

Neither are the methods of the genuine press agent overlooked. Billy Sunday meets the stars of the motion picture world and this is duly chronicled. Mary Pickford writes of her impressions and they are told in a leading daily paper. Douglas Fairbanks, movie idol, challenges Billy Sunday to captain a baseball team and Billy Sunday accepts. The proceeds are used to purchase sporting goods for the soldiers. Such press agent stuff has always paid big dividends. Theatrical stars have used it with utmost success, and one of the greatest actresses in the world is chiefly remembered by many people because an adroit press agent managed to get the papers filled with stories of her famous "milk baths." But it is legitimate, and if Billy Sunday can keep his name before the public and appeal to those who are interested in sport, he believes it is justifiable—which it undoubtedly is.

The slang that is a part of Sunday's talk is just the slang that the average man uses. Here is another evidence of the commonsense and business ability of the man. He is using in religion the words and phrases that the people he is appealing to use in their daily lives.

Billy Sunday believes in big business and all other kinds of business. Why shouldn't he? It is business that has made his work successful. We are all economically determined in most things, whether we wish to be or not, and our sincerest conviction and the things we honestly do are usually traceable to things economic.

Billy Sunday believes the world is engaged in a righteous war. He has nothing good to say of the Germans, and nothing evil to say of the Allies. He urges men to go into the trenches and fight. There is no doubt that he honestly believes that he is doing right.

Sunday has even announced that he is seriously considering going to France to conduct religious work there. Those who sneer at Sunday believe this is merely more press agent stuff; those who believe in Sunday cannot be convinced that he does not mean to do so.

He is bitter in his denunciation of those he terms "traitors" and makes some extreme statements regarding the proximity of lamp posts and the uses of ropes about necks and attached to the lamp posts. It is the logical position for Sunday to assume, for as an admirer of Big Business he could not do otherwise than to uphold the position that the newspapers, Big Business, and the magazines of the country have taken. That he accuses those who believe there are methods other than those of war of settling difficulties, of being traitors; and that he is somewhat ambiguous in his gathering together of pacificists, slackers, Germans, and others and classifying all of them as "traitors" is not to be wondered at, for his is not the type of mind that analyzes. It is more in his line to vigorously denounce than to meditate carefully.

He has made nearly half a million converts. Many have back-slidden, of course, but if he is able to arouse the feelings of the people as he is doing; if he is able to become, even temporarily, a power in Los Angeles and in other cities; if he is able by his powerful personality, by his organization, and the prestige he has established and the press that multiplies by thousands the numbers who are reached by every word he utters, to influence so many people, then he is able to influence tens of thousands. If his influence is thrown out to that many in his tirades against booze, then he will be a powerful factor in the ever-recurring wet and dry elections in California. If his influence is used to back the vigorous prosecution of the war in which we are now taking so prominent a part, then he is one of the most powerful agents at work for the Allies.

Decentralization of Industries

By Clinton Bancroft

Written Specially For the Western Comrade. Those Copying Please Give Credit.

ODON POR, a writer of international reputation, in an article published some years ago in "Wilshire's Magazine" showing how "Italian workmen beat the glass trust," said:

"We are hypnotized by the formidable proportions of the trusts; they inspire us with awe, and somehow we feel unable to say how we shall proceed to a direct and practical attack upon these fortresses of capitalism. How will Socialism manage to expropriate, keep up and perfect these tremendous organizations? This is the most vital problem before us; all others are conditioned by it, and are therefore of secondary importance."

Modern dictionaries define "ism" as "a doctrine or system; a suffix used to denote condition." Socialism then is not a cause but will be a result, a condition of society existing at some time in the future by virtue of certain industrial, political and social development. It is imminent rather than transcendental. It is not a power that can effect the expropriation of trust-controlled industries (tremendous organizations) at the dictum of a political party. That great work will be accomplished before Socialism becomes the common order of the day, and the doing of it will establish a new social order or condition—Socialism. Such result may be effected largely through political action, no doubt of that, but that does not alter the truth of the statement. The political function of society is only one of many powers that will be called into action in effecting the transition from private to public ownership of large labor-employing industries, and it will not necessarily be the first. Educational and industrial organization will precede and clear the way for the free exercise of the law-making powers of the people by the people. Today their law-making powers are largely suppressed and practically thwarted by tradition and blind confidence in, and absolute surrender to, irresponsible political masters.

The Co-operative Commonwealth (the Socialist ideal) will be an industrial organization taking its place and performing its functions under capitalism for the very sufficient reason there is no other place in which is can be developed or established. And when the four social functions, educational, industrial, political and exchange, begin working together in production and distribution, there may then be witnessed the birth of a new system of government operated and controlled by the workers which will destroy the paralyzing power of parasitic capital and displace by natural process a decadent political system usurped and operated and controlled by the exploiters of labor. And when the workers shall thus have gained complete control of production and distribution, of banking and exchange, and of the channels of education and information and fixed their status firmly and permanently through political action, when liberty, fraternity and equality regulate all the industrial relations of men, the condition then existing will be called Socialism.

The expropriation of these powerful organizations, which Odon Por says, "inspire us with awe," will be effected largely by the process of decentralization of such trust-controlled industries as one by one come into contact and competition with organized co-operative industries; or, to be more explicit, instead of expending their energies to determine "how we shall proceed to a direct and practical attack upon these fortresses of capitalism," the first task of the industrial co-operators should be to acquire ownership and control of small industries:

(a) Those which may be operated with the simplest and most easily constructed machinery.

(b) Those which are patronized largely by the working class.

(c) Those in which under capitalism large numbers of unskilled, low paid, drudging workers are employed.

(d) Those, the product of which from its nature and purpose becomes the "raw material" of a more highly organized and specialized industry operating more intricate and expensive machinery and yet absolutely dependent upon such so-called "raw material."

(e) Those in which the disemployed victims of private ownership may be guaranteed a respectable and comfortable maintenance employment at all times.

Instead of reaching out in a vain effort to pull down a wrongly built structure which "inspires us with awe," industrial Socialists should direct their energies wholly to the work of building up within the old state of capitalism a state founded upon their declared principles of social economy and justice to labor.

Capitalism has usurped the powers and functions of the people's government and appears to be a mighty, impregnable structure of "formidable proportions"; but when the workers control the use of their own money through a system of co-operative banking and exchange, when they organize production and distribution of many of the necessaries of life under their own control, when the forces of industrial revolution pledge their patronage to their own co-operative institutions, and capital-ownership in that degree gradually loses the support of the wage-profit system, it will be found to be not so mighty and impregnable.

There are very many industries which might be organized and operated by the co-operative workers now. Then why wait year after year for political power so doubtful of acquiring for this purpose and, as yet, so disappointing when acquired? The day has not yet come when capitalism may be dethroned by the political Socialists by party resolution. When the time comes, these apparently formidable combinations no longer supported by an adequate supply of labor, deprived of a patronage already discounted and over-capitalized, and undermined by co-operative industrial organization and its lawful competition will gradually relinquish their control; not everywhere and all at once will this be effected, but one by one, here and there, their industries failing to return the dividends for which they operate them will close down and be absorbed by the Co-operative Commonwealth.

The process of decentralization of trust-controlled and monopolized industries has already begun in a somewhat vague, and unrecognized way; that is, it was not begun with that purpose clearly in view, nevertheless, is has begun and is making some progress; and private ownership in its greed for profit is helping it along to its own undoing, although capital's part in the process has not yet attracted the attention of its economists to the danger which threatens parasitic capital should decentralization of monopolized industries and elimination of dividends from the present profit system become an organized and supervised national movement.

Industrial monopoly in its mad race and lust for power and mastership will gradually lose its grasp upon those industries over which the co-operative workers determine to acquire control. Logically therefore, it is not the "formidable trusts and fortresses of capitalism," but the smaller and weaker industries producing the immediate necessaries of life and the "raw material" upon which the manufacturing trusts depend, against which a "direct and practical attack" should be waged by the co-operative workers of the world.

Successful California Co-operatives

Written Specially For the Western Comrade. Those Copying Please Give Credit.

THE CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS' ASSOCIATION

By C. Thorpe, Manager

THE walnut industry in California gained commercial prominence about the year 1893. For several years thereafter the growers through lack of organization were at the mercy of a few large buyers whose operations were quite speculative, and whose interest, of course, was to beat down the market to the producer and advance it all possible to the consumer. Many of the wholesale dealers made tremendous sums from their walnut operations. During this stage of the industry the business became so profitable to the producer that it was a mooted question as to whether the speculators would be eliminated or the walnut growers uprooted.

About the year 1900 several local co-operative associations were formed by walnut growers in different districts of Southern California. These local organizations proved of benefit to the industry to some extent but were still far from solving the walnut growers' problems, as the local associations still dealt with the large private walnut dealers in the marketing of their product. It was not until four years ago that the California Walnut Growers' Association was formed as a co-operative marketing organization for the fifteen local walnut growers associations then in existence. Plans were then promptly perfected for marketing the greatly increasing California walnut crop by the California Walnut Growers' Association direct to the wholesale grocery trade, thus eliminating the handsome profits which the several unnecessary middlemen had been leeching from the growers. Since this central marketing agency has been established the selling expenses have been cut in half, and more satisfactory relations established between the buyer and seller.

In 1916 twenty-two hundred four growers were members of the Association and in that year it shipped 17,655,000 pounds of walnuts, the proceeds from sales being nearly three million dollars. The walnuts were marketed according to grades at prices ranging from 12½c to 19c, nearly twice as much as had been received in the early stages of the industry when the crops had been marketed by private concerns, and this great benefit to the industry has been accomplished without materially raising the price to the consumer, for the consumers' price for first class walnuts is now about the same as it was ten or even fifteen years ago. The Association has enlarged its market by judicious advertising and sells a large part of its product in bright clean cartons, thus assuring the consumer of a choice unmixed article, a method of packing never before used by commercial shippers.

Co-operation rescued the industry, gave the producer the full value of his product, injured nobody, and helped everybody.

—o—

THE CALIFORNIA ALMOND GROWERS' EXCHANGE

By Geo. W. Pierce, President.

THE California Almond Grower's Exchange was organized in the spring of 1910 as a non-profit co-operative association. Its purpose was to market the almonds of its members at cost, maintain prices, attain just and equitable freight rates and widen the market demand for almonds. Today the Exchange can truthfully say that all this has been accomplished—and through co-operation. Starting business with a borrowed capital of $1000, the organization today has a number of investments aggregating $100,000, does not owe a single dollar, and its credit is in the first class. It is composed of twenty-one sub-associations, representing on June 1st, 1917, 1352 growers, controlling approximately three-fourths of the crop.

The Exchange is represented by brokers in every important market of the United States, and is also represented in England and Canada. Its largest single sale has been about $50,000, and the largest amount sold to one customer in one season is over $100,000.

The Exchange has its motto: "Modern civilization is based upon confidence and co-operation. Confidence is the foundation upon which all modern business rests; co-operation, the keystone that unites the separate units and gives strength to the whole structure. The progress and advancement of a certain article, together with its trade prestige or superiorities, are usually found in exactly that degree that its producers may have co-operated to that end."

—o—

THE CALIFORNIA PEACH GROWERS, INC.

By F. H. Wilson, President

FOR years the peach growers of the San Joaquin Valley were forced to sell their product below cost

At the same time, speculators were receiving large undeserved profits. Ruin stared the dried and canned-peach industry in the face.

In January, 1916, the growers co-operated to form the California Peach Growers, Inc., opening the head office in Fresno. Nearly a million dollars were subscribed by growers and business men to launch the new organization, and business began on a permanent basis May 1st, 1916.

The result? Six thousand growers are members of the organization and are receiving satisfactory living prices for their product. The producers are receiving the benefit of a market widened by increased consumption, created by a systematized selling campaign. Consumers are buying peaches of better and more standardized quality at no greater cost, and are being educated to a realization of the food value and wholesome character of evaporated peaches. The growers direct the sale of practically the entire dried peach crop of the state. handling over 25,000 tons.

—o—

WHY CO-OPERATION?

THERE are, perhaps, more farmers' co-operatives in the state of California than there are in any other state in the Union. The Agrarian co-operative movement in California numbers some of the most powerful and influential organizations in the world. Among these are the California Associated Raisin Company, the California Walnut Growers' Association, the California Almond Growers' Association, the California Peach Growers, the California Fruit Exchange, the Mutual Fruit Distributors, the Tulare Poultry Association, and others. The development of these co-operative organizations has been a result almost invariably of the necessity for protection from the miserable exploitation of the farmer in the market. Conditions among California farmers became so unbearable a few years ago that it soon became a question as to whether the farmers should hang together or hang sep-

(Continued on Page 31)

Co-operation the World Over

Notes About the Chief Co-operatives Gleaned from Many Sources

New Baden Co-operative Society

The New Baden Co-operative Society was started by the United Mine Workers local members, Union No. 297.

After a few meetings were held and co-operation thoroughly discussed, about thirteen members signed up for $25 each. It took but a short time when sixty-six members had subscribed, that being our present membership.

Other merchants in town give two per cent on all cash purchases. The Shareholders of this society receive five per cent in dividends, thus saving three per cent on all money spent for daily necessities in three months.

The society is composed of miners mostly, although doctors, saloon men and teachers are also present stockholders.

Co-operation is mostly beneficial to the working class whose wages have not been advanced according to the present high cost of living standards. Every time the workingman gets a ten per cent raise the cost of living goes up twenty to thirty per cent. The advantages of the workingman under co-operation are numerous. To have a part ownership in an institution and to have some voice in its management gives him a feeling of security that is never experienced when he buys from stores in which he has no personal interest. This feeling can best be described as the satisfaction of ownership.

Imagine the prices that might be charged by private concerns selling postage stamps as a result of the war if the postoffice were not owned by the people! Co-operation is the economic organization of the people and does away with competition. Beginning with the store, the co-operative movement will spread until it embraces every department of industrial activity.—Edward Kitsch, Manager.

The Need of Co-operation

"At present in the United States the mercantile spirit, or mercantilism, has obtained a dangerously dominant position. Ex-president White, of Cornell University, has called attention to this as an evil which threatens our future. The program of co-operation as laid down affords an escape from this danger. It offers a field for the highest talent in the public service and at the same time leaves a vast field open for the free play of individualism, but that does not mean isolation. Isolation is barbarism. Co-operation seeks the highest perfection of all our faculties that we may work with and through others for the good of all.

"No one should, however, venture to begin any co-operative enterprise without the assistance of some person of practical business capacity. It requires care, prudence, foresight and self-sacrifice to make a beginning. By all means should prospective co-operators gain from the experience of others so as to profit by their mistakes."—Dr. Richard T. Ely.

Twin Sisters

"I say that every trade unionist who knows that under the present conditions his life is one long struggle until the period of universal and industrial peace prevails, should remember the possibilities of having to live for weeks without the accustomed wage, and the co-operative system is the only one I know that will enable him in so simple manner to provide against such a condition of things. That is why I say that trade- unionists should by all means join the co-operative stores. It is not necessary for your trade union leaders to tell you to co-operate. Go ahead and do it for yourselves. We find members of trade unions, conspicuous men in the unions, equally conspicuous in the co-operative world, because they recognize the fact that co-operation and trade unionism are twin sisters."—E. F. Forrest, M. A., England.

Co-operative Experience

Twenty-eight poor weavers of Rochdale, England, in the year 1884, conceived the idea of reducing the cost of living, because they had failed to increase their scanty income in a previous strike, by agreeing to contribute two-pence a week toward a common fund with which to co-operatively buy the necessaries of life. This was the origin of what has since come to be known as the world famous "Rochdale" plan of the people owning their own stores.

From this humble beginning the movement has spread and grown immensely popular, until at the present time in Europe alone, there are 20,000 societies with an annual turn-over of goods amounting to over $700,000,000, with a net profit of over $75,000,000, besides two of the largest wholesale mercantile establishments in the world, on this plan of equitably distributing the earnings of this vast amount of business among 7,000,000 members and their families who create it by their trade.

Every article used or consumed by man can now be obtained in England and Scotland on the co-operative principle.—E. M. Tousley.

* * *

The modern bakery of the Co-operative Vooruit in Belgium sends out 100,000 loaves of bread and millions of biscuits every week. Seventy bakers and twenty bread deliverers are engaged in the work of making and distributing the bread.

What to Read on Co-operation

GENERAL.—"Co-operation at Home and Abroad," C. R. Fay, (Macmillan, 1908). "Co-operation" J. Clayton (Dodge, The People's Books). "Les Societes Co-operatives de Consommation," Charles Gide, (Recueil Sirey, 1917, Paris).

ENGLAND.—"The Co-operative Movement in Great Britain" Beatrice Potter(Mrs. Sidney Webb), (Swan, Sonnenschein, London, 1904). "Industrial Co-operation" Catherine Webb (Co-operative Union, Manchester). "The Co-operative Movement Today" G. J. Holyoake (Unwin, London, 1908).

UNITED STATES.—"Co-operation in the United States," C. W. Perky, (Co-operative League of America, New York, 1917). "Co-operation in New England" James Ford (Survey Associates, New York, 1913).

AGRICULTURAL CO-OPERATION.—"Co-operation in Agriculture," H. W. Wolff (London, 1912). "Co-operation in Agriculture U. S.), G. H. Powell (Macmillan, 1913).

War Booms Co-operation

Co-operative stores have a new chance in this country, thanks to the food control legislation and the sharp demands of the small consumers that this law be made to serve their needs.

The wholesale grocers and butchers will no longer be permitted to shut off supplies from the small co-operative store.

This makes a change in the conditions of success for consumers' co-operative enterprises, which may mean brilliant success for thousands of groups of working class buyers, where, up to this time, failure was the usual portion.

Carl Vrooman, assistant secretary of agriculture, and an ardent advocate of the "community store" idea, is said to be responsible for the making of this pledge to Herbert Hoover, food administrator.

Vrooman has made some sharp attacks on the food profiteers in the retail business, and since his entrance into the fight the word has gone forth from Hoover's office that the wholesaler who attempts to shut off goods from a co-operative group will be given severe treatment.

Discrimination of this sort was the cause of the failure of the Civil Service co-operative concern in New York some years ago, wholesalers announcing that they were unable to supply it with groceries, meats, bread, etc., "because of complaints from other customers."

The co-operative might possibly have invoked the anti-trust law and spent all its funds on lawyers, but it realized that it was up against a hopeless struggle.

The same story is told of thousands of other similar attempts in every part of the country. Small merchants and their bankers everywhere combined to choke off the supplies of goods by which the co-operative store lives, and without which it must die.

Now along comes the threatened famine in the whole world. Food must be saved, and the cost of food must be reduced everywhere and by every means. True, the Hoover organization has avoided saying anything for the co-operative system which has done so much for the masses in Europe in past years. The food administration has no legal authority to send out men to organize people into co-operative societies. But at least it has the power to prevent restraint of trade in food, and it can, by a mere word, safeguard the co-operative stores of the whole country from the long-accustomed persecutions of the capitalist competitors, the wholesalers and the banks. Hoover has given assurance that co-operatives shall be protected in the right to buy food as freely as are ordinary privately owned stores.

If Hoover reduces the retail price of foods sufficiently at the corner groceries of America, the co-operative movement will move slowly for a while, but if he fails to bring down low prices, then there may come a real stampede of the small buyer to get into the groups that can buy in large amounts, handle without a big overhead charge, and build up the credit of the buyer as they go along. This will mark an entering wedge into the era of large-scale co-operation.—New York Call.

News and Views in Agriculture

Bermuda Grass

Bermuda grass is the most important perennial grass in the Southern States. It was introduced into the United States at least as early as 1806.

Besides the common Bermuda grass, there are several varieties, the most important of which are the Giant, characterized by a very large growth, and St. Lucie grass, similar to ordinary Bermuda grass, but lacking underground rootstocks.

Bermuda grass grows well mixed with lespedeza for a summer crop. Bur clover, black medic, and hairy vetch as winter crops alternate well with it.

The best Bermuda grass pastures of the South will usually carry two head of cattle per acre for eight months of the year. On poor soils the carrying capacity is not more than one cow per acre.

On rich bottom land Bermuda grass grows tall enough to cut for hay. Under exceptional circumstances three or more cuttings may be secured in a season, giving total yields of from 6 to 10 tons of hay per acre. It will grow well on soils so alkaline that most other field crops, as well as fruits, will fail.

The feeding value of Bermuda grass hay compares closely with that of timothy hay.

Bermuda grass frequently is used to bind levees and to prevent hillsides from washing. The grass usually can be eradicated by growing two smother crops, a winter one of oats or rye, followed by a summer crop of cowpeas or velvet beans.—Farmer's Bulletin.

Boll-Weevil Control

There is no cure-all or "easy way" to control boll-weevils. Only a combination of measures, or an anti-boll-weevil system of farming, practiced the year round, will enable farmers to produce the most profitable crops of cotton under weevil conditions. Reporting studies of the habits and control of this pest covering many years of experimentation, W. D. Hunter, a specialist in the Bureau of Entomology, United States Department of Agriculture, in Farmers' Bulletin 848, "The Boll-Weevil Problem," describes this control system. It contains the formula for growing larger war crops of cotton.—U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Selection of Seed-Corn

If you have ever been caught in the spring without a supply of corn that was fit for seed, do not be caught that way again. The best insurance is to gather your own seed at ripening time this fall when the best quality is most plentiful. Pick the seed by hand in the field, says the U. S. Department of Agriculture., from the most productive stalks. An ear on the stalk is worth a dozen from the bin when it comes to selecting seed corn. On a productive stalk you know its parentage; from the bin it may look good but be a worthless mongrel as far as seed value is concerned.

Sweet Clover

The cultivation of sweet clover should be preceded by a thorough knowledge of the requirements for obtaining a stand.

The white species comprises a very large percentage of the present acreage of sweet clover.

Annual yellow sweet clover should be sown in no portion of the United States except the South and Southwest, and then only as a cover or green manure crop.

Sweet clover is being cultivated in practically every State in the Union. At the present time the largest acreage is found in the western North-Central States and in the Mountain States.

Sweet clover is adapted to a wider range of climate conditions than any of the true clovers, and possibly alfalfa.

Sweet clover will grow on practically all soil types to be found in this country, provided the soil is not acid and is well innoculated.

Sweet clover is more drought resistant than alfalfa or red clover. It is quite resistant to alkali.

The lime requirement of sweet clover is as high as that of red clover or alfalfa. Maximum growth is obtained only on soils that are not acid.

Sweet clover usually will respond to applications of fertilizers and manure.

In the more humid sections of the country good stands usually are obtained by seeding with a nurse crop.

Only seed which germinates 75 per cent or more should be sown in the spring of the year unless the rate of seedlings is increased to make up for poor germination.

Sweet clover does best when seeded on a well-firmed seed bed which has only sufficient loose soil on the surface to cover the seed.

It is very essential that inoculation be provided in some form if success is to be expected.

The large number of failures in obtaining a stand of sweet clover are due primarily to acid soils, lack of inoculation, and seed which germinates poorly.

Spring seedings in general are satisfactory, but in the South excellent stands are obtained from midwinter seedings also. Fall seedings are usually successful south of the latitude of southern Ohio.—Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station.

Fighting Cattle Tick

I have lived for several years in the country badly infested with ticks and have succeeded in keeping my cattle comparatively free from them. There are three things which I have found very helpful. The first is sulphur. When I notice that the ticks are getting on my cows, I give them a teaspoonful of sulphur in their feed once a week. I do this in fair weather. I have been told that sulphur should not be fed to cows in rainy weather and I have never tried it.

I find that a flock of poultry will destroy a great many ticks. Encourage the cattle to lie about where the chickens run. Always let the poultry out in the morning before the cattle leave for the pasture. Some hens will go where the cattle are lying down and look them over as if determined to have every tick in sight.

Changing pastures is the third. The ticks will starve and die in a few months if there are no cattle for them to work on. I turned my cattle into a pasture where there had been no cattle the year before, and for a long time there would be only occasional ticks on them. Of course, I could never keep them entirely free from the ticks as there were always other cattle just across the fence that had ticks—some animals fairly loaded with them.—Alvin G. Fellows, Texas, in Farm Journal.

Storing Sweet Potatoes

Every potato grower and every municipality interested in the problem of storing our war crops of white and sweet potatoes should write to the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for the following free publications:

Farmers' Bulletin 852, "Management of Common Storage Houses for Apples in the Pacific Northwest"; Farmers' Bulletin 847—just published—"Potato Storage and Storage Houses." Also write to the Agricultural Extension Service, Raleigh, North Carolina, for a copy of Extension Circular No. 30, "Storage of Sweet Potatoes."

To Assist Bureau of Markets

The Secretary of Agriculture has secured the services, for a temporary period, of Prof. William F. Gephart, of Washington University, and Prof. Charles S. Potts, of the University of Texas. They will assist the Bureau of Markets in attacking problems affecting the handling and distribution of agricultural food supplies.

Dr. Gephart is dean of the college of commerce and finance of Washington University, and has served as professor of economics of the Ohio State University and of Washington University for several years. He has made a lifelong study of problems affecting the handling and distribution of agricultural products, and is the author of several publications on economic subjects. Prof. Potts is assistant dean of the law school and professor of government at the University of Texas, and has published much material relative to economics and sociology.

Alfalfa in a Peach Orchard

A new Jersey peach grower asks our opinion of alfalfa as a cover crop among peaches. Few peach growers advocate its use. Peach trees, above all other kinds of fruit, appreciate clean cultivation. In many cases the most economical way of building up the fertility of land in a young peach orchard is to plant annual cover crops in midsummer following clean cultivation in the spring. On land that is already in a fairly good state of fertility a cheap way of developing a peach orchard is to grow cultivated crops between the rows for several years or until the trees need all the space.—U. S. Dept. Agriculture.

* * *

Sod land to be used for corn next year should be plowed immediately after haying and cultivated deeply the rest of the summer to reduce the number of wireworms.

* * *

Arsenate of lime may be used in place of the more expensive arsenate of lead, but should not be used on plants with delicate foliage, such as stone fruits.

Reviews of Recent Readable Books

By D. Bobspa

"The Day of Wisdom" by Mrs. L. D. Balliett.

Mrs. L. D. Balliett, principle of the School of Psychology and Physical Culture of Private Pupils, of Atlantic City, New Jersey, adds to her laurels in her latest book "The Day of Wisdom According to Number Vibration." This book is the result of the author's concentrated and independent thought put into action through scientific number vibration.

This science is based on the system of numbers and letters as taught by Pythagoras. Mrs. Balliett has taken the lead among American students in this interesting realm of research and published a number of books which have had a wide sale in this country and in Europe. Teachers all over the country use her text books. The aim of the present volume is to explain "the cause of why so many earnest souls, many who endeavor by so-called 'right thinking' find themselves filled with unrest and failure. Much of the fault lies in the lack of conscious connection with nature—with that force that was present and assisted at their birth and through its power made for them the tie to Nature's realm. This birth force returns about three times each month and these are the days of wisdom—they show the natural plan of life made plain and simple."

It was through Dr. Walter J. Mitchell and Dr. G. W. Hess of Los Angeles that my attention was called to the science of vibrations. My studies have thus far led me only into the edge of the subject, but the glimpse caught is sufficient to demonstrate that a great fundamental truth is embodied in the ideas set forth by its teachers. Mrs. Balliett's book is the most thorough I have found on the subject, and a careful study of its pages will disarm the skepticism that is so natural in the present stage of thinking of most men and women.

"You can prove to your satisfaction the basic principles of the One Source of all colors, sounds, and all things the eye sees, the ear hears, and the desire of the heart longs for by the analysis of its mental structure," says the preface. "Each separate thing will speak to you and tell you its message if you will learn its universal language."

The subject is a deep one that will require study of more than a superficial sort. But we should not neglect these signposts on the highway of life. Pioneers have gone before, blazing the way for us to follow. The world trembles in the throes of a new awakening to old truths that have been obscured in the maze of "civilization" and lost in the unbalanced development of intellectuality. It is now our duty to become babes in research—and this the world today is doing—the most wondrous epoch in all history, and one full of significance to those attuned to catch its message. "The Day of Wisdom" is a key to much that is transpiring on this little old planet in this day of regeneration. —(Sold by the author, Atlantic City, N. J.)

"The Coming Democracy" by Herman Fernau.

If I were in Germany with my library I would be shot for treason, because I happen to possess a significant little book "Because I am a German," written by Herman Fernau of Germany. The conscience of Germany found a voice in Mr. Fernau. The book was a direct attack on Prussianism. Within three weeks after publication in Germany every copy of the work was confiscated by the police, and today, the possession of a copy is punishable by death.

A second book has been written from the stronghold of Switzerland's neutrality. A German edition of this volume "The Coming Democracy," was published in Berne and shortly after an American edition brought out. The author says: "What does this book contain? . . . It contains a demand for reforms which in all the civilized countries of the world have for decades past appeared to the dullest peasant an understood thing. In fact, what I here demand for Germany has been possessed by the English, French, Americans, and Swiss for the past 150 years . . . Onward to democracy! This will and must tomorrow be the battlecry of Europe in general and of Germany in particular. . . . Away from Bismarck. Germany for the Germans!"

Again: "Let us take up again the threads of classic Germanism. Let us remember our intellectual heroes of the age of Schiller and Goethe, of our democratic national poets of the 'forties of the last century.' Only with their help, and only in their spirit, can the German problem be finally solved to the blessing of Germany and the world.

"Let us break with the development of the last century. The world war signifies the collapse of a system and a spirit of culture that were thoroughly un-German, that is, thoroughly Prussian. Let us join hands with the other civilized nations of the world as peaceable, equally privileged and equally efficient laborers in the field of culture."

The main general problems dealt with in "The Coming Democracy" are: "Some Problems for the Future German Historians," "On Dynasties in General and the German Imperial Constitution in Particular," "The Basis of the Dynamic Power," "The Principles of German Policy," "The German Dynasty and the German Notion of Culture," "The German's Fatherland," "The Origin and Meaning of the War," "Onward, to Democracy.,'

Herman Fernau is opposed to the materialistic conception of history and accounts for the war on other theories. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York).

"My Wife" by Edward Burke

Edward Burke is hailed as a funny man in his new book "My Wife." The publishers are responsible for the assertion that Mr. Burke writes "in manner that suggests Jerome K. Jerome, but with more refined and subtle humor." Personally, I wouldn't consider that much of a recommendation, for I know of no professional humorist more uninteresting and tiresome than Jerome K. Jerome. Burke does bear some resemblance in his output.

"My Wife" is the small boy type of humor, and to an age which lauds Charlie Chaplin and buys more of Harold Bell Wright's books than those of any other author in America this effusion of poor taste may be popular. Haven't you heard with disgust so many married couples coming into a group and begin a raillery that smacks too much of reality—references to personal defects and eccentricities better left untouched? That is how I feel about "My Wife." The book is tiresome—to me. Maybe it won't be to you. Besides it seems that Mr. Burke realizes all the way through that he is a humorist. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York).

"Newsboy Service" by Mrs. Anna Y. Reed

How does the newsboy's work affect his progress in school? What effect does it have on his morals and with his ideas of right and wrong? Does starting as a newsboy help or hinder a young American in his future business career? These are a few of the questions Mrs. Anna Y. Reed has answered in "Newsboy Service," the first study in vocational and educational guidance to be made under the Smith-Hughes act, passed in February, 1917. Mrs. Reed studied her subject at first hand among the newsboys of Seattle, and the result of her investigations is a model contribution to the literature of practical sociology. The book is primarily for superintendents and teachers of schools and members of boards of education, but it is so full of human interest that general readers will find it well worth reading.

Many will gain from its pages for the first time a definite idea of the relative importance of a vocational progress will welcome the appearance of this intensive study. Best of all, results good for the boys and for schools of the whole country are bound to follow its publication. There is a prefatory note by W. Carson Ryan, Jr., editor United States Bureau of Education. (World Book Co., New York.)

"The Heart's Kingdom" by Marie Thompson Davies

"The Heart's Kingdom" brings Marie Thompson Davies before us again, with a tale more entrancing even than "Daredevil." She has interpreted the awakening spiritual development of the world in a novel that abounds in life. There is a warm spontaneous sprinkling of humor in every chapter. It is unstudied and natural. The whole book is natural. I wish Miss Davies would write another novel, now, telling of the bigger spiritual unfoldment that is going to break outside the narrow confines of Christianity into the spirit of Humanism. But with the characters she selected she couldn't handle them any other way. They are "getting warm" but the goal is still ahead of them. (Reilly and Briton, Chicago.)

"Jean Jaures: Socialist and Humanitarian" by Margaret Pease

"Jean Jaures: Socialist and Humanitarian," is a splendid little book by Margaret Pease, with an introduction by J. Ramsey Macdonald of the British parliament. We are pleased to welcome this tribute to the first martyr of the world murder-fest, the Lincoln type of French hero who has been justly called "the greatest democratic personal force in Europe—even in the world." The author deals with "A Short Sketch of the Man and His Career," "Socialism," "Jaures and the Dreyfus Case," "Socialist Methods," "The New Army," "International Peace."

The book is not designed as an exhaustive study of the great Frenchman, but "its object is merely to give English readers some acquaintance with that force, at once harmonizing and progressive, that was in Jaures, and so help to preserve his influence from being lost."

Here is a tribute to the man: "Jaures beyond and above all men stood for freedom, the freedom of the unprivileged, the freedom of all men. He stood for the whole nation against a class, and for the whole humanity against predominating nations. He wanted a living society, each man in it sacred, free, all banded together for social ends, making up free nations also banded together for social ends, each respecting the other, each secure from tyranny. . . . The death of Jaures was the first effort of the blind, brute force. It crushed out the most vigorous son of man that it

could find, the most living, loving, ardent soul, the clearest brain, the warmest heart, the one most conscious of the whole trend of things." And again: "Jaures was a man of very great gifts which were never used for his own advancement but devoted to the service of the people." You will like this little tribute to the comrade "martyr to his faith in humanity." (B. W. Huebsch, New York.)

"The Mexican Problem" by Clarence W. Barron

Clarence W. Barron, manager of the Wall Street Journal, Boston News Bureau and Philadelphia News Bureau, author of "The Mexican Problem," "The Audacious War," and "Twenty-Eight Essays on the Federal Reserve Act," presents a new volume, "The Mexican Problem." As could be guessed, it is written from the standpoint of "the business man." In the words of Mr. Barron: "This is the need of Mexico today— opportunity to labor, opportunity for the family, opportunity for food, clothing, better shelter, and better social conditions. And this is exactly what American and European capital and organizations have brought to Tampico, attracted by its underground wealth, and this is what will ultimately redeem Mexico and forward her people by industrial opportunity."

The book is based on first-hand information, but workers will hardly enthuse over the eulogy of Mr. Doheny, American oil king, whose guest Mr. Barron has frequently been. The book presents an interesting view— the work of a faithful servant of the master class. (Houghton-Mifflin Co., Boston.)

"YOUR Part in Poverty" by George Lansbury

Clear-cut and conclusive is the message written by George Lansbury, editor of the Herald (London) and former member of parliament, in his recent book, "YOUR Part in Poverty." Edward Winton, bishop of Winchester, though professing a disbelief in most of the views of Comrade Lansbury, grudgingly consented to write a preface to the volume, urging the necessity on the part of churchmen and others to give the author a hearing. Following a general introductory chapter setting forth the situation in England, Mr. Lansbury addresses himself directly to workmen, to women and children, to business, to the churches; and concludes with suggestions as to "what we must do."

He concludes his book with faith in the people: "I have faith in the common people. There has been plenty of disillusionment in my lifetime, but, in the main, I, like every other man and woman who is working amongst the people, know quite well that, given the chance, the mass of people respond always to the best that is put before them. It is not a bit true that human nature is necessarily ugly and brutal or destitute of idealism."

"During the present war there has been great talk," writes Mr. Lansbury, "about the breakdown of class distinctions. . . . Those acquainted with the facts of everyday life know that this unity has been to a very large extent superficial. At home luxury and wealth, poverty and misery still abound. High profits and dividends are still being accumulated." All through the author points out the contrast between the wealth of the favored classes and the poverty of the workers, never failing to indicate the underlying causes. He pricks the bubble of the wealthy "ladies" who work beside the mill girl and then go home to give expensive dinners that would cost more than their wages in the mill would amount to in months. "Victory is defeat if the price is human rights. If burdens are unequally distributed in war times, if some profit while others pay, if workmen's liberty, children's education and women's rights are sacrificed to gain military triumphs, success is but a hollow mockery." There are many lessons for America in this analysis of England's labor problems. (B. W. Huebsch, New York.)

Our Editor Friends

Phil Wagner's "The Melting Pot" has a new editor at the helm, Comrade Frank M. Eastwood, who attracted attention as the "Question Box" editor of "The Appeal to Reason" and other editorial capacities. He resigned as editor of "The Menace" to take charge of "The Melting Pot." He contributed to the September number and with the October issue will assume full charge. Walter Hurt, of the Wagner staff, will be one of the contributors. With Eastwood and Hurt as the leading actors in an all-star cast, the good little magazine cannot help going right along with a whizz. The price has been reduced to the old rate of fifty cents a year.

* * *

Says Dr. G. Henri Bogart of Shelbyville, Illinois, in "The Medical Fortnightly": "The unlettered unconsciously cling to the 'fetish' idea of medicine, ascribing disease to a malevolent something to be exorcised by some other equally mysterious something." Dr. Bogart is a graduate of the allopathic and eclectic schools of medicine, but instead of grafting on the people by the chicanery of the "profession," has tried for years to humanize the sharks of the medical trust. The August "Medical Summary" of Philadelphia featured his brochure on "War, Morals, Health— the Future."

ANNOUNCEMENT!

Beginning in the near future, the WESTERN COMRADE plans to conduct an OPEN FORUM. This department will publish letters discussing all conceivable subjects pertaining to Socialism and the Socialist Party. The question of Socialist tactics will be given prominent place in the Forum. Communications must not be over 750 words in length. Diatribes against individuals are prohibited. Criticism of the acts of certain persons, provided it is fair and cool, is perfectly permissible. The editors reserve the privilege of not publishing certain letters for reasons obvious to them, and also to expurgate sentences and paragraphs which they consider inadvisable to print. Letters will not be returned to correspondents.

Writers are asked to date their letters, and sign them with full name, giving complete address. Correspondents are urged to send in their communications at once.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

THE WESTERN COMRADE—
Year, 75c; Single Copies, 10c; Clubs of Four or more, $2.00.

THE LLANO COLONIST—
Year, 50c; Short Periods, 1c a week; Three Sub Cards for $1.00.

COMRADE and COLONIST—
Year, $1.00; Clubs of Four or more, $3.00.

Address:
THE LLANO PUBLICATIONS, LLANO, CAL.

In the Western Comrade for November:

"THE REVOLUTION IN NORTH DAKOTA"
The second of the series being written specially for the Western Comrade by Mr. Teigan. He will tell in November of the campaign of 1916 and its results.

"CRIME AND THE PROBATION SYSTEM"
Beginning two articles by H. A. Sessions, who gives the result of his observations and experience as Probation Officer of Fresno, California, covering a period of ten years. Written specially for the Western Comrade.

"THE PROBLEM OF MANAGEMENT"
Walter Thomas Mills will discuss this matter in relation to the natural resources of the country. What Comrade Mills has to say is worth while listening to, for he is not only a student, but a keen and practical observer of wide experience. Written specially for the Western Comrade.

"THE AMERICAN SOCIETY OF EQUITY"
This is by C. F. Lowrie, president of the Montana State Union of the American Society of Equity. He tells of the revolt of the wheat farmers against the exploitation by the middlemen and speculators. Written specially for the Western Comrade.

"REGENERATION"
A forceful and logical article by Dr. John Dequer, written specially for the Western Comrade.

"INVADING LOUISIANA"
The second article concerning the new possessions in the Queen State of the South, and something of the plans which are being made.

EDITORIALS
By Comrade Job Harriman.

Poems, Short Articles, etc., Book Reviews, Agricultural Notes, and authentic and first hand notes on Co-operation everywhere.

The Revolution in North Dakota

(Continued from page 11)

Grand Forks) and lots of money, it might have been a little bit different. (Laughter). But I was an "undesirable citizen"; a discredited man; an outcast. A man with an idea, but without friends.

"Well, I spent a couple of days talking with Mr. Wood and his father; about what should be done. At last I began to get them a little bit excited. I can not account for it in any other way. I don't think that I had convinced them of anything. I guess I must have got them 'off the trolley.' They were not 'normal' as our opposition friends call it, after I got after them for two or three days, any more than you farmers were 'normal' when you built the Nonpartisan League. You are an abnormal bunch of people.

"Well, finally Howard hitched up a team and we went and saw a neighbor, and I 'put him on' and got his $6. Well it began to look like something real! So the next morning he hitched up again, and this time we went in another direction with a buggy, and tackled another man and got his $6.

"And we found out that over there were a couple or three townships without any snow on the ground. By this time Howard was beginning to get a little more excited, and when we heard about this he said: 'I have got a little old Ford, and we will take that, and go and see some of those fellows.

"The old gentleman was not so much excited. He had his head with him yet. What I wanted was to get him in the car. But his standing with the farmers was too good. He didn't go. He had more farmers' stores to take care of those two weeks than any other man in the state! I am not criticizing the old gentleman for that. I give him credit for good judgment. But Howard got excited better than the old fellow.

"Well, we started out next morning with the Ford. We took along a couple of shovels; and by shoveling and pushing and cranking, we got over to where there was not any snow. And I painted a picture to those farmers that made every one of them see the Nonpartisan League better than you see it now. Some of them were very doubtful whether they would ever get any value for their money, but they thought it was worth trying anyway and some of them said: 'It is worth $6 to hear that fellow talk!'"

By the fall of 1915 more than 20,000 farmers of North Dakota had considered it worth $6 to hear Mr. Townley and other League organizers talk. The movement had become so strong that the old political machines were panic-stricken. The sheets of the Plunderbund and especially those reflecting the interests of the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce, became bitter and vituperative in their abuse of the new movement. Mr. Townley was subjected to all sorts of abuse. If he had been so disposed, he could have brought several editors to account for libel, but his determination to direct the League to a successful victory prevented him from bringing the farmers' enemies to the bar of justice.

In September, 1915, a weekly paper, the "Nonpartisan Leader," was started. Every member of the League became a subscriber. When the League was started, there was no official publication, and the only promise made to the new member was that he should receive the "official paper" and Pearson's Magazine "not later than December 1, 1915."

The fact that 20,000 farmers would pay over to an unknown organization, and in many cases to an unknown solicitor, a membership fee of $6 bears ample testimoy of the farmer revolt that was brewing.

(The next article will deal with the campaign of 1916).

The New Socialism

(Continued from Page 12)

organized workers be made to see that they will never get anything from their legislatures unless the members of the legislatures are their own men, chosen by them at their own councils, and elected by them at the polls.

The co-operative movement in this country is far behind the movement in Europe, but it is growing rapidly. It takes various forms—producers' co-operatives, buying co-operatives, and co-operative communities. The object of all is to enable the producer to retain or get back more of what he produces than he would otherwise have. Their fight is our fight—but in taking up their fight we would be merely helping ourselves. By making the co-operative movement our own we would be developing a source of power the extent of which it would be difficult to over-estimate.

By consolidating these forces, by making the Socialist Party the direct, active agent of the organized worker, we will be able to build an efficient, well-knit machine capable of producing tangible results.

And we will need every spark of power that we can generate. Our battle will begin in earnest when the war ends. We have faith in the future; but our confidence must not rest on an optimism that is not justified by facts. The war may work in our favor in one direction; it is bound to militate against us in another. As a result of military necessity, state control of industry will probably increase, but democracy, which is quite as essential to our program, has already lost ground enormously. The end of the war may find the industrial autocrats more securely enthroned than ever. The movement for the extension of our foreign trade, the program of imperialism, will be in full swing. A gigantic military establishment, so necessary to the purposes of imperialism, will be ready at hand. And when peace comes, our financial masters will use every possible weapon to hold the ground they have won during the war.

We must be prepared to fight to retain whatever the movement may have gained and to regain everything it has lost.

The keenness of the struggle will divide the classes in this country more sharply than ever before. It will result in driving a vast number of people into our camp—if we but have brains enough to take them in.

Here, then, is our opportunity. It would be criminal not to take advantage of it. Let us profit by the mistakes of the past, or all our work and all our sacrifices will be in vain. We must discard our intellectual snobbery, our slavish devotion to creed. We must mix with publicans and sinners, and take pleasure in doing so. We must understand that a man is not of necessity a fool or a knave because of his inability to recite the Communist Manifesto backwards. We must learn to utilize forces that may not be consciously socialistic, but whose progress inevitably leads in the direction of socialism. We must make co-operation, not only an ideal to be realized in the distant future, but the immediate policy of our party.

We must liberalize ourselves.

Current Problems

Continued from page 18

related to each other and, at last, embody in their activities, ample provision for the common good of all as against the private interests of any.

In the effort to advance this work, it will be found at every step that the real difficulties are in organization and management.

Next month, this problem of management will be considered as related to the natural resources.

A Nice Girl

Continued from page 21

read. And you must dry your feet so nobody'll ever know. Come on!"

He pulled her toward the house, and into the living room with its book-lined walls.

"Dad," he said to his father, who sat reading in front of the fireplace, "here's Nan. She got her feet wet and has to dry them."

He seated Nancy by the fire and began running his fingers over the books on the shelves. "Say, where's that book, 'The History of Reproduction?'"

"On the second shelf there to your right." One keen look took in the girl's tear-stained face and muddy shoes. He appeared to be absorbed in his book. "Make yourself at home, Nancy," he said, and returned to its pages.

The boy found the book and handed it to Nancy. "You can read it while I clean the mud off your shoes. It's a peach of a book."

He stooped and began to unlace Nancy's shoes. And his father's eyes, at once shrewd and benignant, rested for a moment upon the forlorn girlish figure, timidly, trustingly opening the book; then dropped to the dark, down-bent head of his boy.

"Well done, David Bolton," he softly whispered to himself.

Successful California Co-operatives

Continued from Page 25

arately. Remonstration with the middleman and with the speculator were of no avail. These parasites continued merrily with their game of exploitation. The result was an almost universal and simultaneous movement of co-operation for the purpose of marketing fruit products.

Practically all the co-operative organizations in California are formed for the sole purpose of marketing fruit products. With the exception of the Pacific Co-operative League of San Francisco, which is a wholesale co-operative store, this is the only variety of co-operation. Many of these co-operatives are capitalized at a million dollars and handle an enormous amount of products.

It is interesting to note that in every instance, the farmers were not EDUCATED but DRIVEN to the acceptance of co-operation as a remedy for poverty and exploitation.

Earn Your Way Into Llano

¶ You can do it by securing subscriptions to the Llano Publications.

¶ One man has already earned a membership. Others have earned Stock.

¶ Write at once for full information about the Second Grand Membership Circulation Contest. It closes December thirty-first. Now is the time to get subscriptions while the big new Louisiana Llano Colony is being formed.

THE LLANO PUBLICATIONS
LLANO, CALIFORNIA

MORE ABOUT LOUISIANA

¶ You will want every word about the development of the Llano Colony in Louisiana, and you will want it at the earliest moment and as frequently as possible.

¶ You can get it just as it happens every week in the

Llano Colonist

1c a Week
50c a Year

In Clubs of Three for $1.00

THE WESTERN COMRADE—
75c a year; In Clubs of Four or More at 50c
LLANO COLONIST with the COMRADE—
$1.00 a year; In clubs of Four or More at 75c.

LLANO PUBLICATIONS
LLANO, CALIF.

"The Truth About The Medical Profession"

By John A. Bevan, M. D.
Columbia University
(Inventor of the Œsophagoscope)

The result of clinical and pathological researches at Guy's Hospital, London, and the Bellevue Hospital, New York.

BENEDICT LUST, N. D., D. O., D. C., M. D., writes: "The book is splendid and will help to enlighten many skeptics who still believe in medical superstition."

Prof. DAVID STARR JORDAN, M. D., writes: "I have looked over the book called 'The Truth About the Medical Profession.' There are a great many things that are forceful and truthfully said."

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW writes: "There are some quite interesting and important things in the book."

Cloth Bound, Postpaid $1.00
Paper Bound, Postpaid .50

THE LLANO PUBLICATIONS, LLANO, CALIF.

There's a Home Waiting for You In The Sunny South

Down where the weather is always mild, where cotton pays big, and corn crops never fail, the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony has just bought an immense tract of rich, productive land. It is in one of the most healthful, most delightful spots in the great South, a spot that has been out of the way of the westward migration, passed by by the homeseekers. It is in the vast pine forests of the Vernon Parish Highlands.

As rapidly as possible this tract is to be settled up on the plan heretofore followed by the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony. It is the first step in the policy of expansion that has been the aim from the very first.

Transportation is excellent, the land is well-drained, there are neither mosquitoes or malaria. The most authentic health reports show that there is no more likelihood of disease in this district than there is in any other state.

Weather reports over a period of 12 to 17 years give authoritative information regarding weather conditions. There has never been a drouth in that time. Neither is it excessively hot in the summer. Winters are mild and not unpleasant.

16,000 Acres—The New Llano Colony In the Rich Highlands of Louisiana

This is in the HIGHLANDS of Louisiana, and the fearsome stories you may have heard concerning pestilential swamps, and fevers, do not apply here any more than they apply in the healthful highlands of other states where there are no disease-breeding conditions.

Think what an immense tract this is! It means home for many hundreds of people. It means security for them, and under the plan of the Llano Colony it means getting the complete product of their own toil. It means relief from the worries of unemployment, and it means that the benefits of a co-operative organization on broad lines will be theirs.

The pine-covered Highlands of Louisiana are just beginning to command attention. Within a year, more than 1000 persons will be located on this great tract, tilling the soil, establishing the auxiliary industries that will be carried along with agriculture and horticulture and livestock raising, and the minor industries that are a part of every town.

The Land of Cotton

and corn, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, peanuts, vegetables of every kind, peaches, figs, apples, berries, pecans, sugar cane. Nearly every crop that can be grown in any part of the South can be grown on the new Colony property, with the exception of citrus fruits, and the production is enormous. This is rich land, and a thorough investigation has been made by a special committee selected by resident stockholders of the Llano del Rio Colony. It will commence yielding good returns from the very first.

Send for the free new descriptive illustrated folder, "Llano's Plantation in the Highlands of Louisiana."

WRITE AT ONCE FOR FULL INFORMATION ABOUT THIS LLANO EXTENSION COLONY

The Llano del Rio Colony Stables, Louisiana.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

Western Comrade

November 1917

Price Ten Cents

Making Socialism a Power

---a Symposium

EDITORIALS Page
By Job Harriman 3
DEMOCRACY AND EFFICIENCY
By Alec Watkins 9
THE PROBATION SYSTEM
By H. A. Sessions 10
REVOLUTION IN NORTH DAKOTA
By H. G. Teigan 12

Llano Invading Louisiana

WAS SCHMIDT GUILTY?
By Job Harriman 18
THE STORY OF A NIGHT (Fiction)
By Mary Allen 20
THE PEOPLE'S COUNCIL
By Scott Nearing 22
THE PRINCIPLES OF MONEY
By Clinton Bancroft 23
CURRENT PROBLEMS
By Walter Thomas Mills 24

—NEXT MONTH—

Llano In Louisiana

Your Gateway to Freedom

Llano's 16,000 Acre Plantation in the Highlands of Western Louisiana

THE Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony was established at Llano, Los Angeles County, California, in May, 1914. It attracted attention throughout the country because of the calibre of the men who were conducting it. Hundreds joined the colony and during the three years hundreds of acres of orchards and alfalfa were planted, a community garden was grown, and many industries were established, among them being the print shop, shoe shop, laundry, cannery, warehouse, machine shop, blacksmith shops, rug works, planing mill, lime kiln, saw mill, dairy, cabinet shop, nursery, rabbitry, hog raising, lumbering, publishing, transportation, doctors' offices, wood yard, vinegar works, bakery, fish hatchery, barber shop, baths, swimming pool, studio, commissary, hotel, drafting room, post office, Montessori school, commercial classes, library, and others as well as social features such as the band, weekly dances, instrumental quartets, musical societies, etc.

Not all were operating all of the time, but nearly all were successful. The social features of the Llano Colony at Llano were an unqualified success.

From the first, the intention was to form other colonies, extending the work as rapidly as possible. The first extension has been organized.

16,000 FERTILE ACRES

After a nation-wide search, it was finally decided to purchase 16,000 acres in the healthful highlands of Vernon Parish in Western Louisiana, at Stables, one mile from Leesville, the parish seat of Vernon Parish. This is about 15 miles from the Sabine river, about 40 miles from the Red river, (both navigable), forty miles from Alexandria, 100 miles from Shreveport, and about 200 miles from New Orleans. The highlands of this district are fertile, high, well-drained, healthful. There are no swamps, no malaria, no mosquitoes, no fevers more than are found in other states. Health reports show that this portion of Louisiana can compare favorably with any other section of the United States. There is an abundance of drinking water of excellent quality.

A most careful investigation was made regarding health conditions. Reports compiled by the Health Department of Louisiana were studied. Inhabitants of this district were interviewed. All agreed on the healthfulness of this portion of the State, and those who have heard discouraging reports from Louisiana are invited to make further and more careful investigation before arriving at conclusion.

The huge tract lies southwest of Leesville and has had most of the timber cut off. Remaining along the creeks,however, are scattered pines of the long leaf variety to supply the Colony with building material for many years to come. About 1200 acres of hardwood timber worth many thousands of dollars are also on the land and offer opportunities for the establishing of many industries. The timber is, beech, magnolia, white oak, cypress, walnut, post oak, red oak, sweet gum, and hickory. The trees are splendid ones, and this body of timber is not to be surpassed in quality.

The purchase of this body of land was not made without careful investigation. The colonists at Llano appointed a committee of three who went to the land and carefully inspected it asking innumberable questions concerning it. Comrade Job Harriman had already looked at tracts offered for sale in various parts of the United States. None equalled the one purchased in Louisiana.

A TOWN CAME WITH IT

When the purchase was first contemplated, and it was finally decided to buy the 16,000 acres near Leesville, it was found that the lumber hamlet of Stables stood on the property. This was acquired with the land. A hotel of 18 rooms, 27 habitable houses, 100 other small houses, one shed 130x300 feet, one shed 130x200 feet, one shed 80x100 feet, one store 30x90, one office 40x50, eight other sheds and structures. The lumber in these buildings, together with other lumber on the place, amounts to about 2 million feet. Ties for a railroad extend across the land. A concrete power house and 5 concrete drying kilns (cost to erect them, $12,000) each kiln about 20x70 by 20 feet high are also included. Stables is on the main line of the Kansas City Southern Railroad. This town will be occupied for a while, but later a more systematically laid out town will be built.

WHAT CAN BE PRODUCED ?

This is the first question. A careful investigation from many sources shows a good variety. These reports did not agree in detail, and in cases of doubt, the product named has not been included in the list given here. Cotton, sugar cane, and corn will probably be the principal crops, though sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, and melons do particularly well and pay good returns. Pecans are native to this region. Oats are profitably grown. Peaches, plums, prunes, cherries and most berries do exceedingly well. This higher region is being developed for figs to quite a large extent. Vegetables of all kinds thrive and produce prolifically. There is no better peanut land. It is not likely that citrus fruits can be produced here.

The first task will be to prepare the land for crops, and it is the intention to do this at once. Cattle, sheep, and hogs can be grown here and it is quite likely that the livestock industry will be given special attention.

PLAN OF DEVELOPMENT

Definite plans for the development of the new colony are now being worked out. Efficiency of workers will be insisted on. The eight-hour system, with the equal wage will be features. Industries will be established as rapidly as possible. The colony will undoubtedly be made to support a population of several thousand persons through the agricultural development and the industries.

The general plan contemplated is to make heads of departments responsible for the work they are in charge of, with a general superintendent in charge of the whole. Experience has shown that the interests of efficiency are best served in this manner.

The land will be put under cultivation as rapidly as this can be done. The housing will be the best that it is possible to provide, and no definite statements can be made except that wooden houses will be built at first.

TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES

Being on the main line of the Kansas City Southern railroad with a switch on Llano property, the matter of transportation will be a simple one. Two navigable rivers are not far distant. The port of New Orleans has steamers to the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of both North and South America.

WHAT ABOUT LLANO, CALIFORNIA ?

The California Llano Colony will be left in charge of a comparatively few men to develop according to a definite plan to which they will work. Orchards will be planted and cared for and the property at Llano made very valuable.

The work of transferring most of the population as well as the industries and the personal effects of the residents is a big task. The sawmill, blacksmith shop, farm implements, some horses, cattle, rabbits, and hogs will be left.

Residents and industries will be transferred in the order in which they are most required. The publishing department will be among the first moved.

FOR MORE INFORMATION

More detailed information is given in the "Gateway to Freedom" which outlines the idea of co-operative colonization, the reasons for it, and what is hoped may be achieved, together with the methods to be used. The folder "Llano's Plantation in the Highlands of Louisiana" goes into more detail concerning the new 16,000 acre tract.

The new colony in Louisiana can support a population of perhaps several thousand persons. It offers wonderful opportunities to all who join. You are invited to write to the Membership Department for full information about any point not made clear, and answers to questions you ask. Address

Membership Department
LLANO DEL RIO COLONY, STABLES, LOUISIANA

Political Action Co-operation Socialism

The Western Comrade

"The Most Constructive Magazine For Socialism in America." 7 Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Entered as second-class matter November 4th, 1916, at the post office at Llano, California, under Act of March 3, 1879.

PUBLISHED EACH MONTH AT LLANO, CALIFORNIA.

JOB HARRIMAN . . . Managing Editor ALANSON SESSIONS . . Associate Editor ERNEST S. WOOSTER . Business Manager

Subscription Rate—75c a year; Canada $1. Single Copies 10c; clubs of 4 or more (in U. S.) 50c. Combination with LLANO COLONIST $1. Publishers and others are invited to copy at will from the WESTERN COMRADE, but are asked to give credit. Nothing copyrighted unless so stated. In making change of address always give your former one so that the mailing department may be certain that the right name is being changed.

Please do not send subscriptions, changes of address, complaints, etc., to individuals. Address ALL communications to the Llano Publications, Llano, Calif. This paper will not assume responsibility unless this rule is followed.

The Western Comrade neither approves nor disapproves the sentiments expressed in contributions not signed by one of its editorial staff.

VOL. V. LLANO, CALIFORNIA, NOVEMBER, 1917. No. 7

Editorials By Job Harriman

ARSENE is the last message from hell. It is a gas with an arsenic base. Science knows nothing that will counteract its deadly effect on the human body. Nothing is known that will neutralize it in the air. A breath of it is certain death. It is odorless and invisible. It is heavy and requires almost a storm to carry it away. It hovers about its victim and makes the burial of the dead impossible. Certain death awaits those who come to bury their dead! The materials of which it is made are abundant and cheap. One air ship can carry enough, when compressed into a bomb, to kill every man, woman and child in a village of four hundred.

It was first thrown by the Germans into the ranks of the Allies. The bombs burst with such slight violence that the soldiers of the Allies thought that the Germans had exhausted their explosives. But in a few hours they suffered from blindness, spasms and finally death.

One American magazine suggests that the combined air fleets of the Allies be equipped and that this terrible gas be dropped on all the cities and towns of the Central Powers.

The Central Powers have made the discovery and are probably already prepared for a raid.

This deadly gas is fraught with the most appalling and far-reaching consequences of any war weapon ever conceived.

Woe unto the people of the world when chemistry assumes entire control of this war!

—o—

LLANO is now extending its operations into Louisiana. Llano, California, is located in one of the finest orchard districts in the world. It is high grade orchard and alfalfa land. But the land purchased in Louisiana far excels it for general farming. No irrigation and no drainage will be necessary there.

Those who have not visited all parts of Louisiana and are not familiar with its varied climate, have an erroneous idea of the agricultural possibilities of that state.

The highlands, where the Colony will be located, is one of the most picturesque countries on the continent. The land is rolling and threaded with beautiful woods and creeks, with excellent range grass for live stock extending miles in every direction.

The bottom lands are extremely rich and the rolling lands produce large and abundant crops. Our tables can be bountifully supplied from our own range, fields and gardens the first year.

There is an abundance of hardwood timber to supply every want of the colony for furniture, finishing and building lumber and all domestic purposes.

The materials for a veritable empire are there. Knowing what we know of co-operation in Llano, we can say to the world that the future of Llano in Louisiana is a guaranteed success.

A force will be kept at Llano, California, where the orchards will be developed and the Llano property brought into bearing and great value. A full description of the new Colony property and its possibilities will be found in several numbers of the Western Comrade.

We commend a careful perusal to all who are interested in this wonderful undertaking.

—o—

THE END of the war is not in sight. Even the beginning of the end is not yet.

Before this war ends, the public mind must turn its back upon the accumulation of fortunes and move firmly for the uplift of humanity.

Ambition to make money has led to this world disaster.

Economic power in the hands of the few makes military power inevitable.

It matters not whether this power is in the hands of an aristocracy or a dynasty, the results must finally be the same.

When militarism rises, it of necessity takes the same form in every land. The most efficient military power becomes the standard and the pattern for all other countries. Superior efficiency compels all others to act likewise or be crushed. There is no choice. The world is patterning after the German

methods. These and other superior methods will remain as long as capitalism lasts.

Men may cry peace, peace, but as long as there are conflicting interests there will be hostile forces struggling to dominate.

Already we are being told that the war will last yet ten years and that men now living may not see the end.

If this is true, may the people not well ask if the present forms of government have not utterly failed? But all present forms of government are capitalistic in their nature. The surplus power arising out of all industries and commercial transactions is held by the few and used to determine governmental policies. And the governmental policies of the world have led to a world cataclysm. The abolition of conflicting interests in domestic, national and international affairs, and the establishment in their stead of a community of interest, is the only salvation for the race.

War after war, cataclysm after cataclysm, will follow in the wake of capitalism.

—o—

BRAZIL, Japan, and China have just entered the war.

As a source of food supplies, Brazil will be important to the Allies.

But the entrance of Japan and China is fraught with many misgivings.

These countries can land their troops through the Persian Gulf on Eastern Turkish soil more cheaply than Occidental civilization can land troops in Eastern Turkey. But Turkey lies adjacent to the Dardanelles and the Suez Canal. There are the highways of commerce for Asia, Africa and Europe.

What if the ambitions of Japan should lead her to seek their control? Would England surrender them?

What if she were to join Russia in her demand that the Dardanelles, the Suez Canal, the Straight of Gibraltar, the English Channel, the Panama Canal—that all these should be free to the world? Would England and the United States surrender them?

These highways are matters of world interest and will be involved in peace negotiations.

When one thinks of a conflict between Oriental and Occidental civilization, with the Eastern resources untouched, the armies and navies of these countries fresh while the West is worn and weary and more than half spent, it shrouds one's soul with gloom and despondency.

—o—

NOT ONLY the throne of Germany, but the governments of every country ,stand perilously near a precipitate precipice over which they may any day be thrust, following the Czar of Russia.

Whoever has observed the operations of Germany must know that the crown will be cast down by internal dissensions rather than by external forces.

Von Hollweg was forced out of office by the Reichstag.

Dr. Michaelis is fast following for the same reasons.

Every succeeding ministry will follow more and more frequently until either the crown falls or a radical cabinet is formed.

The same condition exists in France.

A similar condition exists in England, though it is a little less pronounced.

Italy is similarly afflicted and the late German victories will aggravate conditions there.

Even our own country, according to the New Nation and Current Opinion, is unsettled. These journals are impressed by the fact that "the old war motivation has not been in evidence during this war." John Dewey, of Columbia University, advises political leaders to note "that it is rather a cool, dispassionate, even grudging recognition of a great job to be done"; while the late vote of the New York City mayoral campaign emphasizes the fact that he has not only told the truth, but that even more than he has stated may be true.

There is great danger of a popular reaction in all countries. Nor can one be surprised when death-dealing messages like Arsene ring throughout the world with the groans of the dying.

One thing is daily becoming more and more evident, and that is that we are rapidly evolving into a new order of things.

Our government has already assumed partial control of the flour mills and granaries ,the coal mines, the food prices, and yet finds itself surrounded by a craven desire on the part of business men to reap enormous fortunes in this unfortunate hour of national distress.

The very business men who are crying loudest for patriotic sentiment are looting the country's resources by the commercial transactions, and by so doing, are committing acts of real treason to this country.

Every fortune so reaped impels others of similar greed to deal likewise, while each such act forces the government to place greater limits upon profits. The process is inevitable and if the war continues long, which it will, the government will frankly be forced to conscript not only all profits but all wealth.

This governmental act will be the ushering in of the new order. Let us hope that the government will not hesitate firmly to take this step. It seems to be the only step that will enlist the support of the masses who are now sorely feeling the effects of high prices, low wages, and heavy taxes.

By government conscription of wealth, profits and incomes, the war could be far more equitably financed, the interests of the people unified and public unrest to some degree, allayed.

—o—

THE New York campaign is the most illuminating fact in the political firmament of the hour, and Hillquit is the central star.

Hillquit! Who is Hillquit? He is a lawyer of the first magnitude. He has largely determined the present attitude and policy of the Socialist party.

He has had much to do with the general urge that demands of the government that it state its terms of peace.

He has always been opposed to the war and the vote he received not only astonished the government and this country, but it astonished the world. We were all amazed at the voice crying in the wilderness, "Make ye your paths straight!"

Well may we all put our ears to the ground and listen to the rumbling of the underworld!

THE SOCIALISTS of the world have for a quarter of a century foreseen this world war coming like a tidal wave, and have relentlessly struggled, in every way within their power, to avert it. Their power was not sufficient, but their propaganda has developed a world-wide movement that points to the solution of this world war problem.

It is true that Socialists thought that the conflict would come between the working class and the governments of the world.

If the struggle would have survived, democracy would have died, and plutocracy would have reigned supreme.

But the logical evolution of commercial and industrial events developed ambition for empire along with commercial and industrial dominion. This brought on the clash of arms between governments and not between the people and their governments.

Having foreseen the coming of the war for so long, and having believed that the struggle would begin between the people and their governments, the Socialists, for the most part, fail to recognize this war as the social revolution which they, for so long, have foreseen.

The complex situation puts the Socialists of the world in a most embarrassing position. They all belong to an international movement. They have met in international congresses for years. Their economic principles and philosophy are the same the world over. Their interests and aims are identical. The thought of shooting those with whom they have so long worked to avert this war, is unbearable.

Yet each and every one desires to be faithful to his own country. Between these two extremes they vacillate and find themselves in worlds of trouble. Many Socialists do not understand that this is the Social Revolution, while most people do not understand the difficult position in which the Socialists are placed.

If it were possible for all governments to conscript all Socialists to work in the domestic industries so that they would not be compelled to shoot the members of their organizations with whom they have worked so long, the vast majority of the civic discord would disappear and social evolution toward the new era would be promoted with greater harmony.

This being improbable, it remains for us to lend what aid we can to a public understanding of the situation and to bring about the greatest degree of possible harmony.

—o—

STATE SOCIALISM is rapidly and irresistibly marching upon the world.

The capitalists are opposed to it.

The Social Democrats are opposed to it.

But the logic of events favors it and so it comes.

Everybody, capitalist and Socialist alike, should work for it. It is the next step in civilization and is the only solution to our social problems.

If civilization survives, it must take this step. Failing to take it, civilization will relapse into barbarism.

State Socialism does not mean tyranny.

Universal suffrage and direct legislation are the antidotes for political tyranny. These movements are the forerunners the world over, of government, industrial and commercial control.

Popular sentiment is forcing the former while the war is forcing the latter; and self-preservation will compel each nation to continue them both.

Thus it is that we are now at the birth of a new order.

—o—

MILITARISM is the child of special privilege. It springs as naturally from privilege as ambition springs from power.

They both lead to tyranny and oppression, then to revolution. Whosoever possesses a special privilege must shape the laws to protect him in the enjoyment of that privilege.

Every privilege protected by law results in increased burdens upon all save the beneficiaries.

As the beneficiary loves the advantages, so the burdened hates the disadvantage. Finally, the law becomes an object of derision and contempt.

Disloyalty, resistance, and riot follow close upon the heels of contempt for law. Then comes the cry for law and order.

Already having law to protect privilege, a military force is organized to preserve order.

Thus militarism is born of special privilege.

The hatred and contempt that sprang from the burdens resulting from legalized privilege are carried over to the military force that preserves order while the burden is still imposed.

Neither law nor order nor military power can induce or compel human beings to love a crushing burden. They struggle against a burden as naturally and persistently as water runs down hill. It may be held in check for a while, but the time must come when the pressure must be greater than the strength of the dam.

Then the revolution is on.

—o—

THE "LONDON POST" says: "The Allies are determined upon one peace only—the peace not of compromise, but of victory." Lloyd George, supporting this position, says: "A peace which does not give France Alsace-Lorraine, Italy the Trention and Istria, which leaves Austria with Bosnia and Turkey with Armenia and Mesopotamia, a peace which restores the German colonies—would be disaster for the Allies and victory for the Central powers."

Peace with victory? Indeed! We entered the war for "peace without victory." We entered to "save the world" from Prussian autocracy and "for democracy." But England seems to think that we are staying in it for territorial conquest and aggrandizement, the conquest of her allied powers.

Peace without victory is right. But peace with victory would destroy democracy and make the world safe for autocracy.

—o—

THE NET INCOME of 29 steel, munitions, and machinery concerns was $69,365,568 in 1914 and in 1915 it was $596,236,644.

"War—what for?"

Simple enough.

Llano Invading Louisiana

"WHEN are you going to Louisiana?"

This is the question asked and repeated. It is heard in the woods where the boys are getting out the logs to be sawed up into packing cases. It is heard at the tables in the hotel at every meal. It is heard in the machine shop, and wherever two colonists meet. This is the one absorbing subject of conversation.

The work at Llano is largely done. Fields have been cleared of brush. The sawmill is installed. Roads have been built. Houses are here a plenty to house the inhabitants for a long time. Industrial buildings and warehouses are built and in use. Remains only the planting and the caring for. orchards, the little gardening, and the irrigating and harvesting of alfalfa. A few men can do the work and do it well. The rest of the residents will now go on to Louisiana, to develop the new lands, to bring them into bearing, to erect houses, to establish industries, to organize socially. Definite plans for the work at Llano are being worked out and a quite complete general plan is already adopted.

But how to get to Louisiana—that is the problem.

It is 2000 miles, probably 2500 miles from Llano, California, to Stables, Louisiana. To move several hundred people there, to pack up their household goods, to move them to the trains, to get them under way, to house them again in their new home—this is all a titanic task. But the people of Llano are buckling to their work. They know what they want to do. They have met and conquered bigger tasks than this one.

The first contingent left Llano for the South, Sunday, October 28, when George Deutsch, commissary man, and C. M. Cason, chief accountant accompanied Job Harriman. Comrade Cason will take charge of the books there and will have complete charge of the accounting, just as he has had at Llano. Comrade Deutsch, who has been in the commissary for several months, will organize and systematize that department at Llano. He will have better quarters at Stables than he had at Llano, and he expects to install a system that will be superior in many ways and which will be a source of pride and satisfaction from the very first.

Other contingents will leave as soon as they can be made ready. A number of the comrades plan to go by automobile, some in privately owned cars, others in Colony cars. Not many women will make this automobile trip, but for men who have been accustomed to "roughing it" there is the spice of variety to attract. Road maps have been diligently studied and efforts made to secure the most accurate, detailed, and uptodate information regarding the state of the roads. Expert mechanics will accompany the auto caravans to repair cars in case of breakdowns. Some of the boys are ambitious to hold meetings en route. At the time this is written nothing definite regarding automobile journeys to Louisiana has been decided on.

The automobile route adopted lies well to the south, and the towns visited are not large, most of them. The reason for keeping so far to the south is to keep away from snow as much as possible. It is estimated that the average time to make the Llano-to-Leesville trip will be in the neighborhood of 18 days, possibly more. The towns through which the Llano caravans will go are: Victorville, Barstow, and Cadiz, California; Parker, Wenden, Palo Verde, Buckeye, Phoenix, Chandler, Globe, Rice, Safford, Duncan, Heyden, Winkleman, Ray, Arizona; Lordsburg, Deming, Los Cruces, New Mexico; El Paso, Van Horne, Pecos, Midland, Colorado, Sweetwater, Abilene, Cisco, Ranger, Mineral Springs, Weatherford, Fort Worth, Dallas, Terrell, Tyler, Longview, Mansfield, Texas; Shreveport, Mansfield, Chadwick, Leesville, Louisiana.

The third departure was the publishing department, which included the WESTERN COMRADE and the LLANO COLONIST. Thousands of pieces of literature were printed in the six weeks just prior to departure. Extra help had been employed and frequently night shifts worked in order to get the work out with as little delay as possible. The big press ran every day and all day long. The little press put in good time. The linotype was kept busy; the stitcher and folder were scarcely ever idle during the daylight hours. Extra copies of the publications have been printed and special descriptive literature has been made ready for mailing.

With the going of the publishing department went the machinery of other industries, loaded with them and sent on ahead. Wood-working machinery and repair machinery went. Following them will come the other industries as rapidly as they can be made ready for the trip.

While Moving—

To the New Home in Louisiana, the WESTERN COMRADE will possibly be delayed in the issue for December. Every effort will be made to set up the machinery as soon as possible.

All communications should be addressed, after November 15th, to

THE LLANO PUBLICATIONS,
STABLES, LOUISIANA.

WHAT WILL BE DONE AT STABLES?

Stables is the little Colony town one mile south of Leesville. It is the new colony headquarters. Here the Llano Colonists and the new members will live and work out the solution of their ideals. Here they will live until they build their own new city. That is scheduled for some time in the future. There are many things to be done first, so the colonists will occupy the buildings they bought, except such others as are immediately necessary, and will make their way as is deemed best.

There will be a number of departures from the methods used in Llano, California. Some of them will be because of changed conditions. Others will be the result of lessons

learned. Others will be those which it was always intended should be employed, but which conditions never made possible before.

There will be changes in management that will result in increased efficiency. This is not a mere guess hazarded at random, but a fact. The departments will be better organized than ever before and their duties will be more definitely decided. There will be a better general plan. The men in charge are men who are experienced in the work under colony conditions.

Standardization of labor is to be a Colony ideal, modeled after standardized labor plans elsewhere. Many a letter has brought the question: What will you do with the man who does not do his share? With standardization of labor it will be possible to deal with this individual and to compel each to do his part toward the success of the whole. Out of it will grow an efficiency of production that will redound to the credit and benefit of the entire colony.

Other improvements in methods and management are planned, but it is still too early to speak definitely on them or even to say what is contemplated, for there are many contingencies, and the possibilities of their not being instituted at once are many. Therefore they will not be mentioned until they are accomplished facts.

The same general plan that has been followed at Llano, California, is to be followed in Louisiana. That is the collective ownership, of course, and the eight hour day and the equal wage, the commissary, the social features and social service, the use-possession of houses. The style of city has not been determined. No attempt will be made to remodel Stables or to make it into anything but an ordinary railroad town. When any effort is made to work out a city plan, it will be in a new spot, where no previously built buildings will interfere or inject new problems.

But all energies will be bent at first on the clearing and planting. Of course it is not necessary to clear the land in order to get crops, and the clearing will be deferred as much as possible so that the greatest possible acreage may be put in. There is plowing to be done, the purchasing of seed, the laying out of the land, the organization of farming groups and departments, and a thousand and one things to make the new colony a producer from the very start. No time is being wasted, and the small group of colonists now on the land is doing all it can, without altogether considering the eight-hour day, which is the way with enthusiasts everywhere who are intent on achievement.

The chief crops to be grown this year, aside from the vegetables, will be corn, cotton, forage crops, sugar cane, melons, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, peanuts and oats. There will be others, of course, but those will be the chief ones. Unless the unforeseen intervenes, they will go far to sustain the colony, and there should be a surplus for sale. There will undoubtedly be a community garden, but in addition to this, it is quite probable that many residents will also raise garden.

Reports regarding the healthfulness of this district continue to come in from many different sources. It has been called the ozone belt. The piney Highlands of Western Louisiana are quite different from the lands bordering watercourses—along the Gulf Coast or along the Mississippi. Because the land is high and rolling, consequently well drained, there are no mosquitoes. Being no mosquitoes, there is no malaria. This region has been known as one of the most healthful of the South, and the health reports from the ozone belt are of the best. The most authentic reports only have been considered, and all agree on the healthfulness of this region. A prominent physician of the ozone belt, of which the colony lands are a part, is quoted as saying, "There is tonic in the very air we breathe here, a natural tonic. That is why it is known as the ozone belt. The water is good and pure in wells of 45 feet and deeper. . . . . There is another reason why we have so little sickness. The country is new and free from those influences of a thickly settled country where civilization has grown old and congested and careless, and besides, we have some very good practical laws on sanitation in Louisiana that help to keep our citizens clean and well and strong." Another prominent physician of the Highland district is credited with the following: "There are rarely any cases of throat troubles not preventable by reasonable care in dress and ventilation. The reason is that there are no violent and sudden changes of weather, such as are common in northern states. . . . . Persons affected with such ailments and even with asthma and the primary stages of pulmonary trouble are materially benefited by coming to this country."

It is necessary to stress the healthfulness of the Highland district forcefully, because there is so much misinformation existing concerning Louisiana. That her swamps are large and unhealthful is not to be gainsaid. But the assertion might safely be made that every state in the Union has spots that are far from ideal as regards health conditions. Unfortunately for Louisiana her swamps have been far better advertised than her more healthful regions, and this dates back to ante-bellum days.

The Highland District of Louisiana is quite different from any other portion of it, and from the fact that it has been covered with heavy timber, and therefore was not visited by tourists, and not inhabited by a very large population, there is little information to be secured from those who have been to Louisiana. usually. It is also true that little printed matter exists regarding this district, for where there are few people there is little reason for putting much information into print, and without the necessity it is not done. This explains the difficulty of learning much about the Highlands from any books to be found in the ordinary library.

The land is well drained, is rolling, and the elevation of the colony lands is about 240 feet. The growing season lasts from seven to nine months. Some authorities give a longer growing season than this, but the time here is conservative and long enough to satisfy most persons.

Corn is likely to be one of the chief crops, if not the most important of all, for many years to come. Yields are good from the start, and a government farm adviser who has worked and studied Highland soil, makes the statement that the lands will produce up to 70 bushels. This is not on new land, however, but on land that has been well filled and well enriched and carefully farmed. He claims, however, that with one legume crop for fertilization, and using only ordinary care and methods, the land will produce 40 to 55 bushels to the acre. This is accepted as being authorative, as the man who makes the assertion is in the government service.

Crops are quite certain in the Highlands, for the growing season is long. Late cold springs or early falls do not shorten the season enough, in the years when they do come, to endanger crops. Rainfall is sure; drouths are unknown. It is possible to take off a crop of corn and the same year to plant a restorative forage crop that will put back in the soil the plant food taken out by the corn.

LIVESTOCK OPPORTUNITIES

The West has always been associated with the cattle and stock industry; Texas, too, is usually considered in connection with stock raising, but few persons ever think of Louisiana as a State where cattle and horses, hogs and sheep have a very high place in the list of products.

Yet government reports of the opportunities presented for raising cattle and sheep and hogs indicate that this industry can be made a very profitable one. There was a time when the tick made this an extremely hazardous business, but science has found ways to prevent the spread of this disease and to eradicate it entirely. Government reports are now produced showing that the cattle industry can be carried on with the moderate guarantee of generous profits.

The number of forage plants grown in Louisiana or native to this State is not equalled anywhere else in North America, it is claimed. Among them are Bermuda Grass and Lespedeza, (a plant native to the South). Most of the clovers thrive there and produce heavily. Alfalfa does well. Cow peas, velvet beans, and soy beans are tried and proved crops. Sudan grass and timothy do particularly well. Sorghum can be grown as stock feed with great success.

Some of the forage crops listed here are well known to farmers from all parts of the country, but Lespedeza, which is held in high favor in Louisiana, is not so well known. It is an annual, greatly resembles alfalfa, has wonderful soil building properties, and will yield from one to three tons of hay, said to be equal in food value to alfalfa.

The stock raising end of farming, though offering great profits, has not been taken up extensively in the South, although more and more attention is now being devoted to it. The mild and pleasant climate makes it unnecessary to invest heavily in shelter for stock. The abundance of cheaply grown feeds of so many varieties reduces feeding expense to a minimum. Added to this is the fact that cotton seed meal can be secured at little cost for fattening, and corn can be produced plentifully. Peanuts and sweet potatoes are fed liberally to stock, especially to hogs.

Sweet potatoes and peanuts left in the ground when the crops are harvested will be found by the hogs so that none will be wasted. Root crops of all kinds are profitable for feeding.

Beef production is also facilitated by the abundance of crops and the variety that can be grown. The Colony should be able to produce beef of prime quality at an exceedingly low price, and there is no doubt of the ability to sell it.

Dairying, too, is among the industries that may be started at once and which promise good returns, even guarantee them, in fact. Here again the abundance, cheapness, and variety of feeds reduces dairying problems to a minimum, and markets are both near and good. Good standard bred cows are being brought into Louisiana, and the dairy industry is being built up rapidly. It is the intention of the Colony to enter extensively into the production of milk, butter, and cheese, and there are no obstacles apparent to prevent this.

The United States Bureau of Animal Husbandry is credited with the statement that the production of dairy food is at less cost in the South than in any other portion of the country, and it is impossible to conceive of conditions being more favorable in any portion of the South than they are in the district wherein lie the new Llano lands.

The poultry business also promises big returns in the Highland Plantation of the Llano Colony. There is no severe winter to interfere, and hens can range out of doors every day of the year, except during rains. The equipment required is probably the simplest that can be used anywhere. Poultry feed can be produced on Colony lands.

Splendid claims are made for sheep and goats, and the reasonableness of the claims is quite evident when consideration is given to the bounteous forage crops.

PUTTING LAND UNDER CULTIVATION

Many questions have been asked and many objections raised concerning the cultivation of stump-covered land. The average number of stumps to the acre is about fifty. The actual number may range from ten to several hundred. But clearing the land of them is not a difficult process, according to information that appears to be entirely trustworthy.

There is little undergrowth left. The trees were removed perhaps ten years ago. There is little except very young saplings which interpose no obstacles, and the stumps which are long since dead and dry. The principal task is to get the stumps out of the land.

These stumps are of the long leaf yellow pine variety. They do not rot because they are filled with pitch and rosin. Instead of branching roots, there is a main tap root that goes straight down. This would make their removal difficult but for the fact that they are so filled with pitch.

A machine is used for quickly boring holes into the stumps. It consists of a large power-driven auger mounted on wheels. A two-and-one-half-inch hole is bored into the stump, starting at the surface and boring diagonally through, emerging about 15 inches below the surface. By digging down to the hole and starting a fire, the stump is soon consumed, the hole bored through it acting as a flue that creates a draft which keeps the fire going. Soon nothing is left but a little pile of ashes. The entire stump is thus burned, clear down into the roots below the bottom of the auger hole. It is said to be a very efficient method and not expensive. The secret of the plan is the hole that leads the fire to the heart of the stump.

It is not, however, necessary to remove stumps in order to farm the land. Lacking lateral roots, the stumps do not present very great obstacles and it is possible to plow close to them. The land can be farmed before it is cleared, which is a distinct advantage to the colony, as it will permit cropping a large acreage at once.

WHAT WILL BE DONE FIRST

The general methods to be pursued will not be greatly different than have been outlined as colony procedure in the past. Many improvements in management will of course be made, as experience has demonstrated many things.

The housing and transportation were the greatest problems at Llano, California. They were eventually solved. The new colony at Stables, Louisiana, does not present these problems. The railroad, with a switch on colony lands, will lay goods down within a few hundred feet of where most of them will be used. There is already a hotel, and there are many houses suitable for immediate use, with abundance of materials on the ground or cheaply bought to erect residences of a substantial nature without much delay.

Of course the first task is to make people as comfortable as possible, and this is already being done.

The second is to arrange for the housing of industries.

There are large sheds and other buildings which can easily be made to do for this purpose.

The third, and one which must be carried on with the other two, is to prepare the soil and plant crops. Nothing must delay this work. It must be undertaken at once, and be carried on whether other work suffers or not. That is the law of farming the world over, for the seasons will not wait on the farmer's convenience.

The Llano industries will be moved, erected, organized, and started as soon as possible. It is quite probable that many of them will be come immediately profitable, not only as a colony venture for colony uses but also for the outside business that may be secured. While no prophesies are offered, it is evident that with a comparatively large population near by, a share of outside business should be easily secured. Llano has good mechanics and workmen, and if it becomes necessary to go into competition with the outside, there is little doubt that they will be quite able to hold their own, when they have colony backing.

Already the offices are established at Stables, and the visitors to the new colony are being hospitably cared for and entertained in the hotel there, which is quite adequate for present uses, but which undoutedly soon will be outgrown.

The publishing department will be installed with as little loss of time as possible. Special efforts will be made to put this industry on a working basis at once. The publications will hereafter be issued from the new colony, the postoffice of which is at present Stables.

Farming in the South will be in the hands of those who know most about it, and every effort to secure knowledge of more efficient methods and more profitable crops will be made. While it is an accepted fact that the man who has farmed successfully in any district knows how it should be done and is the man whose methods should be followed, it does not follow that his methods are the best possible, and a constant search will be made for better ones.

There is little doubt but what the cannery will be established at Stables, but there is quite a lot of work to be done at Llano in the meantime. The Llano cannery is just finishing its greatest season. Canned fruit and vegetables, and the machinery and boxes and whatever is used must be packed for shipment. Plans are already being made to can vegetables in large quantities for the coming year. There will probably be less fruit and more vegetables put into cans next season as it will be several years before the Colony fruit industry can be put on a producing basis in the South.

The peaceful and constructive invasion of Louisiana by the Llano colonists is one that should be welcomed by the people of the South. The colonists have always been able to get on amicably with their neighbors, and there is every reason to believe that the people of Vernon Parish will have nothing to regret when they find the Llano people living amongst them. The Socialists of the South are much interested in this peaceful invasion and promise a most cordial reception. Socialism was never more an issue than now, and never was more interest shown. Adding the efforts of the Llano community to the propaganda of the fighting Socialists of Texas, Arkansas and Oklahoma should go far toward cementing the South together for more liberal laws, and should strengthen the movement greatly, making it a Solid South for Socialism.

The Llano Community invites friends and skeptics alike to visit it, to learn what is being attempted, to join in making the ideals of constructive Socialism a reality.

Letters have already begun to come in asking for more information about the plans of the colonists. The question most frequently asked is, "What are you going to do with the Colony in California?" This is the question which the colonists at Llano asked themselves and the answer has been found.

The present plan, as has already been stated, is to bend most of the energies toward bringing the Lousiana Colony to the point of production as rapidly as possible. To this end the majority of the residents of Llano, California, are being transferred to the new property. But even within the last month, or at any rate since the Louisiana move was definitely decided on, new members have come to Llano who expect to stay here. They will remain. They will help in the planting of trees, the building of flumes, and the other work that must be carried on. Others will want to come to California, and they will be permitted to do so to the extent that there is work for them. As this is being written a comrade in Los Angeles writes to know about our plans for Llano. He wants to know if we intend to build a model city at Llano. It is impossible to give a direct answer to this question or to others of a similar nature. This is something which will be left to the discretion of those who live at Llano. Certainly, if they wish to do so and it is deemed practicable. It is not just nor feasible for those who go to Louisiana to dictate what those who live at Llano should do. The only thing that may be said definitely and safely is that the Llano colony in California is to be retained and its development continued.

Democracy and Efficiency

By Alec Watkins

(Written Specially for Western Comrade)

THE opinion is quite general That Democracy and Efficiency are incompatible. In conducting our organizations we socialists help to confirm this belief.

We are not inclined to trust those in authority very far. A critical examination of history has developed in us a rather large capacity for suspicion. And frequently, when the necessity for suspicion has largely gone, the instinct still persists. In our organizations we are often afraid to delegate any real power to the officials we ourselves elect; we insist upon electing committees when far better results could be obtained by allowing the presiding officer to appoint them; we demand that all business be brought before the main body when much of it could well be left to our officers and committees. It would be difficult to devise a more effectual way of tying our own hands.

This is done in the name of Democracy; but it is no more necessary to democratic management than is poor accountancy, slovenly janitor-work, or anything else that produces chaos where there should be order.

It has been said that democracy is not a FORM of government, but a KIND of government; it is the kind of government in which the governed are in control of their own affairs, but the form it takes is a matter of expediency, and may vary according to circumstances. Popular control is the essential feature. Democracy prevents the control of the business of all of the people by a few of them, but to insist that all of the people pass upon all of the details of all of their business prevents any sort of adequate control whatever, even by the people themselves. In fact, if the members of an organization pursue such a course consistently for any length of time, they are likely to have no business left to control.

Efficiency does not require that the members of an organization relinquish their control of its affairs, but it does necessitate the placing of a larger amount of confidence in executive officers than we in the socialist movement are in the habit of placing in ours. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, but perpetual suspicion buys us nothing but trouble.

Criminality---The Probation System

By H. A. SESSIONS, Probation Officer
Fresno County, California

(Written Specially for The Western Comrade.)

MANY writers have commented on phases on the "Probation system," as if it were new, untried, of doubtful value and of questionable efficacy in the protection of society from criminals, and in the discouragement of crime.

I think it can be shown that in California, outside of San Francisco, in accordance with the population, there was less crime amounting to a felony, and excluding the "new-made" crimes, ending February 1st, than in the preceding year.

Every session of congress and of the legislature adds new crimes and misdemeanors to the already long list. To these the supervisors and city council add ordinances innumerable, until no man is safe from prosecution and persecution. The best lawyers in the state do not know the laws. Every man blunders along, liable to be picked up by some enemy, and publicly pilloried and disgraced, or perhaps summarily punished, and yet he may have injured, cheated, wronged or defrauded nobody, knowingly and intentionally.

With the growing multiplicity of laws, it becomes a matter of necessity that there be a sifting out of offenders and a severe restraint of those who knowingly, intentionally, and persistently commit injurious and anti-social acts; and on the other hand a lesser restraint of those who ignorantly, unintentionally, or under sudden strain or passion, commit some serious crime or misdemeanor.

Since the memory of man judges have had the power of "suspending sentence," or in other words withholding punishment. The offender was then free to go about as if no charges had been made against him. The essentially new thing about the probation system is that before the sentence is suspended a careful investigation is made, and that after the suspension of sentence the guilty party is required to keep in touch with a certain officer of the court in order to prove (probare) himself worthy of this lesser form of punishment.

As to the punishment of men placed on probation, let me say that their average term in jail before suspension of sentence is about two months. That ought to be ample deterrent for most people and is as much of that kind of punishment as will help any one to reform. The man on probation has temporarily lost his citizenship, he is subject to arrest without warrant, cannot enter into any business, nor move about from place to place without consent of the court, and if he lives up to his instructions, lives a more correct life than does the average man.

In Fresno county the utmost care is taken to find whether or not a man is a repeater of serious crimes, a professional criminal or has had a long criminal record and almost none of these have been placed on probation in the last wour years.

So far as known only seven per cent of the men placed on probation in the last four years have committed serious offenses while on probation, and nearly fifty per cent of the men sent to state's prison commit serious offenses after they are discharged. The Blue Book of England for 1912 states that out of 168,260 convictions for that year 104,171 had been convicted at least once before, and over 12,000 had been convicted more than 20 times each. This proves amply that sending men to prison does not protect society unless every sentence shall be for life. Short terms in prison are absolute folly so far as the individual is concerned. They do vastly more damage than good. The criminal short-termer, schooled in all the arts of vice, is turned loose without supervision, and the bad results to others are much greater than the good done by "making an exampe of him."

Suppose that every automobile driver that broke the least traffic regulation was put in jail for at least a month—none escaping. There wouldn't be so many infractions, but there would finally be a great many more criminals and the ultimate effect of such punishments would be a fearful lowering of social conditions.

Discharged convicts frequently say "The people put me in a position to learn a trade and they must expect me to work at it." And they do until they are again caught.

So far as the individual delinquent is concerned the probation system is, at the lowest, eighty per cent efficient. As an effective deterrent and a factor in the reduction of crime, time only will determine its value. As yet there is no general increase of crime attributable to it.

SENDING men to prison does not protect society unless every sentence shall be for life. Short terms in prison are absolute folly so far as the individual is concerned. They do vastly more damage than good. The criminal short-termer, schooled in all the arts of vice, is turned loose on society without supervision, and the bad results to others are much greater than the good done by "making an example" of him.

In England, when more than a hundred offenses were punishable by death, there were more crimes of violence than now. It isn't prisons, sheriffs, policemen, prosecutors and courts that prevent crime. It is the free exercise of human rights, a fair share of the world's production for every one, education—mental, moral and physical—and the application of the golden rule.

I am interested in my work because of its great opportunities for helpfulness. The Probation officers reconstruct broken families, break up hopelessly vicious ones, find homes for unfortunate children, restrain vicious ones, protect the weak and helpless, secure for many children their educational rights, restore criminals to good citizenship, find jobs for the jobless and homes for the homeless.

I am interested in probation work, because I believe its net results will add richly to the sum total of human happiness. The probation system is constantly educating people as to the meaning of crime, its causes and prevention, and in doing this, is recording the results of much social experimentation. In the records of the Fresno county courts are hundreds of documents which were prepared in the probation office, showing, more or less correctly, the causes of crime, delinquency and dependency.

I freely predict that the study of the causes of crime will result in a new system of penology which will deal principally with causes. The probation and parole systems are also showing the possibilities of the control of delinquents outside of prison walls. The time is not far distant when no one will be sentenced to prison except those physically dangerous.

In olden times, the prison was principally a place of detention, pending trial and judgment. In England, at one time, the death penalty was inflicted for one hundred fifty-six of-

fenses, one of which was catching rabbits. One by one the punishments were lopped off, leaving the courts no alternative than imprisonment. Now that we know that imprisonprisonment is probably the cause of more crime than it prevents, it becomes our duty either to invent new, rational and effective punishments, where punishment is desirable, or ascertain the cause of crime and stop it at its source.

We find that much crime is merely the result of weakness and adverse conditions, rather than a vicious habit of mind, and therefore such delinquents need help, education and training more than imprisonment. In cases of crimes against property, restitution from the earnings of the delinquents is often a better corrective than the prison, and much more satisfactory to the injured party. Imprisonment for property crimes usually results in complete moral bankruptcy. In the last analysis, I do not hesitate to say that the crimes of society against individuals are responsible for most of the crimes of individuals against society.

The greatest hope of our juvenile department in the probation office is the elimination of a large part of its work by other agencies, among them, the school, the church, the welfare commissions, domestic relations courts, and by legal enactments, such as the widow's pension, workman's compensation, health and employment insurance and shorter hours.

Such agencies should assume care and supervision of the neglected and defective, leaving only the criminally inclined or weak-minded in charge of the probation officer. The probation officer for juveniles should be more and more a special investigator and advisor for the juvenile court judge, and possibly a referee or assistant judge, and less and less an executive officer.

In the future, the probation staff will include a psychologist, skilled in mental derangements, both men and women medical and surgical specialists. This means ascertaining the cause of every delinquency and a prevention of its repetition by correcting or removing the cause, where possible; and permanent supervision, where impossible.

> NEARLY fifty per cent of the men sent to state's prison commit serious offenses after they are discharged. In England, when more than a hundred offenses were punishable by death, there were more crimes of violence than now. It isn't prisons, sheriffs, policemen, prosecutors and courts that prevent crime. It is the free exercise of human rights, a fair share of the world's production, education—mental, moral and physical—and the application of the Golden Rule.

As the probation officer for Fresno county, I am frequently asked"What is the cause of the increase of the social evil and the consequently alarming increase of venereal disease?"

In my opinion there are many contributing factors such as lack of parental care, more leisure, night life, lack of wholesome pleasures and entertainment. But by far the most important is the economic factor.

After existence is assured, the strongest impulse we have leads to the happiness in the love-life. That impulse waits not on ethics, religion, politics or other inventions of civilization. All that can be done is to guide it.

Love is primarily a home and home-making product. Exotic passion is the creator of the brothel, the rooming house, the childless apartment house and the woman who impersonates the beloved wife and mother no matter what her nominal station may be.

By far the greatest influence in producing laxness of sex morals in our modern society I believe to be the "code of honor" of the casual and migratory workers. They despise one of their class, who, on uncertain work and more uncertain wages, entangles a woman by marriage and drags her and her children down with him to squalor, misery and probable dishonor and disgrace.

Many a time have I heard an old man of this class "tonguelash" a younger man for defending the marriage relation. Such men know the futility of the attempt to establish a home on a laborer's wages. Few have the courage and persistence to save enough money to pay for the home before marriage and it becomes well-nigh impossible afterward.

For the purposes of this argument, soldiers and sailors may be classed with casual laborer. Their excesses and immoralities are almost proverbial.

Low wages and unemployment then, are at the basis of the "free relation" and the demand for the immoral women among the common laborers. If society permits, they do not seek the respectable girl, the woman in the sheltered home, but consort with the public woman. If the latter are not in evidence, with the advent of an considerable number of casual workers into a community, the procurer, the messenger boy, the taxicab driver, soon produce them, and the ranks of the public woman are rapidly recruited from the unattached and homeless. The ordinary farm hand in California teaches his code to the son of the man he is working for. In idle times he teaches the town boys. Seeing no hope for better things, they abandon themselves to illicit relations, defending themselves with a certain show of honor.

The remedy is the assurance of steady employment and a fair opportunity for home-building. Harris Weinstock is on the right road in his advocacy of rural credits and state land colonization. Homebuilding for the ambitious, steady employment at fair wages and a square deal—this is the secret of social reform.

If I could have my way, every boy would be taught a good trade, and at twenty-one, if his work and conduct had been good, he would be provided with a home which could not be taken away from him and which he could not dispose of. He might earn a better one and leave it to be occupied by another young couple, but it could not be sold.

In Serbia every capable farmer was given twenty-three acres of land to be his as long as he used it. In Bulgaria, every man gets seven acres as a birth-right, but he cannot sell it. For sixty years our government has tried to give every man a farm, but he does not build a home upon it.

An attempt to place every man above want and the fear of starvation may seem like a costly experiment, but I believe that the productive power of the nation would be so greatly increased that the additional cost would be as nothing.

I place the cause of our social ills in their relative importance as follows:—unemployment, alcohol and drug habits, incompetence (heredity and neglected training), disease, commercialized vice. Underlying and intertwined are the political policies of the land, taxation, finance, transportation, marketing and public service. And behind all is the personality of the individual.

If unemployment, incompetence and disease are overcome, the other questions will be solved.

* * *

Co-operation was born of feeling that unmitigated competition is at best but social war, and though war has its conquests, its pomps, its bards, its proud associations and heroic memories, there is murder in its march, and humanity and genius were things to blush for if progress cannot be accomplished by some other means. What an enduring truce is to war, co-operation is to the never-ceasing conflict between capital and labor. It is the peace of industry.—G. J. Holyoake.

The Revolution In North Dakota

By H. G. Teigan

Written Specially For the Western Comrade. Those Copying Please Give Credit.

[This is the second of three articles by H. G. Teigan, telling the story of the Nonpartisan League of North Dakota.]

THE campaign of 1916 was really opened in the fall of 1915. A glance at the files of the "Non-partisan Leader" will bear testimony to this fact. A cartoon on the first page of the first issue contained a challenge to the politicians that their kind were no longer desired to act as officials for the people of North Dakota.

The Leader had on its editoral staff at the beginning such able men as Charles Edward Russell, O. M. Thomason and J. M. Baer, the cartoonist, who now represents the first district of North Dakota in the lower house of congress. Under the inspiration of A. C. Townly, president of the league, the Leader staff proceeded to lay the foundation for a class-conscious organization. Not much was said at first about the program of the League, which had been endorsed by each member at the time of enrollment, but nearly every editorial, article and cartoon had for its guiding principle that of developing class-solidarity and the spirit of organization in the members. The propaganda consisted mainly in showing up the politicians and the interests that were misleading and preying upon the farmers. Several important articles were published on the Nanna administration showing where the Governor and the Banking board had crushed several baking institutions that had not acquiesced in the policies of the crowd in power. The administration was also attacked on its unfair system in shouldering the greater part of the taxes on the farmer.

However, it was not long until the program was taken up and discussed by Mr. Thomason. He wrote a series of articles dealing with the different planks of the program. But inasmuch as no convention had been held to adopt, or more correctly, to outline a program, it was deemed advisable to obtain some direct word from the people on this matter. Thus, in the November 16th issue of the Leader, the members of the organization were invited to discuss through the columns of the paper this question—**"What kind of laws do you want?"** The letters received, and there were a great many of them, clearly indicated that the program as originally outlined was right in line with the demands of the farmers. There was strong demand for such measures as the exemption of farm improvements from taxation; State ownership of terminal elevators, flour mills, packing houses, and cold storage plants; rural credit banks, and State hail insurance.

On December 9th a speaking campaign was inaugurated, which was continued up to the time of election in November, 1916. The first meeting was held at Pettibone, Kidder county. President Townly, A. E. Bowen, Mr. Townly's chief associate in the building of the Non-partisan League, and several other speakers addressed this meeting. It was, to say the least, a wonderful success. The hall was packed, and the interest manifested was remarkable. The reason that Pettibone was selected as a starter was that one of the local banks had turned down more than a hundred checks issued by farmers of the vicinity for membership in the leage. The reason given was this—"Bank won't pay on this paper.' The ostensible reason given by the cashier of the bank, when Mr. Townly, in company with several local farmers, called on him, was that the checks were not made out on the regular printed blanks furnished by the bank. The real reason', however, was that the bank did not want to see the farmers organized POLITICALLY. Many other banks were guilty of the same "skullduggery" and many are still manifesting the same treacherous attitude toward the farmers and their organization. Needless to state, the checks were paid by the Pettibone bank after Mr. Townly and the farmers "called" on the cashier.

By the first of the year, 1916, the spirit of organization had been developed to a wonderful extent. The meetings had been largely instrumental in bringing the farmers together, and of course the Leader had been even more effective in this respect. The farmers were becoming class-conscious. They were beginning to realize that bankers, grain speculators and owners of large industries have interests diametrically opposed to those of the farmers, in the economic sphere.

Conditions now warranted actual political action on the part of the farmers. **Interest, solidarity, understanding**—all these had been sufficiently developed in the minds of the League members to enable them offering battle to the Old Guard.

On January 27th, President Townly issued the call for precinct meetings. The call read as follows:

NOTICE TO PRECINCT CONVENTIONS

"You are hereby notified that on February 22nd, 1916, at 2 p. m., the members of the Farmers' Non-partisan Political league will hold a meeting in each voting precinct in North Dakota to elect delegates to the Legislative and State conventions.

"Urge every member to come. Here is where your work begins.

"Watch the Leader for further notices.

A. C. TOWNLY, President."

The politicians and the kept press were "up a tree," so to speak. They were hostile and yet, not being able to understand the League's strength, they did not know what to say. Many of them figured that it would be unwise to launch forth in too bitter attacks on the Organization as that might prove the more dangerous to them in the end. Several that had been bitter in attacking the League when being organized, now "pulled in their horns." It was not until after the precinct conventions that the real power of the farmers' movement was learned. The farmers attended these conventions in a spirit of religious fidelity. Newspaper reporters and politicians were excluded from the convention halls, and this, probably more than anything else, struck terror into the hearts of these gentlemen. The precinct conventions were followed by district legislative conventions, at which candidates were endorsed for the legislative assembly, and the district conventions were followed by the State Convention at Fargo, March 29th.

Lynn J. Frazier, an actual farmer, living on his farm near Hoople, in the northeastern part of the State, was nominated for Governor. He was 41 years of age, and a graduate of the State University. He was one of the most popular students that the institution had ever had. He was captain of the football team, and ranked as one of the leaders in his class. In his home community Mr. Frazier had held several local offices and was, at the time of his nomination for governor, an official of several farmers' organizations. Needless to say, he was not an office seeker, and if the farmers had not drafted him into service, he would never have become a candidate for governor or for any other State or national office. In this instance the office sought the man.

To show the surprise with which he received the announcement of his nomination, I want to relate his own story of the matter upon his arrival at Fargo, the day after the convention:

"I drove into town Wednesday, and they sent word to me that I was wanted at the telephone. When I got to the 'phone, they told me that it was League headquarters at Fargo talking and asked me to come up here right away. I told them I couldn't come that night, because I had my overalls on and no suitable clothing with me.

"I went back to the farm and packed my grip and came up here and it was then I learned they wanted me to run for Governor and that the League delegates in their convention had nominated me."

The politicians and newspapers were panic striken. Few of them knew anything of Mr. Frazier, and for that reason did not know how to proceed to attack him. The papers harped mostly on the leadership of the Non-partisan League and the way Frazier had been nominated. They charged that he had been nominated by a convention, which was in violation of the spirit of the primary election laws. They also maintained that Mr. Frazier had been forced upon the farmers by the "Socialist" leaders of the league. Of course the charge was utterly absurd, as Socialists are not in the habit of forcing republicans upon the people (Mr. Frazier had always been affiliated with the republican party.) Yet it would be expecting too much had the politicians in their desperation not resorted to such tactics. They had to have something to rave about.

Little criticism was offered by the opposition, on the candidates endorsed by the league. In fact, the newspapers and politicians could not dig up anything that would in any way reflect upon the candidates, but, on the other hand, these tools of Big Business continued to assail the leaders and officers of the league. They were labeled "carpet baggers," "Socialists," "I. W. W.'s," "atheists," "free lovers," and given every designation that the exploiting class has ever given to the leaders of a working class revolt.

Mr. Frazier's chief opponent for the republican nomination was a brilliant young lawyer and politician, Usher L. Burdick of Williston. Mr. Burdick was a very popular man and would have had a walk-a-way for the governorship had it not been for the existence of the Non-partisan league. He had been a candidate for the governorship in 1914, but was defeated by the machine—politician incumbent of the office. L. B. Hanna. At that time, practically all the newspapers in the State supported Mr. Hanna. Burdick was thought by them to to be too much of a radical. He had held office as Speaker of the House of Representatives and Lieutenant Governor and was known to be decidedly independent in his political views. These facts, however, made Mr. Burdick all the more formidable as an opponent of Mr. Frazier. He was considered progressive and a good many of the league members had been favorably inclined toward his candidacy. He was defeated for the league endorsement mainly because of the fact that he was a lawyer by profession, and was counted a politician. Besides, no one knew exactly where he stood on the measures demanded by the farmers.

The reactionary elements of the State, which would not have supported Mr. Burdick, were now, however, compelled to rally to his support. These reactionaries had fought him two years before and had heaped all kinds of abuse upon him at that time, but now they were compelled to accept him as the "lesser of two evils." If Burdick should be elected there was no organization back of him that would insure stability to his administration. Then, too, it was held by the Old Guard politicians that if he could be used as an instrument to defeat the organized farmers' movement, it would be only a short time until they would be back in the saddle. On the other hand, if the league candidates should be victorious, there was no telling when, if ever, they would be turned out of office. Nearly all the self-styled progressives supported Mr. Burdick. There were only a few scattered radicals like Professors Worst and Ladd of the Agricultural College and Dr. Gillette of the State University who came out in open support of Frazier and the league ticket.

In North Dakota the real test is in the primary. There has been little chance for a Democrat or Socialist to be elected to any office of importance in the State, and any candidate who might be nominated by the republicans for office could feel reasonably certain that his fight was over after he received the nomination. The primary is held on the last Wednesday of June preceding a general election. In 1916, this came on June 28th. Hence it was that all efforts were put forth to defeat the league candidates in the primary. It was generally felt, and even admitted by the politicians, that if the league candidates should be successful on June 28th, there would be no chance to defeat them in the general election.

During the months of May and June a desperate fight was waged by the reactionary elements. In addition to the attacks on the League leaders, one of the claims made by the Old Guard was that the league constituted, in the eyes of the law, a partnership, and that every member was financially responsible for any indebtedness that might be incurred by the Organization. This charge was promptly nailed by the Leader, and the author of the charge, Dr. L. T. Guild, then editor of the Fargo Daily Courier News, was offered $1000 to substantiate his charge in court. Dr. Guild dropped the proposition like a hot cake. Just before the primary, however, the organized Opposition sent out a circular to every voter in the State. It was headed—"NORTH DAKOTA IS FACING A CRISIS." In this circular an attempt was made to show that the election of the League candidates would mean the financial ruin of the people of the State. But the farmers of North Dakota felt that there was little for them to worry about, even if such were the case. Ruin already stared them in the face if conditions were to continue as they were, any length of time. Besides, the majority of the farmers felt that their own representatives would be less likely to cause their ruin than those representing the interests that had always preyed upon them.

Just before the primary, Mr. Frazier and several state candidates made a tour of the State in a special train. Everywhere they were greeted with large audiences and this despite the fact that it rained almost continuously from the time the train left Fargo until it returned. Eveyrthing pointed to victory. On Tuesday evening, June 27, the last meeting was held at Fargo, and the next day the election took place. Rains throughout the State cut down the vote somewhat and undoubtedly operated to the disadvantage of the League ticket. In spite of this, however, Mr. Frazier received approximately 3000 majority over all his opponents combined. The vote for each candidate was as follows. Usher L. Burdick, 23,362; J. H. Fraine (candidate for the ultra-reactionaries), 9,780; Lynn J. Frazier, 39,246; George J. Smith (candidate of a few country newspapers owned by Smith), 2,981.

After the primary, the League carried on a regular educational campaign. There was no question as to the outcome in the general election. The State being normally republican by a two to one majority, the tremendous victory of the League in the primary made the election of its candidates a cinch.

The only office for which there was any contest was the supreme court. There being no party designation permitted for election to this office, the Old Guard saw a chance of electing at least one candidate. If one candidate could be elected, the court would still remain under the control of Big Biz, as there were two hold-over members. If, however,

(Continued on Page 26)

What Must We Do To Make Socialism a Power?

A Symposium of State Secretaries

Written Specially For the Western Comrade. Those Copying Please Give Credit.

A. L. SUGARMAN, State Secretary, Minnesota Socialist Party

WHAT must the Socialist party do to become a power in American politics? It must get out of politics, in the ordinary sense of the word. A political campaign, in my opinion, is merely a scheme by which we take advantage of the interest the public shows in elections to present the principles of socialism, under the guise of being as highly excited over the prospect of sending men into public as are the old gangs.

Not that we do not wish to put our comrades into power. Of course this is desirable. But, in importance, this does not begin to compare with the propaganda value of a campaign. The vital thing is to get socialism before the people.

For the reform will come in proportion to the rise in the socialist vote. Bismarck hated socialism, and yet gave the people of Germany all of the palliatives, in order to stem the rising socialist movement. And so the American capitalist class will give the people a thousand remedial measures, just as fast as the socialist vote justifies them.

Consequently, it would appear to me that that the most needed advice to the movement is that it should stick to fundamentals. By so doing, it will secure for the people the little benefit derived from "immediate demands," and at the same time will be building up a great body of revolutionary proletarians, who will ultimately be prepared to take over the world in the name of labor.

W. H. HENRY, State Secretary Indiana Socialist Party

THE uncompromising position of the Socialist party should be the continued position, but we should try to reach the farmer in the future more than we have in the past. It is in my opinion a rather unsettled time to do other than plow right ahead with our work, as we are doing at the present time. When the war is over, the position the party will be in will give us a great advantage over all parties, and then we should, I think, get together with cool heads and work out the best there is in our party brains—to the end that Socialism in America may be able to reach and bring under its wings the great mass of humanity that rightly belong to us, and in most cases if rightly and properly approached will be glad to become a part of our great party. At this time we must plow right straight ahead, and by all means keep our organization together and build greater its numbers till the light of reason again is able to enter the minds of the people. I think it would be most unwise for any of our comrades to think of any great changes, or at least to even suggest any changes until sanity gets back on the job. Our cause is too sacred to the welfare of labor to allow anything to sway us from the path that leads to greater unity and comradeship of the Socialist forces of America. Let us not be severed from our course by the distracting influences of the war-fever. Let us ignore governmental tyranny, and exploit the possibilities now within our reach.

WHAT must be done to make the Socialist Party a POWER in American politics? This is the vital question that a number of the most prominent State Secretaries of the American Socialist party attempt to answer for the readers of the Western Comrade. Why does the Socialist party stagnate while the Socialist movement spreads phenomenally? There must be something radically faulty with our organization. This fault must be corrected. What are YOU doing to solve this problem?

FRED IRISH, State Secretary, Maine Socialist Party

WHAT the Socialist party should do is to become, not a greater power in American politics, but a POWER.

With our present programs, platforms, proclamations and propaganda, we are as impotent as a little yellow dog, baying at the moon. These things represent noise of much the same character as blank cartridges, and while, like the small boy, we may please ourselves with delusions of childhood, it imposes on no one else.

Power! It is a "kingly word," as Jack London once remarked, but who, with all the lessons of the past twenty years of political striving, is fool enough to believe that power will ever come to the workers in quantity sufficient to overthrow the capitalist system and establish on its ruins the co-operative commonwealth, solely through casting a ballot for the Socialist party? Our naivety is most pitiful.

EMIL HERMAN, Secretary Socialist Party of Washington

THE Socialist party is organized to accomplish a certain definite purpose, to achieve the emancipation of the working-class. To attain this end it is necessary for the working-class to become conscious of the power it may wield through political and industrial solidarity.

To become the dominant power in American politics we must develop knowledge and efficiency sufficient to be able to cope with, and over-come all of the political machinery of the capitalist class.

The two important essentials, therefore, are education and organization. The latter will follow logically as a result of the former. We must educate to develop knowledge; we must organize to make the knowledge effective.

Our lecturers and organizers should all qualify as teachers of scientific Socialism—no others should be placed in the field. Even in the heat of political campaigns our main purpose should be to teach Socialism to the workers and to organize them to make it a fact.

Locals should be encouraged to organize study-clubs for the study and discussion of Socialist fundamentals, current political and industrial events of importance to labor, and the principals of parliamentary practice.

In nominating candidates for office we should be careful that no one is nominated except he be qualified for the duties of the office he is to fill.

Socialist publications should, in alternate issues, devote at least one column to some phase of the science of Socialism and the necessity for organized effort on the part of labor through the Socialist party.

Dues for membership in the Socialist party should be increased by 100 per cent so as to make it possible to put into effect the program of education and organization as outlined above.

To sum up then: In order for the Socialist party to be-

come a power in American politics we need more knowledge, greater efficiency, better organization, and more money with which to prosecute the work of educating and organizing the working class for its emancipation.

E. F. ATWOOD, State Secretary, South Dakota

WE ARE confronted by three facts: Ist, war; 2nd, invasion of constitutional rights; 3rd, increasing severity of the struggle to live; with incidentally increasing fortunes to a horde of greedy and traitorous speculators.

Our aim is to win the world from capitalism to Socialism. War is the topmost fruit on capitalism's tree. Opposition is useless and even foolish; it is a waste of energy. The longer it continues, and the more the speculators oppress the people, the more they drive them to seek a remedy. We have the only peaceful remedy offered. This is also a statement of facts, not of principle!

With every constitutional right safe-guarded, we are still of the servant class, ruled by the master class, for the rulership by capitalists is much greater than that by the political state.

The only real issue before us is the class struggle and the inculcation of class consciousness.

Take advantage of the situation and of the wrongs that grow from it to build up the Socialist party, not as opponents of war, not as clamorers for rights, but as human beings who understand and who are determined to capture and to use the powers of government for the entire people, and not for any class.

In South Dakota, on this idea, we have doubled our membership and again doubled that, in five months. And, we will double it several more times.

Follow the international:

"In the event war should come notwithstanding the efforts of the Socialists to prevent it, then it becomes the duty of the Socialists to work for its speedy termination, and to use all the power at their command, utilizing, the political and economic crisis produced by the war, in an effort to arouse the discontent of the people so as to hasten the abolition of the rule of the capitalist class."

ALL OF the State Secretaries who have contributed in this symposium unanimously agree that there is something wrong with the Socialist party. Most of them differ with respect to the nature of this wrong and the method desired to correct it. Is this wrong a superficial one? Or is it one that requires a revolutionary overhauling of our party tactics? Many say that the Socialist party does not represent the working class. Does it?

The weakest thing about the capitalist system is the small number in the master class. It is absolutely foolish to try to impose our theories, while we are the insignificant minority, upon the master class. They will not do as we could do it through some other organization. Let the Socialist party use every effort to get members, to educate them, and to end capitalism by carrying elections, making laws and putting capitalists out of business, once for all, by inaugurating socialism.

South Dakota dues last year averaged some $50 per month. In 1917, May, $81.20; June, $143.20; July, $170.95; August, $331.60. Not because of programs, but because of the class struggle becoming better understood.

GEORGE C. PORTER, Ex-State Secretary, Nebraska Socialist Party

I WAS not in accord with the action of the majority at the St. Louis convention or the approval of that report later by the membership. The question appealed to me to be of such far reaching importance as would not justify compromise on my part. For two months after the convention I remained in the party thinking that possibly that course might be justified in view of my own position being known as it was. Local differences of a logical development from the majority plan obliged me to either support the action of the majority or leave the party. My personal view was then and is now that this division makes the central thing of the Socialist party organization a question as to its attitude on the war, while the correct attitude, as I view it, would have been to rally the working force of the nation to the support of the nation, but to insist that the war should be in reality a war for democracy and that as means to that end, our organized energy be extended largely in seeing that the wealth of the nation should pay the bill on no more favorable basis than that given to workers in fighting the nation's battles.

As I view things, the Socialist party's attitude would if successful, divide the workers in two hostile camps and allow the shirkers a free hand to loot the nation. For this reason, I resigned as state secretary in June, left the party and have joined the Social Democratic league, and am now working with others for an alliance of all the real progressive groups throughout the nation.

C. B. LANE, Ex-Secretary, Socialist Party of Arizona

IF THE Socialist party is ever to become a power to be used in the interests of labor, it must maintain a clear and distinct policy, and not lose its identity in the conglomeration of reform movements that is so attractive. My faith in the efficacy of appealing to the reason of the working classes to vote themselves out of bondage has undergone some serious shakings the last two years. We seem to be getting further along in a year by the exigencies of militarism than by a decade of agitation by socialists.

Let us be less enthusiastic about our program of immediate demands. The people are at present taking a lasting lesson in socialism, given them by the experiences encountered in the world-war. When capitalism has bled itself white by war, the people will automatically accept socialism without the necessity of holding an election to demand it. The function of the Socialist party then will be only to point the way to democratic management.

The greatest work before the party today is the encouragement of co-operative enterprises so that the working classes may secure an education in the management of industry. In this manner, when the opportunity arises, socialists will be able to lead the way in the actual work of socialization.

THOMAS W. WILLIAMS, State Secretary, Socialist Party, California

THE Socialist party must abandon its program of negation, discard the swaddling clothes of party infancy and enter the world's conflict with a constructive program and a positive message.

Political mud-slinging has had its day. A "ferninst the government" policy in the United States is suicidal. The people are the government.

We should stand squarely on the declaration of rights enunciated in the Declaration of Iedependence and affirmatively proclaim the right of free speech, free press and peaceable assembly vouchsafed in the United States constitution.

Dissipate prejudice and disarm opposition by contending for constitutional law. Force the enemy on the defensive.

This extreme anti-war program and anti-draft agitation

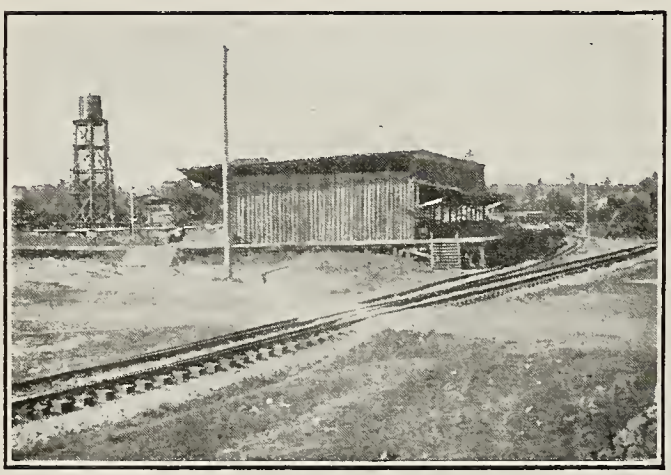
(Continued on Page 19)

Hotel building on the Colony at Louisiana. It is well built and comfortable and has eighteen rooms. Guests can be comfortably housed.

Office building acquired by the co with There are six rooms in it and a g can be handled in a businesslike

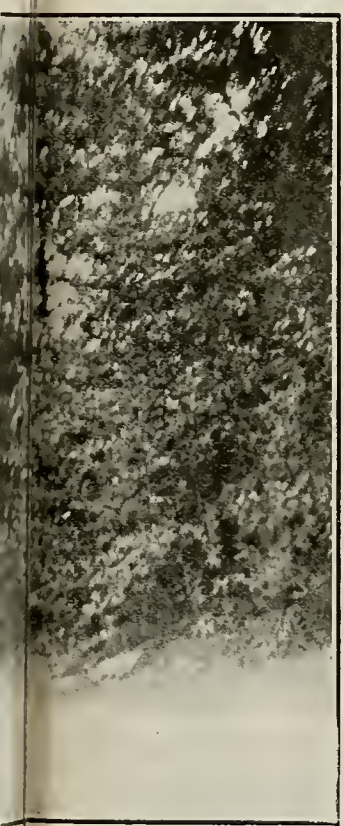
Another of the warehouses purchased with the Colony's Louisiana Plantation which can be used as a warehouse or torn down and the lumber used for building.

Woodland scene on Colony l the L general scenery is said to much sylvania. Many thousands of doll



Smallest warehouse on the Louisiana Plantation. Note the railroad and the switch in front. Tank and waterworks in rear.

ny with the Louisiana Plantation. safe is already installed. Business ner there.



of the Louisiana Plantation. The mble that of the woods of Pennorth of timber are on this property.

Colony store, with postoffice in connection. This will be operated in a manner similar to the one at Llano, California.

Concrete driers which came with the Louisiana Plantation. Photo taken from interior of large warehouse. These driers can be used for fruit and lumber driers.

One of the big warehouses purchased with Louisiana Plantation. It will save a vast amount of labor and contains much lumber.

Was Schmidt Guilty?

[This is the seventh installment of Comrade Job Harriman's address in the trial of the Los Angeles dynamiting cases.]

WHETHER the eastern or the western method is correct, is not for me to say. I was involved in the Los Angeles movement; I know its character and the methods pursued; and I know that violence was not indulged in nor encouraged; but that we had made up our minds to capture the powers of government by the ballot and to conduct our fight to the end along such lines. To that end and along those lines three hundred thousand dollars was spent.

During the four years fight in the East only eighteen thousand dollars was spent in their campaign of violence, if the evidence of the State is correct. A much cheaper campaign than was that in Los Angeles.

This eighteen thousand dollars according to the State's evidence was paid to Ryan, Hockin, J. J. McNamara and Webb with J. B. McNamara and McManigal in the field. We have no way to contradict this evidence. We have no money to bring witnesses from the East. The state has had according to our best information, over a hundred thousand dollars. This defendant has had only such amounts as his friends could raise. It has been a poverty trial from the beginning. The prosecution has had all the money it wanted. The defense has not had one quarter as much as it absolutely needed. We therefore have no means to bring the evidence to contradict the testimony concerning the character of the eastern movement.

Suppose, however, the eastern campaign was one of violence. Are each of you sure that you would not have acted as the McNamaras did, had you been confronted with the same conditions? Was not that a war in fact? What is it one will not do for his life? Was the life of the organization not at stake? Were the wages of the men not dependent upon the power of the organization? Suppose you were in such a fight and the comfort of your family and of thousands of other families were at stake, and a billion dollar company was making war upon you with the determined purpose of breaking your organization and forcing your wages down, would you strike back? If so, how hard would you strike, and what would you strike with? Whether you endorse their course or not one should at least be charitable when he meets with such conditions.

Whatever may be your opinion of the eastern policy there can be but one opinion as to the policy in the Los Angeles strike of 1910.

There was one fact that stood out in bold relief and that fact was this. A four years' campaign in the East cost only eighteen thousand dollars. A six months' campaign in Los Angeles cost the vast sum of three hundred thousand dollars.

In the East there were a number of explosions destroying a vast amount of property. In the West there was no violence whatever until one of the eastern men came, bringing his munitions of war with him, and did the work, if the disaster was caused by that means. The western movement was not connected with the eastern movement and was not familiar with its method.

There is not one word of evidence to show that the men in Los Angeles were connected with the eastern campaign, but all the facts show that their policies were altogether different.

The labor movement had practically captured the city of San Francisco and had made up its mind to capture the city of Los Angeles. Their political and industrial campaign was being conducted with energy and intelligence. Great numbers were being gathered to the unions and the political organizations. The power was appalling and the victory was certain. You will remember that fifty thousand votes were cast for the labor movement. The slogan was Los Angeles first and Sacramento next. Every one knows that the powers of government were practically in their grasp and that such movements are not violent but peaceable, not destructive but constructive in their methods. The hope of the movement was never stronger than in that day and the despair of the enemy was never greater. The evidence showed that three hundred thousand dollars was spent in that strike and in the development of that great movement. That this money was paid to those who are locked out and to the strikers in sums of seven dollars a week. With this small pittance the men bought the food, clothing and shelter for themselves and families and entered into the struggle, with a determination and enthusiasm to build up their unions and capture the city, that had never been equalled in any labor struggle in America.

In the face of this fact the prosecution made a futile effort to trace a thousand dollars from J. J. McNamara to O. A. Tveitmoe. It is true that a check for that amount was sent by McNamara to O. A. Tveitmoe, but the check was endorsed by Gilson, Mr. Tveitmoe's secretary, and deposited in the strike funds and forwarded with other money to Los Angeles and accounted for in the disbursements to the strikers at seven dollars a week. This was the only remaining link with which they endeavored to connect the western strike with the eastern struggle. There was absolutely no foundation in fact for such a theory and it was explained so satisfactorily that the prosecution did not again refer to it.

Not only did the strike committee receive one thousand dollars from McNamara's organization but it received similar sums and oftimes much more from almost all the other international unions in the country. This fact forces us to the conclusion that if the McNamaras were involved in the Times disaster they did it on their own responsibility and entirely without the knowledge or consent of the strike committee who manage the Los Angeles strike.

You men live in this community and so do I. I know what the policy of the struggle was, and I am proud of it. If tomorrow the same situation were present I would enter the struggle again. Never in my life have I seen such self sacrifice and such profound devotion to a cause as I saw in that terrible struggle. Those who work only for fees and who will not work unless the fees are forthcoming, cannot understand the capable men who go into a movement and devote their lives to its interests for a meager consideration.

I am not saying that the spirit of our friend from Indianapolis is vicious; but I do say that he neither knows the movement nor understands the spirit, the hearts or the minds of those involved in the struggle. He speaks of the three hundred thousand dollars as though it were a tremendous sum. He forgets that it fed thousands of men for many months and supported a tremendous campaign. He forgets that he has received five thousand dollars for only three months work in this case.

Mr. Noel—"I haven't got it yet.'

Mr. Harriman—"Well I hope you will never get it for you certainly have not earned it. You see Mr. Noel, it depends upon whose ox is being gored. The sum of money spent in

the Los Angeles strike was three hundred thousand dollars. Only a few hundred dollars would have been necessary for a campaign of violence. Is it not evident that the methods pursued were peaceful and constructive?

It is true the reasons for the strike were the same. The interests out of which both struggles arose were the same. They are the same in all strikes. In both cases the unions were on one side and the Erectors association were on the other. They locked the men out in the East and they locked them out here. They were fighting for higher wages there and they were fighting for higher wages here. Wages and hours define the battle line in every labor struggle.

Mr. Noel refers to this fact with a sneer and asks what was gained.

What was gained? A complete victory was gained and it was worth all it cost in pain and suffering. Before the strike the union men worked ten hours a day for two dollars and twenty five cents. Now they work nine hours a day for four dollars and fifty cents. That is what was gained. One hundred per cent raise in wages and one hour less work is the victory that was won. Do you think it was not worth the fight? Ask the men who fought the fight. Ask their wives and their children. They will tell you better than I what a world of difference there is in such a raise in wages. Twelve dollars a week would scarcely clothe and feed them, but twenty five dollars brings the comforts of life and with it the possibilities of education, of culture and of refinement.

I saw the terrible fight and though I was not one of the strikers, yet I feel that I was one of them, and if it were necessary I would go through it again to gain as much. You will remember that the merchants and manufacturers were on one side with all their social, political, and economic influence, while the unions, in the beginning stood practically alone. The merchants and manufacturers were in control of the city government. They controlled the city government and knew how to use the city courts to their advantage.

This is no guess nor mere assertion. With these facts I am more familiar than is our friend from Indianapolis. Let me read to you an ordinance that was passed during that strike and you will see the cloven hoof and the fiendish purpose of those by whom it was enacted.

Before this ordinance was passed it was argued night after night before the city council. The representatives of the labor organizations were on the one side and the attorney for the merchants and manufacturers, Earl Rogers, who also acted for them before the grand jury, was on the other.

They were losing ground rapidly and the unions were as rapidly gaining. Every thing had been peaceable up to that time, and the union men felt that their victory was certain. The notorious anti-picketing ordinance brought on the crisis. With it the courts and the police force of the city were converted into an engine in favor of the merchants and the manufacturers.

Night after night the argument proceeded but from the beginning the entire council sat in the balance on the side of the merchants and manufacturers. Every night, yes, every minute spent in argument before them was absolutely wasted. The ordinance was passed as an emergency ordinance. There was no emergency except to retrieve the losses of the merchants and manufacturrs. They knew what a failure meant. They knew well enough what it meant to pay four dollars and fifty cents a day for nine hours, instead of two dollars and twenty five cents for ten hours work. They saw the stream of wealth being diverted from their coffers to the pockets of the producers. There is no use of closing our eyes to this fact. This strike like all strikes arose over wages and hours. The conflict of interest was the cause of that class war, as it is always the cause.

The fight was started by the merchants and manufacturers. They locked the men out. They refused to confer. They said we have nothing to arbitrate. The fight is on. We offered to put the negotiations in evidence, but the letters and proposed contracts were ruled out. I cannot therefore, state the terms to you. I am not permitted to tell you how fair the terms were that the union men proposed. But I am permitted to read an ordinance fraught with the most villainous consequences of any law that ever stained the pages of our legal lore.

Upon the passage of this ordinance the courts became instruments in their hands. The police power was at their command. The state law, the state militia, and standing army were all ready to enforce this little apparently insignificant ordinance. With the powers of the city government in their hands, they confronted the union men, not only with their own power, but also with the power of the city, the state and the nation.

Up to the time the ordinance was passed, there had been no violence whatsoever. The men on the picket line were urging the non-union men to quit work, or not to take their places, and to join the union. The success with which they were meeting is best told by the ordinance which I will now read to you.

This ordinance was so construed that any conversation between a union and a non-union man, within the city limits, even though two miles from the place of employment, was held to be in the vicinity of the shop and therefore a violation of the ordinance. I tried many of the cases and I know that this was the construction put upon the law.

Immediately upon the passage of the law, over four hundred men were arrested. The jails were full to overflowing.

["Was Schmidt Guilty" began in the May issue. Back numbers ten cents a copy.]

Making Socialism a Power

(Continued from Page 15)

has borne its fruit. It has well-nigh throttled the entire party activity. It has brought the party nowhere except in jail, with a suppressed press, raided headquarters and outlawed propaganda. The party is exactly where some of us predicted it would be when it adopted the St. Louis program. Most of the energy of the national office at the present time is taken up in disavowing the intent of the resolution on war and militarism.

Cease to feed on misfortune or rejoice in unequal conflict with capitalistic intrigue. Become leaders in the world activities, not barking Nice dog.

The ascendency of class is not the goal of Socialism. "Abolition of class' must be its watchword. "Struggle for place and power" must give way before the slogan "abolition of privilege."

Cease to deal with effects and institute cause. Build the new order and the old will pass away.

Given capitalism and the selective draft law is legitimate. Granted the profit system and war is justifiable.

The remedy for war is not anti-war, anti-government agitation but the enactment of laws which will abolish the cause of war. The cure for the compulsory draft is not individual resistance but the abolition of capitalism.

Here in California we are trying to outline a propaganda along these lines. Cameron H. King of San Francisco has drafted a proportional representation election law which is now in the hands, of the printer. It will be in circulation shortly to place same on the ballot next year. Under this measure groups will have representation in the

(Continued on Page 28)

The Story of A Night

By Mary Allen

Written Specially For the Western Comrade. Those Copying Please Give Credit.

THIS IS the story of a memorable night, lived by Joan and Peter and faithfully recorded next day in the diary of Joan.

The feeling came over me a little while before we reached our first camp. For weeks and weeks I had been dreaming of this trip with Peter, and now with my dream come true the strangest, gauntest, lonesomest, sickest feeling came over me—I couldn't tell whether it was in my heart or my stomach!

It grew worse and worse. I thought the long, dark shadows which were creeping up the side of the mountains might have something to do with it, or the deep silence of the woods. Not a sound could be heard, except the murmur of the pine trees as they swayed softly back and forth, and the beat, beat, of our horses hoofs as they plodded up the trail. All day we had been winding up, up, from the valley into the hills and the thick of madrone and live oak trees, then on until the trail was almost invisible on the carpet of pine needles. Peter had arranged the whole journey, our departure from San Francisco the day before, our night at Duos Rios ranch with Peter's old friends, our marriage in the early morning at the ranch house which now lay so far below us, and this our horseback trip into the heart of the San Hedrin mountains. How happy I had been! How lightly, how gladly I had left all behind to go with Peter! And now as we wound upward Peter said,

"It's almost time to make camp." And the shadows tremendously long and the murmur of the pines more audible, and the air took on the chilliness of a mountain evening, and then——something went wrong inside of me. My gladness fluttered out like a candle.

The trail made a sharp turn and we were wrapped by the darkening shadow.

"Here's a bully camping spot," Peter said. "This is far enough for one day's trip, little partner."

I started to dismount and Peter reached up and pulled me from the horse and held me a moment before setting me on my feet. And in that moment my strange sensations took a perfectly definite turn. I knew exactly what was the matter with me.

I hated Peter.

I hated Peter!

Yes, it was as bad as that. Not only did I no longer love him—I HATED him!

And here I was—trapped! Married! Alone!

Right then I began planning a divorce. And my people are Episcopalians, too. So that shows to what a pass I had come. But I could not be divorced here. And in the meantime——

Oh, why, why, had I ever married? And what was I to do? How could a girl's nature so change in a few hours? To love a man in the morning and hate him in the evening! There was only one answer. I was a poor, base, fickle excuse of a woman!

All this flashed through my mind in the short space it took for Peter to lift me from the horse. Then he stooped to kiss me. I squirmed from his grasp. Peter looked at me in astonishment.

"Right, O," he said slowly, and started to turn away. I could not look up. My lips were beginning to quiver.

Peter hesitated and I could feel him looking me through and through. Finally he spoke in a cheerful, matter-of-fact voice.

"I'll get supper tonight." He turned to the pack-horse and began to unload our camp supplies. "You can begin learning to cook in the morning." I had told him that I wanted to commence that part right away, as I am very inexperienced.

There was something so comforting and practical about Peter as he busied himself unsaddling the horses, whistling in the meantime, that I almost stopped hating him. The horses attended to, he began gathering together a pile of logs. It was the first night I had ever spent in the open and I felt very awkward as I tried to be useful, but Peter said I would learn in a night or so.

When he began to get supper the load came back and rested still more heavily on my heart. It was quite dark now save for the glow of the logs in the great fire. While he was busy at one end of the fire placing the coffee pot in a bed of coals, I crept softly away.

When I came back in my load was heavier still.

For now it rested upon my conscience as well as my heart. What would Peter say when he found out?

"Dinner is served, Madame," Peter announced flourishing a long spoon.

I sat down cross-legged in the firelight, on one side of the box which served as our table. I don't know what we had to eat. It did not impress itself upon my mind.

"Aren't you going to brag on the cook?" Peter said in an injured tone.

"Everything's fine," I managed to say feebly. I saw his sharp eyes upon me and I choked down a bite of something. After that I pretended to eat while all the time I slyly threw what food I could behind me. I suppose I used poor judgment, for the next thing Peter said was,

"Are you sure you're masticating your food properly, Joan? I know this air is bracing, but the fourth slice of bread in three minutes—really now—"

Did he know? And was he poking fun at me? He looked very sober, but you can't always tell about Peter. Sometimes he calls me Miss Slow—no, Mrs. Slow.

He had not tried to kiss me again, but he was very cheerful. He washed the dishes and I dried them. Then he started for the bundle of bedding to arrange it for the night. He was whistling when he started. The whistle stopped short for a few minutes. Then it started again, this time higher and a trifle louder. He came back to where I was sitting. I was as cold as ice. He sat down by me and took my hand.

"Which one is intended for me, Joan?" he asked.

I could not speak, just pointed.

"Well, you've made them all wrong," he said. "Come, I'll show you. You should have put more blankets underneath, and in dividing them you have been too generous with me. I'm used to sleeping out."

He rearranged the blankets. "There. That's better. Now let's sit by the campfire awhile."

All my love came welling and surging back. It was most remarkable! I looked around at the trees, standing like guard beyond the flickering firelight and at the stars shining down with their beautiful friendly light and I wondered how I could have thought the forest lonely. For now it seemed as though it would wrap me in its very arms. Wildly, madly happy, and very contrite, I wanted to nestle close, close to Peter and tell him all about it.

"Peter," it finally came out, "there's something I feel I ought to tell you."

"Yes?" he said.

"Something strange and terrible happened to me this evening.

"Yes?" he said again.

"For awhile I thought I didn't love you!"

"That was queer."

"I—I—Peter, I thought I hated you!"

"As bad as that?"

"Yes. I have to tell it all. I made up my mind to get a divorce!"

"So soon?"

"Yes. What could have been the matter with me?"

"An aggravated case of faminine psychology perhaps, found most often among Anglo-Saxons."

"What?'

"We dont care what was the matter as long as you got over it. See the picture in the fire, Joan."

After that our wedding evening was just as I had dreampt it.

When I had gone to bed, Peter came and tucked me in and sat by me awhile longer. Finally he said good-night and turned to go. There was something very dreary looking about his back.

"Peter! "I called after him. He turned quickly.

"Come close, Peter. I haven't hurt your feelings, have I?"

"Not a bit."

"You must understand, Peter—you must see— it's this way—" I was quite breathless, so I swallowed and started again. "You see, I've never been married before—and it goes kind of hard with a girl!"

"I see," he answered. "And I've never been married before—and it goes kind of hard with a fellow! So we'll just do the best we can, and I'm pretty sure it will all come out right."

"I'll—do—just—as—you—say, Peter" I whispered. "I love you that much."

"Well, then, just be yourself. And don't worry. Now go to sleep. You'll find the ground pretty hard first night out, but you'll get used to it."

So once more we said good-night.

I could barely see Peter lying in the flickering light of the fire. He was so still I thought he had gone right to sleep. Suddenly he gave a toss.

"Joan!" he called.

"Yes, Peter!"

"I just wanted to say that of all the unnatural, abnormal, perverted, creatures on the face of the earth, there's nothing to equal a dear, sweet, innocent girl! I just wanted to say that!"

"Yes, Peter," I said meekly.

"I'm going to bring up my daughters differently!"

"Yes, Peter," I said again.

After that he went right to sleep.

But for a long time I would not go to sleep. I wanted to live over the day and have waking dreams of the future. Gradually I grew drowsy. The soft rustling and cracklings outside the magic circle of our fire, the fall of the embers from the burning logs, the murmur of the pine trees, the comfortable munch, munch of the horses, soothed and lulled me into a state, half-sleep, half a strange, waking ecstacy. The tree tops swaying so gently seemed to be whispering friendly things, nice little secrets meant just for me. They seemed to creep softly down close to me and whisper, whisper, as if they had something very special that they wanted me to know. But they could not make me understand. They tried and tried but their language was different from mine and they could not make me understand. So they went sadly away, and I woke to find myself whispering "Don't go! Please don't go!" before I realized it was only a fantastic dream.

At first I could not recall where I was. Then it came back to me that Peter and I were married. Yes, there was Peter, rolled up in his blankets sound asleep! How wonderful, how deliciously wonderful, to have Peter sleeping so near me! Always it would be like this. I would wake to find Peter!

But I must sleep or I would not be rested for our trip tomorrow! Five days we were to be on our journey, camping in a different spot every night. I settled down in the blankets and closed my eyes. But there was a rock or little lump of dirt, or pine cone under my hip which kept getting larger and larger. I turned over and was quite comfortable for about five minutes. Then another lump sprang up like a mushroom against my shoulder blade. I moved again only to find another lump. It was strange. The ground with its thick covering of pine needles had looked so soft the evening before.

"It's an enchanted forest," I thought, drowsily, "and I have made my bed on some fairy's play-ground. She's getting revenge."

Then I became conscious of something else. The cold was creeping into my blankets. It was not an honest, gentlemanly, cold; it was a sly, sneaking, thief of a chill that came crawling out of the ground, stealing around my body and into my bones.

I curled myself into a little ball, but it did not help. I stretched out straight and that was worse. I quickly curled up again.

He didn't know I was uncomfortable. I wished I knew more about husbands. What were they like when wakened suddenly in the middle of the night? Of course, ordinarily Peter is the kindest, best fellow in the world; but, after all that didn't prove everything! We had a dog once who was very good natured, but he would snap like anything if disturbed when sleeping! Not meaning of course that Peter would snap! I shuddered and felt ashamed of my revolting comparison. But it showed that I couldn't tell just what Peter might do before he became thoroughly awake. I loved Peter—anything, anything he might do now would not keep me from loving him. But I would not waken him and tell him I was cold and miserable.

Then a happy thought struck me. I would slide my bed closer to the fire. Perhaps the ground would not be so hard and uneven there and I could get warm.

I crept out of bed very cautiously and moved the blankets so that my feet would be close to the big red log. Then I rolled the blankets about me once more.

Yes, it was much more comfortable. It was just like having a hot water bottle against my feet. I dozed off.

I woke with a start. My feet were down-right hot!

Gracious heaven! My blankets were on fire!

I jumped up and managed to smother the flames by rolling the top of the blankets over onto the burning edge. I moved with the greatest care in spite of my excitement. My blankets were ruins.

Now what should I do? Peter was selfish to lie there so comfortably while I was suffering!

Well, maybe I could manage. I'm not very long, and there was a piece of blanket that seemed to be free from burns. As I crept in and tried to wrap it around me, I hoped it wasn't smutty. But I had to risk that. There were worse things than a little smut! I crawled down to make it cover my shoulders, and my feet stuck out. I crawled up a little and my shoulders stuck out. It was like the games I used to play—sometimes my feet were "it," sometimes my head. Wedding trips were frightful things! I would never take another!

I was shivering by this time and intensely miserable. How warm and comfortable Peter looked! He was selfish. He

(Continued on Page 28)

The People's Council

What It Is and What It Stands For! By Scott Nearing, Chairman.

WHAT IT IS

THE People's Council movement is a local, national and international federation of the forces that are working for democracy and peace. It arose out of the crisis that came with the great war; it has played a leading part in the establishment of the Russian Republic; it is active in England and France; it has gained a firm foothold in the United States notwithstanding the efforts made by the forces of reaction to destroy it.

The People's Council is growing in spite of the immense odds arrayed against it. The Council was prevented by the authorities in three states from holding a full convention during the first week of September, 1917; nevertheless it completed an organization. The Council has been denied the use of the mails, except for first class matter; nevertheless its message is being scattered broadcast by zealous men and women in all parts of the country. Every mouthpiece of privilege, vested wrong and reaction has reviled and denounced us; nevertheless the choicest spirits of the country are joining our ranks.

The movement is growing; growing rapidly; growing because it is getting the support of the leading liberal and radical elements of the country; growing because it has a message to deliver and a work to do for the people of America and of the world.

WHAT IT STANDS FOR

Its object—political and industrial democracy. The People's council is one among many organizations that is working toward "equal opportunity for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and therefore toward the extermination of special privilege by means of the public control of all public business, economic as well as political.

Its purpose— united action. The People's council differs from many organizations that are working for the same objects, in that its purpose is to secure united action among the champions of progress by providing a common meeting ground for all of the liberal and radical forces in American life, and through our relations with similar movements in Russia, England, France and other foreign countries, to make common cause with the forward-looking people of the world.

The forces of reaction are tied together in a world-wide organization. If the forces of progress are to win, they too must have the strength that comes only with united effort.

Liberals and radicals differ in theory and differ in method, yet there are many things like the maintenance of free speech and a free press; making wealth pay for the war; freeing the land for the people; democratizing industry; and maintaining social and economic justice, upon which all liberals and radicals agree. It is the purpose of the People's council to discover these points of agreement, and to unite the forces behind a program that will realize them in the life of the community.

Its policy—a minimum program. The People's council will not be a partisan organization. It will aim to establish a common meeting-place for the liberal and radical partisans of the country. The Council expects to have in every community, a local People's council; in each state a state council, and for the country, a national council, composed, respectively, of the representations from all of the liberal and radical forces in the community. The Council proposes that these delegates shall meet locally and nationally, and work out a statement of the local or national issues upon which they can agree. The statement of common issues, when it is made, will provide a minimum working program upon which the liberals and radicals can unite their forces, stand together and fight the issues to a successful conclusion.

Each of the organizations sending delegates to the People's council will, of course, carry on its own work in its own way, but all will unite in working for the common minimum program upon which all have agreed.

Its next move—organization. For the immediate present, we propose four lines of activity,—

(a) We are circulating hundreds of thousands of the "Referendum Peace Delegates Ballot". Advise the national office how many of these ballots you can use to advantage and we shall send them to you.

(b) We have opened a Washington office and propose to assemble there, at the earliest possible moment, a strong working body from the organizations constituting the People's council.

(c) We must send a delegation or mission to Russia, England and France with instructions to establish co-operative relations with the Workmen's and People's councils in those countries.

(d) We must push the work of organizing local councils with the idea of having 1,000 local councils established before the congressional election in November, 1918.

If there is a local council in your town, join it. If there is no local council, organize one. A letter to the Organizing Secretary, addressed to the national office will bring you suggestions and literature.

Beginning with first of the year, all local councils in good standing will pay to the national office a pro rata yearly assessment for the work of the national office. Until that democratic plan of finance is operative, the People's council needs ten thousand men and women who are sufficiently interested in its work to pay $1 down and pledge a dollar a month for ten months.

If the fight which the People's council is making for democracy and peace is worth twenty five cents a week, every reader of the Western Comrade will send his name and his dollar to the national office, 138 West 13th street, New York City.

The Challenge of the Tillers

Ye say to us, 'tis we who feed the world:
Ye give us loud enjoining of our task;
Ye scruple not the boon of boons to ask—
Our toil's allegiance to a flag unfurled.
Hear then our cry, in righteous anger hurled
Upon the easeful ones who blink and bask
Within the halls of greed, who wear the mask
Of truth, yet are as waiting adders curled:
How shall we serve if ye possess the land?
How long shall we be herded like the kine
With mete and bound and harsh dividing line?
Without the soil, what use the willing hand?
If then your words be aught but mouthings vain,
Restore our rightful heritage again!

—Richard Warner Borst.

The Principles of Money

By Clinton Bancroft

Written Specially For the Western Comrade. Those Copying Please Give Credit.

ISSUING mediums of exchange is properly a government function. But as the full exercise of that function is essential to the industrial welfare of a community, in so far as the government fails to perform it, the individuals of the community are frequently forced to resort to more or less effective methods of performing it for themselves; and as the function is best performed socially, there is always manifested a tendency among individuals to associate themselves together for the purpose of performing it. Banking corporations, stock exchanges, boards of trade, clearing houses, labor exchanges, are all evidences of this tendency on the part of individuals to get together and handle in an associate way, and place the associate stamp of genuineness upon bills, notes, stocks, bonds, certificates and other representatives of value issued by the individual. But the result of such individual or associated effort at performing a government function can never equal the results of government effort. That is, other things being equal, any representative of value which the government has stampted as genuine and approved must always exceed so stamped by private individuals or corporations, when all purposes are considered. But for very many purposes that stamped by the latter may be as commercially useful and valuable as that stamped by the government.

These principles are stated for the purpose of emphasizing the fact that the banks of the co-operative banking commonwealth in establishing a new system of responsible banking and exchange are only conforming to a commercial and industrial necessity that is being forced upon them as it is upon other industrial and commercial bodies by the failure of the government to do what it ought to do. They will issue their media of exchange protecting for the reasons given, that they ought not to be compelled to exercise such a function and declaring that their only purpose in doing so is to supplement, so far as they can, the insufficient volume of government medium; and the methods they will adopt of supplementing the insufficient supply of government money is again simply to do what the government ought, but has failed to do, namely,, to furnish the people opportunities for mediumizing the real values they may possess.

To understand why the government should be the only issuer of money, it is necessary to understand the principles upon which the money of the future will be based. These principles are two in number and simple in statement. The first, is that money should be solely and only a representative of value, not a value itself, and therefore in no true sense a measure of value. It should represent only. It should stand for, it should reflect, it should represent value, but it should possess none. If it possesses value in itself it is a commodity and the transaction in which it is used is a barter and not a sale. If it possesses value it can not be money; it can never be aught but a commodity, and its commercial use never anything but barter. All the conventions and agreements from Adam to the Millenium, and all the government stamps of the world can never make money out of a commodity. It may be called money, and it may be used to facilitate exchanges; but its commodity character, its intrinsic value, forever prevents its becoming money. It is a circulating barter, a current commodity, but not money. Its circulating, representative value is forever mingled and confused with its intrinsic value. It thus becomes a measure of value and a measure that is false and vicious because no one can tell how far its circulating value and how far its commodity value is operating its meaurements. Measuring value is no proper function of money; that which it represents may do so, but money may not except in such representative capacity. Money can only represent value, nothing more and nothing less than that. This principle cuts out of the definition of money everything that possesses value in itself.

The second principle declares that the sole and only function of money is to identify the ownership of value. But in performing that function it follows ownership, and in following ownership it becomes a medium for exchanging among men the ownership of values. This last, a result of its function, has come to be popularly regarded as the function itself. There are critics who uphold that popular error, and maintain that the purpose of the function has been mistaken for the function itself; that the function of money is to serve as a medium of exchange, and that the purpose of that function is to identify ownership. But as this article aims only at establishing the principle that the purpose of money is to identify the ownership of value, it- matters not whether they call its doing so the function or the purpose of the function. This second principle, that the primary function of money is to identify the ownership of values, and therefore becomes a medium for exchanging those values, directly depends upon and flows from the the first principle laid down—that money is simply and solely a representative of value; for if money simply represents value, then its natural purpose would seem to be to represent that value to some one and thus identify the ownership of that value. Upon these two principles the money of the future will be based, and upon them the banking system of the co-operative commonwealth will be built so far as circumstances and conditions will permit. To establish the soundness of these principles it is only necessary to trace the history of the birth and growth of money. Let us look at that a moment.

> THE SOLE and only function of money is to identify the ownership of value. In performing that function it follows ownership, and it becomes a medium for exchanging among men the ownership of values. This last, a result of its function, has come to be popularly regarded as the function itself. The banking system of the co-operative commonwealth will be based purely on the natural tendency of money to represent value.

The ownership of value can be identified in two ways only, by its legal, actual possession, or by the legal possession of that which represents it. In ancient times the former method was practically the only method. Actual, lawful possession was necessary to identify ownership. He who wished to establish his legal ownership to things had to show actual, legal possession. It was not a very satisfactory method, for legal possession in those rude times was not always easy to hold nor easy to prove; but it was the only way they knew and they had to conform to it. If men wished to exchange with each other ownership of things of value, they could only do so by a witnessed exchange of actual possession. Whether these things were chattels or land made

(Continued on Page 29)

Current Problems

By Walter Thomas Mills

A Game of Chance for the Chance to Live

(Written Specially for Western Comrade.)

IT HAS been seen in the previous articles that only by the union of the trades-unionists, the co-operators, the farmers and the Socialists, is there a possibility of deliverance for the workers.

It has also been seen that in this struggle for deliverance as in the daily task of making a living, the work of organization and management is the greatest task of all.

The question this time is: How can effective organization and management be secured in this struggle for deliverance?

Just recently the State Federation of Labor, the co-operative societies and the farmers' organizations of the State of California met in conference. The purpose of the conference was to consider what public measures all of these organizations could unite in supporting and to create a joint body to undertake the furtherance of the measures agreed upon.

The conference was representative of all these interests and the State Federation of Labor interrupted its regular annual meeting to provide the time and place for its proceedings.

A joint committee of twelve from each of these groups, that from the trades unions, the coo-perative societies and the farmers' unions, was appointed.

The committee will meet at an early day and adopt such measures as all can agree to support and it is confidently believed that whatever measures these three committees can agree on will be instantly adopted and supported by the Socialists of California.

With this union of interests there can be but one outcome. The useful people of California will take over the management of affairs in their own behalf.

THE Socialists of California have ceased to argue that they are the political representatives of the working class and have created a form of state organization which can be nothing else than a party of the workers and which will need no resolutions to make it such.

At the same time this is going forward, it should be noticed that the Socialists of the State have ceased to argue that they are the representatives in politics of the working class and have created a form of state organization which can be nothing else than a part of the workers and which will need no resolutions to make it such.

Now, each of the nine great industrial or occupational groups in the State elected its own State organizer and these organizers at once become the only State Committee.

The State Committee just going out of office was made up of most capable and devoted comrades, but I am told that none of them were members of any trade union or other industrial or occupational organization.

The printers, the transport workers, the farmers, the building trades, the office employees, the miners and the factory workers are all represented by those who are members of their own trade organizations and the professional workers and the house wives are represented by persons of long years of service in the occupations which they represent.

The new committee of organizers is to meet soon and the most serious tasks before them are these two,—the party's activity in connection with the referendum measures to be supported in the next election, and the organization of the new committee work so that at the earliest possible moment there may be nine people in the State each with a Ford car and each giving his whole time and his best energies to the promotion of the particular economic interests of the group which has elected him and which group alone will have the power to instruct or recall.

The party now has two Ford machines, neither one of which is now in the party service.

The party has a membership of 2500. It has has a vote of 100,000. There ought to be a party membership of 10,000 straight away and of 25,000 before the next election. The additional Ford machines and the additional working force can at once make this party mean something in the economic battles of the future.

There must be harmony of action with the newly-organized joint committee of the trades unions, the co-operative societies and the farmers' organizations. But the action must not be simply harmonious. It must be effective.

What has all this to do with the "Game of Chance for a Chance in Life?"

Heretofore in all the great movements involving the opportunity to have and to use the means of life, these movements have all the time been more or less games of chance.

The grangers built a great farmers movement. It was disrupted by politicians who used their positions in the state to destroy very largely the efficiency of that organization in the work which it undertook at the beginning.

The Knights of Labor, with only a few years' run, while at its height accomplished more progressive things in behalf of labor than was ever accomplished before or since in so brief a period.

But the clash of interests, not at all economic in their character and having no rational place in a labor organization, tore that organization into shreds in the hour of its greatest possibilities.

The Populist party was primarily a farmers' movement. The Knights of labor, which had helped to create this party, went on the rocks and the Bryan Democrats took over the farmer cause to serve it with a single measure entirely temporary in its benefits had it been victorious. But it went to defeat and to disaster.

The Socialist Labor party commanded at one time the respect and the support of a very large and capable following, but the struggle between factions—neither one of which was representative of any great economic interest—made of the party a lingering group of dogmatic converts serving anything but the definite, immediate interests of any body of workers.

It may be that all this only fortells the probable outcome of

(Continued on Page 29)

Co-operation the World Over

Notes About the Chief Co-operatives Gleaned from Many Sources

The Socialist Exchange

The Socialist Exchange was established January 16, 1914 and is now finishing its third year. Its founders were all members of the Socialist party. The original idea in starting the organization was to establish a co-operative through which members could benefit both financially and in an educational way. Educationally, the institution has been an unqualified success.

In order to become a member of the Exchange, one must be a member of the Socialist party in good standing. A membership in the exchange costs $5.00, which amount is all that any one person may invest. There is no stock, no system of shares, no interest, no dividend and no wage. We are selling on a basis of ten per cent, all money over and above expenses going back into the business.

The store is open twice a week, on Wednesdays from seven to nine p. m., and on Saturdays from one to nine p. m. One manager and eight assistant-managers are regularly elected. Everybody must clerk. A schedule hangs in the store at all times which shows when and how long the respective members must work.

We do all our business by credit cards, no cash being handled. The goods come in denominations of $1, $2, $3, $5 and $10. The cards are consecutively numbered from one to so many thousands and each series has a different color. There is always an assistant manger at the desk who sell cards and who debits the cards as the customers bring in their bills always in duplicate. The system gives us a simple record of everything we do. We have but one book for our bookkeeping. The first item is for the credit-cards sold during the day; the second item is the bills paid; the third item is the sales to the members. This gives us a complete record of each days work.

When selling credit cards, the name of the purchaser, the number of the card and the amount purchased go down in the book.

Having to run a store in addition to the occupation of making a living is a rather strenuous job. Therefore, we had to simplify matters as much as possible.

We sell groceries, dry goods, furniture, carpets, rugs, and jewelry. In fact, we sell everything except shoes and hats. We have connections with large wholesale houses. We also sell coal in carload lots direct to the consumer. Three to five householders combine, order a car, get teams, and unload the car.

We have saved a good sum of money in that way.

We also have a tailor shop in which we make suits and overcoats to order. All of our clothing has the union label. We sell our clothes to everybody and especially to those living in the rural districts.

Our advertisement has appeared in the American Socialist

We are making the tailor clothes for the American Co-operative Association, which is the business department of the American Society of Equity, the big farmers' union.

I am now making arrangements with a large house to sell ready-made boys' and men's suits.

In the fall we buy potatoes in car lots and distribute them. We also sell apples and honey in large quantities, thereby saving ourselves money. In our by-laws, we have a provision whereby members can deposit money in the store in any amounts they wish. They cannot, however, draw out more than $5 a week unless they give the manager thirty days' notice. We also have a provision that when a member dies, all the profits that have accumulated through his purchases may be drawn out. By that I mean that if such purchases amounted to $400, according to the last inventory which has been taken, that amount in profits can be taken out. The same holds true if a member becomes sick or is out of work. The manager appoints a committee to investigate into all these conditions, and if the committee reports favorably, then the member secures his share of the profits.

In writing this, I do not wish to imply that our enterprise has been a brilliant success from the very beginning. It has not. People have not yet been educated to the point where they can appreciate the co-operative system of doing business. At times we become disheartened. But our membership at the present writing is staunch and tried and will stick.

Remember, that only members may buy in our store. In other words, it is a closed shop.

F. G. HACHENBERGER, Manager,
Machinist Local, No. 478

Pick Your Manager

It is a peculiar and significant fact that nearly all the co-operative stores that have failed within the vicinity of New York during the past three years were organized and managed by experienced business men. One of the most miserable failures was that of a store under the management of a high-priced professional buyer.—Co-operative League of America.

Association a Power

Association is the master word of modern days; it is the key to efficiency, power and equality.

Corporations are associations of capital for its profit; labor unions are associations for the profit of its members; co-operative associations are for the profit of all the people who choose to associate.

Co-operative associations for business economize cost, prevent sharp practice, assure honest goods and weights. There is no private profit in co-opeartive business—therefore no temptation to be unscrupulous The people own the business and, strangely enough, refuse to cheat themselves. The members elect their directors and the latter employ the help to do the work as the stockholders and directors in a bank do. There is this difference, however: The officers in a bank make all the money they can and pay it as dividends on the stock; the managers of a co-operative association sell as cheaply as possible, turn the profit to the customer, and give the stockholder only the interest.

When co-operation becomes general, there will be no great private fortunes, no involuntary poverty, no international trade rivalry, and, therefore, no war. Co-operation will turn the economic and social intrests of the world into the channels of peace and good-will.—The Nelson Co-operative Association, New Orleans, Louisiana.

Results Abroad

Co-operation has paid in other countries. The movement began in England when twenty-eight poor weavers of Rochdale started a store of their own with a capital of $140. They found that by being their own merchants, selling to themselves and distributing profits among themselves, they could save money which had formerly gone into others' pockets. Co-operation was proved practical, and its influence extended rapidly. To day there are more than 4000 co-operative societies in Great Britain alone, with 2,700,000 members. These with their families represent 8,000,000 persons. In 1912, these societies did a business of more than half a billion dollars, returning to members profits of $60,000,000 or more then ten per cent on their purchases.—New England Co-operative Society.

The Co-operative League of America

The Technical Advisory Board of the Co-operative League of America, Educational Building, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City, is composed of experts in every department of Consumers' Co-operation, and is representative of all parts of the country. A request to the office of the League will bring to individuals and societies the best obtainable advice in regard to particular problems. In the interest of Co-operation you are invited to utilize this opportunity.

BUY A SAMPLE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

ISSUES & EVENTS

THE
AMERICAN LIBERAL
REVIEW

"An Antidote for the Northcliffe Press"
Published and Suppressed
Speeches—Data—Articles and Events

Editor:
Frederick Franklin Schrader
Associate Editor:
Tobias Butler

Send for a Trial Subscription
Only with this advertisement

$ .50 for three months
$ 1.00 for six months
$ 2.00 for one year

25 WEST BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

News and Views in Agriculture

Kernels of Seed Corn Truth

If you plant corn from stalks that have suckers, that is what you will raise. Like begets like. Select your cornseed from the stalk as it stands, so you will know its parentage.

Short, thick, stormproof stalks with ears that grow low are the right kind for the Central and Southern States. Get your seed from such stalks because slender, top-heavy stands are likely to mean losses.

Seed ears from the best-producing stalks in the field produce more than seed ears apparently as good, but gathered without considering the productiveness of the parent stalk. The place to select seed corn is in the field, not in the crib; the time to select it is as soon as it is mature, not at husking time.

Take seed corn from the best-producing stalks as they stand thick in the field. Such seed is more likely to meet competition successfully than seed which comes from a stalk which stood alone and did not suffer from the crowding of its neighbors.—U. S. Dept. Agriculture.

Pink Bollworm Not in Texas

The experts state that reports that the pink bollworm has established itself in Texas are erroneous. In the past few weeks there has been an unusual outbreak of the common bollworm of cotton, an insect which in one stage assumes a reddish color. It is believed that the reports are due to the finding of the one which has been common in Texas for many years.

Save the Beeswax

Owing to the unprecedented demand for beeswax and the high prices now offered, it will pay even the amateur with only a few colonies of bees to save and sell all the wax he may accumulate. A year or two ago wax was selling for about twenty-six cents a pound. Now it is worth from thirty-six to thirty-eight cents, and large quanties are being exported, especially to Russia. It will be well for the beekeeper to keep all the wax obtained when uncapping combs for extracting honey, as this is wax of the best quality.

Perhaps the easiest way of getting wax out of the old combs is to put the combs into a meal bag, tie the mouth firmly, and put the bag into a wash boiler on the stove. The boiler should be filled about three-fourths full of water, and after boiling starts the sack should be kept moving by means of a large stick, possibly a clothes stick, considerable pressure being exerted, which will help to work out the wax.

After several hours the boiler may be set off the stove, and some bricks used to keep the bag at the bottom of the boiler. Much of the wax will rise to the top, and can be removed readily after it cools. Sometimes it is skimmed off as fast as it rises. Of course much more wax can be obtained with a wax press. The average amateur is not provided with such an equipment, but can obtain a very satisfactory press for about six dollars. Extractors that use the heat of the sun to melt the combs cost about four dollars and a half.

All the wax that is to be marketed should first be melted up and molded into a cake in order to facilitate handling. The wax may be easily shaped by being run into bread pans or any square cans. If care is taken most of the wax can be dipped out without carrying much dirt.—Country Gentleman.

Efficiency in Breeding

Two lines of profit are derived by the use of specially selected mares on farms, viz., in raising colts, and in doing farm work.

To secure the maximum gains from this system, all the animals used for work on the farm should be brood mares.

Mares chosen for work and breeding must be well-bred, sound individuals of desirable conformation. It does not pay to raise scrub colts.

Mares doing this double duty should receive extra care and management.

The selection of a stallion is highly important. A low service fee should not tempt if the stallion is inferior.

There may be less interference with the farm work if the most mares foal in the fall.

It is advantageous to produce a uniform lot of foals. Select breeding animals with this in view.

Careful choice of matings creates greater possibilities for the offspring, but these possibilities are realized only when nourishing feed and regular attention are given the young animals.

The plan suggested is an advance toward producing better horses.

Count on the colt crop, but remember that good breeding, proper feed, and careful management are essential.—Bureau of Animal Husbandry.

The Function of the Farm Bureau

A farm bureau is an organization of farmers and ranchers who combine to promote agriculture through co-operative study of farm conditions.

Many types of farmers' organizations have long been existent. There have been farmers' clubs, granges, institutes, unions, alliances, and others. Some of these have been more or less successful, but many have passed away. Their failure has usually been due to one or more of the following causes: (1) lack of a distinct purpose to fill a definite need; (2) lack of membership to sufficiently represent all classes of farmers and types of farming; (3) lack of co-operation with other similar farm organizations; (4) lack of continuous and unselfish leadership.

The farm bureau is distinct from all of these. It is not primarily a social organization; neither is it essentially to unite farmers so as to lower prices of stuffs bought and to raise prices of products sold. It is formed to bring together for mutual co-operation those farmers who want to investigate the fundamental problems that are involved in production on their farms.—University of California.

The Need of Organization

Lack of organization among farmers spells chaos, immediate loss to the producer and ultimate loss to the consumer. The organized producers are getting fair prices and the unorganized are losing all the time.—Harris Weinstock, State Market Director of California.

A Poison for Squirrels

Government formula. Barley (clean grain) 16 quarts, strychnine (powdered alkaloid) one ounce; Bicarbonate of soda (baking soda) one ounce, thin starch paste, ¾ pint; heavy corn syrup, ¼ pint; glycerine, tablespoonful, Saccarin, 1/10 ounce.

The Revolution in North Dakota

(Continued from Page 13)

the League should capture the three places on the bench, all hope would be gone.

The Interests knew that the executive department was gone, but they also knew that the Legislative branch could not come entirely into the possession of the League. They knew that there were 24 hold-over senators, 22 of whom could be relied upon to thwart any attempt to legislate for the farmers. Now, then, if the court could be retained, all would not be lost. Hence a live campaign was waged by the Old Guard for the capture of at least one place on the bench. The League, however, paid no special attention to the court, as the primary had given its candidates a considerable margin over those supported by opposition.

In the election, the League candidates swept the field. Frazier defeated his democratic opponent by a vote of 87,000 to 21,000 and the remainder of the League ticket won by similar majorities. The League candidates for the Supreme Court had majorities ranging from 13,000 to 24,000. Eighty five out of 113 members to the lower house and 18 out of 25 senators chosen at the 1916 election, were captured by the League. It was the most smashing defeat ever suffered by the Plunderbund at any time or at any place. So far as possible the victory of the farmers was complete. But, at that, it was only a tame affair compared to the victories that are in store for the farmers and wageworkers through the instrumentality of the National Non-partisan League in 1918.

[The next and last article in this series will appear in the December Western Comrade.]

Reviews of Recent Readable Books

By D. Bobspa

"Why Italy Entered the War"

Carnovale Luigi performs a welcome task in his comprehensive volume, "Why Italy entered into the Great War." Few countries are so little understood in all ways by Americans as Italy. Mr. Luigi gives the back-ground of Italian history from the Roman days to the present, stressing the events from the middle ages to the present and showing how Austria has been the natural enemy of the Italian people through it all He denies strenuously that Italy carefully studied the two sides of the situation and sided with the group of warring nations likely to profit her most. And he makes a strong and convincing case.

The volume consists of 673 pages, the first half being in English and the second half an Italian version of the text. The author has also written several other books that have been widely reviewed, notably, "Journalism of the Italian Emigrants in America."

Seven reasons are assigned for Italy's entrance into the arena of war: (1) Patriotism. "Thus the people, blinded by the astuteness and brutalized by the perfidy of such parasitic hydras, could not see the light diffused by the apostles of truth (Mazzini and Garibaldi). They could not free themselves from the cancerous error, which is the above-named false patriotism the fundamental cause of all the calamities, of all the sorrows, which today more than ever oppress humanity." (2) Irredentism. "It was a question with Italians how to liberate thousands of their consanguineous relations who were oppressed in their own homes (that is, on ground geographically, historically and morally Italian) by a stranger tyranny that the Italians themselves knew only too well." (3) Austrian sympathy with papal hopes for restoration of temporal authority. (4) National cohesion and military efficiency. There was a desire to refute the current opinion in foreign countries that Italy was lacking in both. (5) Fear of isolation by all the other powers, no matter how the conflict might terminate. (6) The right to travel—a reason assigned a big place in the American protests. (7) Human solidarity. "The Italian people, on account of one of the natural laws which psychologically distinguish the human races from one another, have implanted in them two sentiments: a sentiment of sympathy for the weak, and a sentiment of indignation against the strong who tyrannize over the weak."

Luigi's attachments to Italy do not blind him to underlying causes of the war. He merely realizes what we have practically all been forced to recognize, that there are more elements than one shaping the complex affairs of human destiny. Says Luigi:

"The life of a nation, nowadays, notwithstanding its complexities, depends in great part on essentially industrial bases constructed by the people, not for their own advantage, but for the advantage of a big bellied and cruel minority called plutocracy, which has nothing else in common with the people except their simple Darwinian origin.

"Such national industrialism, is able to maintain itself and prosper—always to the benefit of the big-bellied and cruel minority called plutocracy must necessarily push itself into commercial competition against the industrialism of another nation, or nations, and vice versa. But commercial competition, in order to give financial results proportionate to the insatiable greed of the nationalist plutocracy, must be incessantly and strenuously favored and defended by the State.

"And why shouldn't it, if the State government of today, be it covered by a mask surrounded by a royal crown or by a republican cap, is none other than a being voluntarily placed at the services of the big-bellied and cruel minority called plutocracy?....*....*....*....*....*....*....And the war which today rages in Europe is one provoked for no other reason than that of jealousy of the German plutocracy for the English commercial supremacy of the world. The other causes were all of secondary importance."

There is much more in this strain. But you must not think the book contains nothing more. It is a comprehensive statement of the subject of Italy's connection with the Great War.

(Italian-American Publishing Company, Chicago.)

"Little Stories of the Screen"

The movies present life in sharp outline—quick, snappy and comprehensive surveys in the minimum of space. One would not think of looking to the scenarios themselves for literature. Yet such a volume has been printed, and it is as interesting reading as the screen productions were interesting to look upon.

This is William Addison Lathrop's "Little Stories from the Screen." Twenty-five of the author's scenarios are here reproduced, exactly as they were submitted to the studio. They cover a wide range of subjects and practically all will be familiar to the average movie fan. I can see where they would be of value as models to scenarios writers. But their greatest function will be entertainment. J. Stuart Blackton, one of the elite of the producing world, says "Mr. Lathrop writes the most alluring synopses of anyone I know."

Pictures from the movies illustrate each story. There is a snap and swing in each tale—for there is no place for anything but action. The author disclaims any literary intent, yet his makeup is such that he cannot restrain from a delightful literary quality in even what ordinarily supposed to be as bald as a movie synopsis. Those presented were accepted by various film companies and produced in one to five reels. The best known actors and actresses and directors figured in their making.—(Britton & Company, New York.)

"The Red Badge of Courage"

A beautiful red leather edition of Stephen Crane's masterpiece, "The Red Badge of Courage," has just been printed. I suppose it is the military spirit of the rulers that prompt a reprinting in such attractive from of this wonderfully told " Episode of the American Civil War." In some the story will foster the spirit of patriotism and atavism. But they are unthinking, indeed, who thus respond to the touch of Mr. Crane's epic.

For the thinker the story carries another message—the horror of war. Stephen Crane gave one of the most vivid "close-up" portraits ever painted of a battle field and its surroundings. Not that this picture drips with blood. Its horror is of a deeper nature. Few stories have so powerfully presented a psychological study of a human being . The youth enlisted in a burst of ambition, only to be disillusioned in the long, tedious days of camp life. Then came the first battle. The day just preceding the action found the youth harrowed with fear that he would be a coward. In his first battle he did run from the firing line, but in the mixing up of regiments his act never became known. How he subsequently learned the deeper meaning of the army is told step by step. The searching of the soul is deep and thorough.

This classic of Mr. Crane's imagination is beautifully descriptive, dynamic in action and intense in the depicting of the passions of an ordinary mortal. The new edition contains a portrait of the author and an introduction by Arthur Guy Empey, author of "Over the Top," whose experiences in the European war. He says, " 'The Red Badge of Courage' is not a story of war. It is War, the real, unvarnished thing." And again "To the civilian who has never smelled powder, and who wants to know what it feels like to have the bullets 'cracking' around him and the shells moaning overhead and tearing up the landscape, 'The Red Badge of Courage' will take him safely through the battle, and when he reaches 'The End' he also is a veteran."

He who understands war will hate war. As a masterpiece of literature and as a classic indictment of the brutality of war, Mr. Crane's book is worthy of this greater hearing the new edition will give to it.—(D. Appleton & Company, New York.)

With Our Editor Friends

Frank Harris puts across a great bit of journalism in the October Pearson's Magazine, in his "Open Letter to the President." He commends the president for many of his acts and points out his opportunity to lead the world to peace and democracy if he will. "Lay the foundations of a real republic, Sir: turn a sordid capitalistic despotism into a great industrial democracy and your name will stand in the future above those even of Washington and Lincoln side by side with the sacred names of Gutama Buddha and Jesus the Christ."

Harry W. Laidler tells of the co-operative movement of Britain. There are also " Arizona's Tea Party," by Harold Callender; Bernard Shaw on "The Golden West;" Michael Monahan on "The Great White Way;" H. P. Richardson on "Ingersoll and the Chicago Anarchists:" Charles Peters in Devastated Europe," by Maure Martin; and many other interesting features, including comment on men, books and current affairs by Frank Harris. G. B. Shaw says:

"That sort of thing is always going on in America. What is the use of writing at the angry ape? If he won't listen to Shakespeare he won't listen to me. I have no illusions about the Golden West; probably, however, it only seems the worst place in the world politically and juridically because there is less hushing up; that is, less solidarity among the governing class than in England or Russia.

" I have tried without success to get nominated to the Irish convention. I am delegated to the Allied Socialist conference in London next week, and to Stockholm; but I cannot see what Socialism has to do with the war. War is not a Socialist game; and it is one at which the loser must pay.

(Continued on Page 29)

Making Socialism a Power

(Continued from Page 19)

legislative bodies of the state in proportion to their strength.

With the assistance of J. H. Ryckman of Los Angeles we have drafted a public ownership measure and a social insurance bill which, if placed on the ballot, will focus the attention of America to California.

The public ownership measure provides that the "state or political subdivision thereof may engage in any occupation or business for public purposes, and contract necessary debts therefor authorized by the people for certain purposes definitely stated and secured by bonds upon such utility or enterprise; requires provision be made for levying annual tax upon value of land irrespective of improvements and not otherwise, to pay interest semi-annually and principle within time determined by people, and appropriates proceeds thereof to such payment until debt is fully paid; declares provisions thereof not controlled or limited by other constitutional provision."

The social insurance bill establishes "social insurance system supported solely by taxing land, irrespective of improvements, administered by five commissioners each paid five thousand dollars annually, for health, welfare, support during illness, disability, old age and disemployment of persons and their dependents, citizens of California, having insufficient incomes to live in reasonable comfort; declares minimum weekly standard thereof ten dollars plus three dollars for each dependent (non-dependents sixty years old, or unable to earn same, to receive sufficient from fund to make their income equal thereto); relieves this section of all constitutional restrictions."

I am sure this program will appeal to the American spirit.

VICTOR J. McCONE,
State Secretary Socialist Party of Oregon

THE Socialist party may become a great power in American politics if it will divorce itself from alien influence, if it will come out in the open and say: "We are here in America; let us be Americans and stand by the nation armed in a just cause." But it is doubtful if it will ever do that. The party machinery is under the control of the foreign language federations, none of which are moved by purely American considerations. Of them all, the most active and pernicious, is the German federation which resorted to regular machine politics to secure the election of Adolph Germer as national secretary.

Our war program, namely the so-called "majority report" is the thing that sticks in the crop of so many Socialists. It is so unmistakably comforting to the enemy. It repudiates that necessary loyalty to one's country that must always be an introduction to any critiscism one has to offer. It is a slap in the face administered by the Socialist party to the people of the United States, and the people of the United States are backing the war. Let no one forget that fact! This is already a popular war, and will be more so as time goes on.

When the casuality lists are published, the effect will be to make the war even more popular, for the fallen heroes will be the people's own, and woe to those in that hour who shall raise their voices in opposition to the national will and endeavor!

We are informed in the July issue of the National Socialist party bulletin that article 2, section 6, of the national constitution has been repealed by referendum by a vote of almost two to one. This section of the constitution was aimed at the anarchists and syndicalists in the Socialist party who looked upon the party for a time as a convenient buffer for the "situations that the I. W. W. would create for it." It was hoped that this section would drive these Bolshevikis out of the movement, but they were back at the St. Louis convention and under the guise of the so-called Socialist Propaganada league they repealed the famous "section 6" and in their "Majority report" committed the Socialist party to the anarchist program.

When one reads paragraph (I) of the program of the "majority report" with its anarchistic phrasing, and then thinks of the repeal of article 2, section 6, of the national constitution, one doubts whether the Socialist party will ever "become a greater power in American politics." One conjectures, rather, that the Socialist party will finally become as insignificant as the Socialist Labor party.

The Socialist press is endangering its existence by its undeniable and ultimate treason to the American cause. The Socialist party since the St. Louis convention has been careering around the political field precisely as if it had no sense.

If the Socialist party desires to become a great power in the land it must first repudiate the work of the last national Socialist convention, and then take the position assumed by the London convention of the various Socialist parties of the allied nations. It must shake off the incubus of alien control. The foreign language federations must be forced to resume their proper subordinate place. Americans should, and must, control the party policy. The party must Americanize itself and instead of antagonizing America, it must seek to interpret the spirit of America in language America can understand. It must stand behind the government in this war. It must free itself from the suspicion of pro-Germanism. If it will do all these things it has a chance; otherwise, though Socialism is in the ascendant, the Socialist party is doomed to extinction.

The Story of a Night

(Continued from Page 21)

would be sorry if he knew I was unhappy.

Oh, if only I knew something of the customs and habits of husbands!

The tears were beginning to come. Frozen and distracted, my feet started towards Peter. I did not. It was my feet. They took me to where he lay. I leaned close and studied his face in the firelight. I had never seen him asleep before. Now that his brown eyes with their twinkling lights were closed, his face looked much older and a little sad. But perhaps it was the flickering shadow of the fire. I could not be afraid of Peter when he looked like that.

I touched his face softly. "Peter!"

He reached up, not yet half awake, and caught my hand.

"Joan! Oh Joan! You wanted to come! You wanted to!"

I had to tell him the truth. He would find out in the morning anyway.

"My bed burnt up."

"What!"

"M-m-y bed b-burnt up. I m-moved it and it g-g-got burnt up."

Peter fully awake now, sat up, and reached for his little electric search light.

"Burnt up? Are You burned?" He turned the light upon me.

"N-no. Just c-c-old."

Peter extinguished the light and I heard a suspicious sound.

"It isn't f-funny," I said.

"Her bed got burnt up! Her bed got— No, of course it isn't funny! Did her bed get burned, poor little dear, and are her footsums cold? Well, come! Peter will warm you."

Gently, comfortingly, he pulled me beneath the shelter of the warm covering. I lay breathlessly still while the tears dried on my face.

"At last my opportunity has come," Peter said. Oh me! Once I caught a mouse in the granary and when I took it in my hands it lay stark and stiff with fear. I thought of it now.

He held me close. "There's no wing sprouting on this shoulder blade—and none on this. Well I'm relieved. I've always been afraid of it. We don't want any angels in the family. Now go to sleep, or I'll spank you!"

My arm reached softly round his neck. "Peter," I whispered, "I—love—you—so. I wish I'd come sooner. Why didn't you make me?"

"I don't want a slave," he said stubbornly.

We lay without speaking a long time. Finally I began to drowse.

"Peter! How fast you're heart is beating!"

"Yes, my precious."

"Peter—it was funny—about—the—fire—and—and everything—"

"You're sure" he asked cautiously.

"Yes. Laugh if you want to."

And he did. He sat up and laughed; and he lay down and laughed; and he hugged me and laughed.

"Oh! Joan! You darling There's a big daub of smut on your nose! I saw it by the search light! You blessed little idiot!"

"I don't care. It's probably on yours by now."

He laughed harder than ever. "What a night! We'll never forget it!"

He sudsided into soft chuckles.

"All the same, Joan—"

"H-m-m?"

"God Bless that fire!"

Book Reviews

(Continued from Page 27)

If there be a loser he will have to pawn his shirt. Only a draw can make the sort of pious peace that the Russians are dreaming of possible. So we must await the events."

* * *

One doesn't orinarily review a catalogue, but when it is Alfred A Knopf's announcement booklet it is a work of art in itself and worthy of mention. His fall announcement list should fall into the hands of all book lovers. Send for it—220 West 42 Street, New York. Mr. Knopf publishes books for one reason we all work for—to live. But that ends the financial part of the game. He wants to live—has to and does. But above all he wants to produce the best there is in literature and does.

I could fall upon the neck of Mr. Knopf and congratulate his aesthetic sense. He says " I love books physically and I want to make them beautiful." A poor book is better than none if it is impossible to have lovely books, but the true lover of books wants them to be beautiful. That is one reason I like Mr. Knopf's publications so well—a worthy classic in a worthy cover. And he has experimented until he can produce beautiful books as cheaply as the less lovely variety. His fall book list includes a new American novel, "The Three Black Pennys," by Joseph Hergesheimer; three Spanish translations—Pio Baroja's "The City of the Discreet," V. Blasco Ibanex's "The Cabin" and Alberto Blest-Gana's "Martin Rivas"; "God and Mr. Wells," by William Archer; "The Art Theater," by Sheldon Cheney; "A Book of Prefaces" by H. L. Mencken; "A Chaste Man," a novel by Louis Wilkinson; "The Dead Have Never Died," by Edward C. Randall; "Interpreters and Interpretations," by Carl Van Vechten; "Lustra" by Ezra Pound; and several other equally noteworthy books. If Mr. Knopf's Russian hound imprint is on any book, you need not worry as to the worth of its contents.

The Principles of Money

(Continued from Page 23)

no difference. Convenient or inconvenient, the exchange of ownership had to be made by the actual transfer of the possession of the thing itself. If "A" wished to exchange his land for the land of "B", "A" must in the presence of witnesses bring "B" on his land and taking up a handful of earth or breaking some twigs from the trees give them into the hands of "B" and by a formula of words declare the latter to be the possessor of the land; and "B" must go through the same ceremony with "A." Chattel likewise had to be transferred by giving actual possession in the open market or before witnesses.

Current Problems

(Continued from Page 24)

the Socialist party.

Anyway it is agreed that in all these efforts the workers have never had more than a chance and in the end a losing chance at that?

Chances which cannot be avoided must be faced and the consequences bravely endured. Frost and flood and panic in the elements and among men all bring chances when the best that one can do is to take his chance and take with fortitude whatever the chance may bring.

But the rational scheme of progress is one which avoids all needless chance. The opportunity to earn and to have a rational means of living a rational life must cease to be a game of chance and instead become a definite program of service and reward.

To accomplish this means that the organizations and management must be so related to the common good that it cannot serve itself except it serve the common good.

The Socialist has taken the first needful step in the creation of such an organization and is providing for such a management by directly relating each organizer and committeeman to some industrial occupation whose interests he must serve effectively or he cannot remain in his place of service.

The trades unions, co-operators and farmers have taken a step by creating a joint body for State-wide action composed of those who are of their own rank and whose personal interests cannot come into conflict with the interests of others committed to their care.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF WESTERN COMRADE PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT LLANO, CALIFORNIA, FOR OCTOBER 1, 1917.

The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are:

Publisher, Job Harriman, Llano, California.

Editor, Job Harriman, Llano, California.

Managing Editor, Job Harriman, Llano, California.

Business manager, Ernest S. Wooster, Llano, California.

The owners are, Job Harriman, Llano, California.

The known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, morgages, or other securities are: None.

(Signed) ERNEST S. WOOSTER

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1917.
F. H. CHAMBERLAIN

Notary in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California.
(My Commission expires May 19, 1920.)

In the Western Comrade for December

"SPIRITISM AND SOCIALISM"

Lincoln Phifer, Editor of The New World, contributes a special article to the WESTERN COMRADE in which he discusses the subject of spirit manifestation and its relation to the liberal movements of our time.

"CRIME—THE PROBATION SYSTEM"

H. A. Sessions, for 10 years Probation Officer of Fresno County, California, contributes his second special article to the WESTERN COMRADE on the question of dealing with juvenile crime. Sessions analyzes the causes of delinquency and prescribes a remedy.

"JESUS AND WAR"

Robert Whitaker, Socialist divine and veteran in the Socialist Movement for a decade, entertains and edifies WESTERN COMRADE readers with a specially written article on the relation existing between Christianity and the current conceptions of nationalism and patriotism.

"CO-OPERATIVE EDUCATION"

A. A. George, Vice-President of the People's College, Fort Scott, Kansas, in this specially written article, points out the necessity of the workers of the world co-operating to educate themselves.

"REGENERATION"

Dr. John Dequer, well-known by all WESTERN COMRADE readers as a brilliant, forceful writer, has contributed a special article for the December number. Dr. Dequer discusses the World War and the social and industrial revolution which must inevitably follow from it. This contribution is the finest that has ever been offered by Dr. Dequer.

"THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH"

Clinton Bancroft will contribute another of his inimitable and specially written articles on the forces that make for socialism and co-operation.

"THE REVOLUTION IN NORTH DAKOTA"

H. G. Teigan in the December number completes his series of three articles, specially written for the WESTERN COMRADE, on the rise of the exploited farmers in the Northwest and of the triumph of the Non-partisan League.

"MANAGING THE RESOURCES"

Walter Thomas Mills, author, teacher and orator of international fame, tells WESTERN COMRADE readers how the workers are to get permanent control of their affairs.

"LLANO IN LOUISIANA"

The December WESTERN COMRADE will contain another fascinating description of the inspiring work of the members of the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony in developing the Louisiana extension of Llano. Photographs of the various activities of the new colony will be liberally sprinkled throughout the December magazine.

EDITORIALS

Job Harriman will contribute three pages of comment and opinion on the political and sociological issues of the day.

This Razor $1.00

Comrades! Don't be Henry Dubbs and pay two prices for a razor. Just send us $1.00 for this high grade razor on 30 day's trial. Guaranteed to be the equal of any razor on the market regardless of price or make. Furnished with plain black handles, either round or square point, extra hollow ground 5/8-inch blade. Be sure to state whether round of square point is wanted. Price is $1.00, post paid. Remit by postoffice money order if possible. Comrades, if our razors don't make good we will. Address:

RED FLAG RAZOR COMPANY
PARAGOULD, ARKANSAS

"The Truth About The Medical Profession"

By John A. Bevan, M. D.
Columbia University
(Inventor of the Œsophagoscope)

Paper Bound, Postpaid **Price Fifty Cents**

The result of clinical and pathological researches at Guy's Hospital, London, and the Bellevue Hospital, New York.

BENEDICT LUST, N. D., D. O., D. C., M. D., writes: "The book is splendid and will help to enlighten many skeptics who still believe in medical superstition."

Prof. DAVID STARR JORDAN, M. D., writes: "I have looked over the book called 'The Truth About the Medical Profession.' There are a great many things that are forceful and truthfully said."

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW writes: "There are some quite interesting and important things in the book."

LLANO PUBLICATIONS, STABLES, LOUISIANA

Your $1000 Membership will put the Louisiana Bee Industry on a paying basis.

¶ We want your $1000 Membership specially to help finance our MODEL 300 STAND APIARY.

¶ Bee culture can be made profitable from the very first if established NOW. This money is needed AT ONCE in order to put the industry in shape for the coming season.

Address:

LLANO DEL RIO COLONY -:- STABLES, LOUISIANA

Will You Be Our Agent?

WE WANT an agent in every community to look after renewals, secure subscriptions, and to represent the LLANO PUBLICATIONS in various ways.

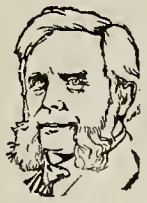
Our proposition to responsible persons will be found attractive. Write us at once for details.

THE LLANO PUBLICATIONS, STABLES, LOUISIANA

THE INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL OF SOCIAL ECONOMY.

Three Correspondence Courses of Study

Organized in 1900. Students in All English Speaking Countries



LESSONS PREPARED AND TAUGHT BY

Walter Thomas Mills

Any of these Courses can be taken by a single individual or in classes. Work can begin at any time and can be completed as quickly as anyone is able, or the time may be extended as may be necessary.

FINELY ENGRAVED CERTIFICATES are given to those who satisfactorily complete the work in any of these courses.

Here are the Courses

I.—TEN LESSONS IN THE STUDY OF SOCIALISM.
II.—TEN LESSONS IN THE ART OF PUBLIC SPEAKING.
III.—TEN LESSONS IN THE CORRECT AND EFFECTIVE USE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THE TEN LESSONS IN SOCIALISM

Lesson I.—**The Evolution of Capitalism.**
Lesson II.—**The Evolution of Socialism.**
Lesson III.—**Scientific Socialism.**
Lesson IV.—**The Failure of Capitalism—The Coming of Socialism.**
Lesson V.—**Trades Unions and Socialism.**
Lesson VI.—**The Farmers and Socialism.**
Lesson VII.—**The Middle Class Workers and Socialism.**
Lesson VIII.—**Religion, Education and Socialism.**
Lesson IX.—**Political Parties and Socialism.**
Lesson X.—**How to Work for Socialism.**

Each of the ten lessons which have been especially prepared by Mr. Mills, the author of "The Struggle for Existence," gives special directions for the study of some one topic as given in the above schedule. Each lesson gives a summary of the subject matter to be studied with special references to all the paragraphs in the text book bearing upon that topic and designating those to be read only, as well as those to be carefully studied. Each lesson in the course is followed by a list of test questions, the answers to which are written up as studied and forwarded to Mr. Mills for correction, approval or recommendations for further study, together with answers to any special questions asked.

THE TEN LESSONS IN THE CORRECT AND EFFECTIVE USE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Lesson I.—**The Building and the Mastery of Words.**
Lesson II.—**The Classes of Words.**
Lesson III.—**The Relation of Words to Each Other.**
Lesson IV.—**The Building of an English Sentence.**
Lesson V.—**The Finishing Work on an English Sentence.**
Lesson VI.—**The Forms of Speaking and Writing.**
Lesson VII.—**The Telling of a Story and the Explaining of a Situation**
Lesson VIII.—**The Building of an Argument.**
Lesson IX.—**Effective Correspondence.**
Lesson X.—**Writing for Publication.**

These lessons consist of ten pamphlets, each complete in itself and containing all the material necessary for a student's work. Each lesson is followed with test questions and the manner of procedure in doing the work, the same as above.

TEN LESSONS IN THE ART OF PUBLIC SPEAKING

Lesson I.—**The Training of the Voice.**
Lesson II.—**Gathering the Speaker's Materials.**
Lesson III.—**Constructing the Argument.**
Lesson IV.—**The Delivery of a Speech.**
Lesson V.—**Adornment and Power in Public Address.**
Lesson VI.—**The Speech and the Occasion.**
Lesson VII.—**Errors in Speech.**
Lesson VIII.—**Controversial Speech.**
Lesson IX.—**How to Manage a Crowd.**
Lesson X.—**The Personal Qualities of an Orator.**

In these lessons, as in the course of English, each lesson is complete in itself and no text book will be required, and the manner of proceedure will be the same.

REMEMBER:—If you wish to understand the labor question, to deal with the high cost of living, to understand the rise of militarism and the way of escape, to fight effectively for the young, the disabled and the aged, in short, if you wish to be a good and an effective Socialist, begin at once the study of these lessons in Socialism. If you wish to have a voice as clear and musical as a bell, so that people will listen to you just for the music of your voice, to be heard distinctly by the largest crowds, to have a throat of steel that will never fail you, to have a great fund of fresh and interesting information, to be able to think at your best on your feet and before a crowd, to be an effective salesman in offering goods or in presenting ideas, to speak without notes and never forget, to address a throng as though you were speaking to a single friend and to become yourself the incarnation of the message you take to others, then take these ten lessons in the Art of Public Speaking.

If you want to write for the press, not for the waste basket, to be understood, not to be laughed at, to write letters that bring replies, to serve on committees, write resolutions or party platforms, to gather the greatest fund of information, to write a story that will read when printed as it sounds when told, to recover from the brogue or the broken forms of foreign speech or of untrained utterance, then take these lessons in the study of the English language.

¶ **THESE LESSONS WILL BE WORTH YOUR WHILE.** The following well-known speakers, writers and organizers were once students of Mr. Mills: George R. Kirkpatrick, Anna Maley, Fred. D. Warren, Kate O'Hare, Frank O'Hare, Guy Lockwood, Mrs. Lockwood, Oscar Ameringer, Phil Callery, J. W. Slayton, Gertrude Breslau Fuller, O. S. Wilson, Judge Groesbeck, Geo. W. Downing, Agnes Downing, John M. Work, Mrs. A. M. Salyer, Geo. H. Turner, George D. Brewer, J. E. Snyder, George Scott, Mrs. Bradford, Walter and Rose Walker, Anna Strunsky Walling, T. E. Latimer, Caroline Lowe, James O'Neal, W. C. Benton, J. L. Fitts, J. L. Engdahl, Dr. Nina E. Wood.

TERMS: The Course of Lessons in Socialism, including a paper-bound copy of "The Struggle for Existence" by Walter Thomas Mills, free, $5.00 for a single student; in classes of five or more, $3.00 each; in classes of ten or more with text book free to each student in any case, $2.50 each; or the course free to anyone ordering ten copies of the cloth-bound edition of "The Struggle for Existence" at $1.50 each (regular price $2.50); or ten copies of "Democracy or Despotism" by Walter Thomas Mills, regular price $1.25 each, to one address.

The Courses in the study of English and in the Art of Public Speaking are $10.00 each for single students; in classes of five $7.50 each; in classes of ten or more $6.00 each; or either Course for a single student free to anyone ordering fifteen cloth-bound copies of "The Struggle for Existence" at $1.50 (regular price $2.50); or fifteen copies of "Democracy or Despotism" at $1.00 each (regular price $1.25) to one address, purchasers paying the freight.

¶ Now is the time to get ready for the winter's work. You can invest in nothing that will pay so large a return as when you invest in yourself. You can earn these courses getting up clubs for the books. You can greatly reduce the expense and add to the pleasure and profit of the work by getting up classes in any of these Courses.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, always mentioning that you saw this ad in THE WESTERN COMRADE, to

The International School of Social Economy

R. R. No. 1, Box 15, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.

Make Your Family Safe For The Future!

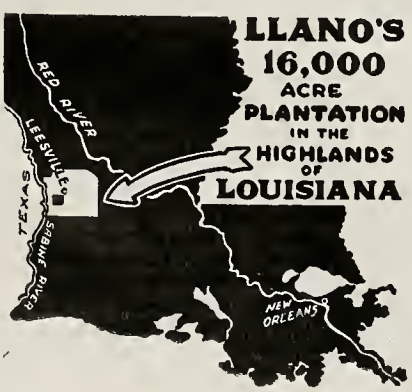
WHAT have you done for your family? What provision have you made for your own old age? What plan have you? No one else will take care of you, no one else will take care of them. NOW is the time to look forward into the future.

The Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony, established at Llano, Los Angeles county, California, May 1, 1914, has established an extension Colony at Stables, in the healthful Highlands of Western Louisiana. You are invited to send for special descriptive literature about it.

Have You Faith In Your Own Ideals ?

DO YOU believe in co-operation? Are you a believer in Socialism? If you are, have you faith in the application of the principles in which you believe?

The Llano Colonies are the practical attempt to live and administer the theories of co-operation. This is a movement to secure the benefits of Socialism right now. Hundreds of colonists are building soundly and solidly for the future. They ask you to join them if you have the courage of your convictions. Practical, sane, honest, conscientious, tolerant, determined men and women are desired. There will be pioneering to do and there will undoubtedly be hardships. None are wanted who come expecting to reap ere they have sown, none who wish to advance their own selfish interests ahead of their brothers, none who seek immediate advantages for themselves rather than for the good of the whole community. But to those who can work and endure and build for the future a cordial welcome is extended. ARE YOU ONE OF THESE ?



The "GATEWAY TO FREEDOM" and "LLANO'S PLANTATION IN THE HIGHLANDS OF LOUISIANA" give more detailed information about the Llano Colonies. Write for them and for supplementary literature. Ask for application blank. Address:

Membership Department

Llano del Rio Colony,
Stables, Louisiana

STATE LIBRARY

Western Comrade

Louisiana Number

Price Ten Cents

This Issue Contains Contributions by

Job Harriman
Lincoln Phifer
H. G. Teigan
H. A. Sessions
Robert K. Williams
Dr. John Dequer

Emma Goldman
Jessie Wallace Hughan
Marguerite Head
J. G. Phelps Stokes
Adolph Germer
Walter Pritchard Eaton

Alec Watkins
Clinton Bancroft
Robert Whitaker
D. Bobspa
A. A. George
E. R. Browder

Your Gateway to Freedom

Llano's 16,000 Acre Plantation in the Highlands of Western Louisiana

THE Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony was established at Llano, Los Angeles County, California, in May, 1914. It attracted attention throughout the country because of the calibre of the men who were conducting it. Hundreds joined the colony and during the three years hundreds of acres of orchards and alfalfa were planted, a community garden was grown, and many industries were established, among them being the print shop, shoe shop, laundry, cannery, warehouse, machine shop, blacksmith shops, rug works, planing mill, lime kiln, saw mill, dairy, cabinet shop, nursery, rabbitry, hog raising, lumbering, publishing, transportation, doctors' offices, wood yard, vinegar works, bakery, fish hatchery, barber shop, baths, swimming pool, studio, commissary, hotel, drafting room, post office, Montessori school, commercial classes, library, and others as well as social features such as the band, weekly dances, instrumental quartets, musical societies, etc.

Not all were operating all of the time, but nearly all were successful. The social features of the Llano Colony at Llano were an unqualified success.

From the first, the intention was to form other colonies, extending the work as rapidly as possible. The first extension has been organized.

16,000 FERTILE ACRES

After a nation-wide search, it was finally decided to purchase 16,000 acres in the healthful highlands of Vernon Parish in Western Louisiana, at Stables, one mile from Leesville, the parish seat of Vernon Parish. This is about 15 miles from the Sabine river, about 40 miles from the Red river, (both navigable), forty miles from Alexandria, 100 miles from Shreveport, and about 200 miles from New Orleans. The highlands of this district are fertile, high, well-drained, healthful. There are no swamps, no malaria, no mosquitoes, no fevers more than are found in other states. Health reports show that this portion of Louisiana can compare favorably with any other section of the United States. There is an abundance of drinking water of excellent quality.

A most careful investigation was made regarding health conditions. Reports compiled by the Health Department of Louisiana were studied. Inhabitants of this district were interviewed. All agreed on the healthfulness of this portion of the State, and those who have heard discouraging reports from Louisiana are invited to make further and more careful investigation before arriving at conclusions.

The huge tract lies southwest of Leesville and has had most of the timber cut off. Remaining along the creeks,however, are scattered pines of the long leaf variety to supply the Colony with building material for many years to come. About 1200 acres of hardwood timber worth many thousands of dollars are also on the land and offer opportunities for the establishing of many industries. The timber is, beech, magnolia, white oak, cypress, walnut, post oak, red oak, sweet gum, and hickory. The trees are splendid ones, and this body of timber is not to be surpassed in quality.

A TOWN CAME WITH IT

When the purchase was first contemplated, and it was finally decided to buy the 16,000 acres near Leesville, it was found that the lumber hamlet of Stables stood on the property. This was acquired with the land. A hotel of 18 rooms, 27 habitable houses, 100 other small houses, one shed 130x300 feet, one shed 130x200 feet, one shed 80x100 feet, one store 30x90, one office 40x50, eight other sheds and structures. The lumber in these buildings, together with other lumber on the place, amounts to about 2 million feet. Ties for a railroad extend across the land. A concrete power house and 5 concrete drying kilns (cost to erect them, $12,000) each kiln about 20x70 by 20 feet high, are also included. Stables is on the main line of the Kansas City Southern Railroad. This town will be occupied for a while, but later a more systematically laid out town will be built.

WHAT CAN BE PRODUCED ?

This is the first question asked. A careful investigation has been made. No chances of mistake were taken. It is found that a great variety of products do well here. Peaunts, sweet potatoes, melons, of all kinds, corn, cotton, and sugar cane, will be the best producers and the best income-bringers. Vegetables of all kinds do well, and berries will yield great returns. This region is not sufficiently well developed for fruit to make detailed statements possible, but from a number of sources of undoubted reliability, assurance is given that figs, peaches, prunes ,cherries, and similar fruits can be profitably grown. Cattle and sheep and goats can find forage during nearly the entire year, while the raising of hogs is profitable because of the abundance of corn that may be grown here.

PLAN OF DEVELOPMENT

Farming comes first. The Colony thoroughly realizes the responsibilities and the necessities put upon it. Efficiency is insisted on, and once each week foremen are required to attend efficiency classes. The remaining workers are also given instruction. Records are kept showing use of time, achievement, results, costs. There is a systematic and orderly organization being perfected. Land is being cleared and plowed as rapidly as possible. With a complete understanding of the needs of agricultural production, every available man is being put into farm work. No department is exempt. Office workers and shop workers are required to put at least a portion of each day in working the soil. This work takes precedence over all else. very avenue of waste is being closed as fast as discovered. Elimination of useless work and reduction of only partly necessary tasks is insisted on. The aim of the Colony is not only to support itself the very first year, but to have an ample margin left over. This will take careful and systematic planning. Through this care and foresight, the new Colony will be able to take care of all of its residents, including increase. Housing is simplified by the number of houses acquired with the property.

TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES

A hotel, dairy, range stock, small laundry ,store, blacksmith and machine shop, vulcanizing plant, gardens, hot beds, herd of goats, some rabbits, some chickens, hogs, printing department, offices, doctors, warehouse and material shed, are established departments now in operation. Machinery for the shoe shop is here, but not installed. This is true of the saw mill. A moving picture machine is already purchased, with chairs, and benches for a theater. Plans are drawn and material ready for the new theatre and dance floor, these to be separate. The school is giving practical instruction in grammar school subjects. Tremendous progress is being made in every department, and the organizing of departments is increasing the efficiency of the entire plantation.

WHAT ABOUT LLANO, CALIFORNIA ?

The California Llano Colony will be left in charge of a comparatively few men to develop according to a definite plan to which they will work. Orchards will be planted and cared for and the property at Llano made very valuable.

The work of transferring most of the population as well as the industries and the personal effects of the residents is a big task. The sawmill, blacksmith shop, farm implements, some horses, cattle, rabbits, and hogs will be left.

Residents and industries are being transferred in the order in which they are most required.

FOR MORE INFORMATION

More detailed information is given in the "Gateway to Freedom" which outlines the idea of co-operative colonization, the reasons for it, and what is hoped may be achieved, together with the methods to be used. The folder "Llano's Plantation in the Highlands of Louisiana" goes into more detail concerning the new 16,000 acre tract.

The new colony in Louisiana can support a population of perhaps several thousand persons. It offers wonderful opportunities to all who join. You are invited to write to the Membership Department for full information about any point not made clear, and answers to questions you ask. Address

Membership Department

LLANO DEL RIO COLONY, STABLES, LOUISIANA

Political Action Co-operation Socialism

The Western Comrade

"The Most Constructive Magazine for Socialism in America."

Entered as second-class matter November 4th, 1916. at the postoffice at Llano, Cal., under Act of March 3, 1879.
Application for entry as second-class matter at the postoffice at Leesville, La., pending.

JOB HARRIMAN.....Managing Editor ALANSON SESSIONS.....Associate Editor ERNEST S. WOOSTER....Business Manager

Subscription Rate—75c a year; Canada $1; Single copies 10c; clubs of 4 or more (in U. S.) 50c. Combination with Llano Colonist, $1.
Publishers and others are invited to copy at will from the WESTERN COMRADE, but are asked to give credit.
In making change of address always give your former one so that the mailing department may be certain that the right name is changed.
Please do not send subscriptions, changes of address, complaints, etc., to individuals. Address ALL communications to the Llano Publications, Stables, La. This paper will not assume responsibility unless this rule is followed.
The Western Comrade neither approves nor disapproves the sentiments expressed in contributions not signed by one of the editors.

VOL. V. LEESVILLE, LA., DECEMBER-JANUARY, 1917-8 No. 8-9

Editorials
By Job Harriman

THE world kaleidescope has shifted another scene.

The conservative ministry of the Kaiser has fallen and a radical ministry has arisen.

The government of Kerensky has gone down and the radical forces of Russia are in power.

The radical Russian government proposes hence forth to refrain from fighting.

The Kaiser refused to negotiate with any but the Czars or the Provincial government, while the Socialist forces of Germany, Austria, France, and Italy promise the revolutionary forces of Russia powerful aid.

There is now a profound and deep-seated civil rebellion against the Kaiser. The German Socialists will not fight the Russian Socialists. Upon this we may depend.

The same state of affairs exists in Austria.

The chasm between the government and the people of Germany and Austria is as wide as it was in Russia before the fall of the Czar, and the crisis is as imminent.

But the same crisis exists in England, France, and Italy.

The "Literary Digest," quoting from the "London News," says:

"The Labor party has demonstrated its aptness for the work to which labor aspires by producing the most constructive and the most statesmanlike draft of terms of peace yet published by anybody. But such considerations will have no weight with the privileged caste. The privileged caste will not argue, because it cannot; it will simply deny; it will simply block; it will simply delude; it will simply stick to what it has got—until it is forced to let go."

The governments of the privileged castes of all this world will wreck upon the same rock where the Czar met his fate and where the Kaiser's ship is now grinding,—before this war is over.

How can the Socialists of the Central powers fight the Socialists of Russia?

They not only will not fight them but they will fight for them and with them.

Around this fact will rally the constructive forces of the world.

Arrayed against them will be found imperialism and capitalism and militarism. And the greatest of these is capitalism.

The civil clouds of the world are dark and lowering. The nations may yet be rent asunder by civil strife arising out of the conflicting interests of the classes.

The rich are convinced that they are right and every additional burden confirms the in their conviction.

Being confirmed, the civil strife, once begun, cannot end until death of one or the other pays the penalty.

After all, may not the pacifist be right?

—o—

THE yellow peril is looming up like a great monster from the deep. It is more than 900,000,000 strong. It already has 8,000,000 soldiers in the various fields of war.

The Chinese, the Hindus, the Turks and all of the smaller Mohammedan countries, led to battle by the Japanese, will make a foe that Occidental civilization cannot withstand. Baron Okuma, in his magazine, "Shin Nihon," which has an enormous circulation and wields a tremendous influence, is already kindling the fire.

The Japanese hate the United States, hate England, and hate all Europe.

They hate them because of their commercial tyrannies of the past, and they hate them also because they believe that they will look to China as the only treasury that can "heal the wounds" inflicted by this terrible war.

Not only do Japan and China hate the Europeans for

their conduct in the past, but they hate them also because of their power to compete for the Eastern treasures in the future.

Their hatred will increase as their memories are refreshed by future losses.

Occidental civilization affords more astute, unconscionable merchants than the Orient, and for this reason, commercial success will fall on our ships. It is this fact that developed the Chinese opium trade, that gained control of India by England, and that is now winning millions annually from the Far East.

Facing and understanding this fact, and remembering the past, Okuma says: "As for Americans, they always raise a cry against the Yellow Peril, and insult the Hindus, the Chinese, and even the superior Japanese race, to whom they refuse privileges of mixed residence.

"They consider the yellow races unfit to receive the light of civilization and unable to assimilate with the 'superior' white races. . . After the European war, all nations will co-operate in raising the cry of Yellow Peril. They will curse the Japanese Empire . . . and rush toward China—the treasury of the world—in order to find means of healing the many wounds received in this war."

There are two gateways between Oriental and Occidental countries: one is the Suez Canal; the other is the Panama Canal.

The one is owned by England; the other is owned by the United States.

The owners of these canals control the bulk of the world's commerce.

These two gateways wil become the chief bones of contention when the armistice is called and the terms of peace are discussed.

All the East and the Central Powers will demand world-control of these canals. If Great Britain and the United States insist upon holding their advantages, the war will go on with new alignments, and the sun of Occidental civilization may begin to set.

Listen to Kawamura! He says: "There are 50,000,000 Mohammedans in China, who, if properly led, would present a formidable power. There are 1,500,000 trained arms in Turkey. There are 4,000,000 in Africa. There are 2,000,000 in India and Persia. Altogether, there are 8,000,000 outside China. All of them have a fanatical courage and would willingly sacrifice their lives for their religion."

He asserts that it is the mission of the Japanese to lead the Asiatics against the Whites.

The Lion of Asia is growling and showing his teeth.

Next, the roar,—and then the plunge.

He who has ears to hear, let him hear.

LA FOLLETTE! He has lived the life of a skyrocket. Apparently he is striking water and his fire is being put out.

What his future will be will not depend upon his being right. Right or wrong, he will continue to sink if the present war policy proves successful.

But if it should prove unsuccessful in the eyes of the people, then he will have a comeback with a kick to it that will beat a government mule a city block.

—o—

FORCE may be constructive or destructive. The world's name for constructive force is love, while brute force means destruction.

As well say that the life of an oak depends upon the thick, entangling undergrowth, as to say that the life of trade depends upon competition.

Clear away the undergrowth and the oak will grow more rapidly, with greater strength and vitality. The oak will grow with less disease and become more beautiful.

Eliminate the conflicting commercial and industrial interests from the business world and all our institutions would rapidly develop into large, powerful, harmonious engines for the common good.

Men compete in the economic field because competition is forced upon them and not because they believe in it.

No infant, however low in the animal scale, can best develop by competition with his fellows.

No wise horticulturist ever forced a friut tree or a vine to compete with weeds and briers and thorns.

Man does not believe in competition. He has learned that competition is sheer blind brute force.

It is war. It is destructive in all its work. Nature builds in spite of competition and not because of it.

The curse of competition is limited only by its scope and power. It possesses no virtues but is surcharged with all the powers of destruction known to those involved in the struggle.

War is the climax of competition. What remains alive after it, is better than death, but far worse than might have been produced by the worst methods under peaceful conditions.

War murders men; ravishes women; slaughters children; destroys property in a hurricane of blood; crucifies the loving heart; abandons all honorable means for the end desired; rots character; and opens the way for the free play of inordinate ambition and the reign of wanton cruelty.

What an unspeakable calamity this war has been!

Will the world ever learn that brute force leads to the grave?

All intelligent, loving, constructive life is pacifist.

THE Spanish American war caused a considerable inflation of prices during which time an enormous amount of real estate changed hands, and for which payments were made, partly in cash, and partly in notes secured by mortgages.

After the war was over, the market was again overstocked with products, and prices of course went down.

Those who mortgaged their property while prices were high found themselves confronted with the necessity of paying high-priced debts with money received for low-priced products. For many, this was an impossible situation, and they lost their homes. Many were barely able to meet their interest and taxes and to eke out a miserable existence. Others, under more fortunate conditions, met their obligations.

The country is now confronted with a similar, but far worse conditions. Prices are from 100 to 300 percent higher than they were three years ago.

The sale of crops this year left the farmers with more surplus money than they have had for years. Many bought new farms at high prices, paying part cash and part in notes and mortgages.

Henceforth, their fixed expense will cost far more dollars than the same cost last year or in previous years. Wages will be higher. Groceries, clothing and implements will cost double or treble that of previous years. The margin left from next year's crop will be far smaller than that of this year.

After the war is over, if we do not move into state socialism, but continue under the capitalist system, the market will soon be again overcrowded with products.

The increased efficiency developed under government pressure, coupled with the extreme economy made necessary by the war, will quickly flood the markets and force prices of products down, but it will not diminish the size of the mortgages contracted when prices were high.

Again, there will be multitudes who can not meet such obligations with cheap money and vast numbers will be sold under foreclosures, while others will be able to barely pay their interest and to make a miserable living.

In addition to the burdens that followed the Spanish American war, we will be compelled to bear the burdens of billions of dollars of bonded indebtedness. The interest of the bonds must come out of increased taxes, which will have to be paid with money at low prices.

He who sells his farm and invests his money when prices go down will be able to buy land for the mortgage that covers it.

Let those who buy at high prices and mortgage for unpaid balance, cheer up, for the worst is yet to come.

THE Standard Oil company, Pacific Commercial company, General Electric company, Western Electric company, Russian Chamber of Commerce, and National Paper & Type company, and the Consulates of almost every South American country, and also the United States Bureau of Exports, met in New York on November 23, to devise ways and means to put German trade "out of business wherever they find it."

If this is not a commercial war, then one thing is certain: IT SOON WILL BE A COMMERCIAL WAR if the government does not take over all such enterprises and run them.

Why falter? Those companies are interested in the government only to the extent that they can force the government to serve them.

This is the hour of our nation's peril.

Llano in Louisiana

AS THIS is being written, just before New Year's Day, the population of the little town of Stables, Louisiana, has grown to more than three hundred. This has happened virtually all within two months. The practical application of Socialist principles through the co-operative plan has invaded the "Solid South."

Following the arrival of Comrade Harriman and George Deutsch came the publications force by train. After them came five auto loads from California, big, husky men, who made a record run from Llano, California, to the new Colony holding in Western Louisiana. Then came the special train with 130 persons, men, women and children. From many points in the South, families are moving to the new Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony in the Highlands of Louisiana.

Other auto loads are comog from Calforna, braving the inclement weather and the hardships. Colonists who have been out of the Colony for various reasons are dropping in from widely-separated points. Nearly every day there is a reunion of old Colony comrades.

But the new people are mostly Texans—honest, hard-working folks—eager to enjoy the benefits of complete co-operation, glad to leave the individual farms and join with their comrades in the inspiring enterprise being conducted for the good of all and not for private greed or gain.

Not less frequently than every three days, and sometimes much oftener, a car is placed on the switch which is on Colony property. These cars contain cattle, horses, mules, farm implements, corn, peanuts ("goobers" they call them here), sweet potatoes, household goods, and industrial machinery.

They are unloaded onto our own platforms and sheds.

To Our Readers: Owing to the delay incident to the move from California to Louisiana, it is impossible to print the December number of the WESTERN COMRADE. We are combining the December and January numbers. Subscribers will also note the increase in size of the magazine, which we hope will compensate for the number missed.—
The Editors.

NO TRANSPORTATION PROBLEM

The old bug-bear at Llano, and one of the most serious and costly problems with which the Colony had to contend, was transportation. Cars were unloaded at the station twenty miles away and the goods hauled in trucks across the desert. It was an extortionate price that was paid, even under the happiest of conditions, and the condition of most desert roads is not one to induce a high degree of happiness.

But in the new Colony, conditions are different. Cars consigned to the Llano del Rio Colony are set in on the switch and go direct into the Colony's warehouse. No time is lost. The materials and household goods go under cover immediately, there are no demurrage charges, and a big force of men is instantly available if required to move heavy machinery. There is no friction, no lost time, little expense. Hauling need not be done immediately if more urgent work presses. The saving is incalculable, and one of the first things that impresses itself on the incoming colonist from California is the tremendous economy of the arrangement here.

But this is only half the advantage. The Llano del Rio Company expects to be a very heavy shipper of goods at all times and especially during the summer. Even this first season, many cars of Llano products will go forward from here. This is not prophecy or dream, but the plan now made and already being actively put into operation. With the switch and the warehouse and the platform right here in the front yard, so to speak, the shipping costs are enormously reduced. This means more economy. Those who come to the Colony can have their goods shipped through and unloaded at Stables, Louisiana. All are being advised to do this.

The economy of transportation leads to another great economy, and one which will impress every person who ever lived in Llano, or who ever visited there.

HOUSING MADE EASY

In Llano there were times, and the times were of frequent occurrence, when the housing problem was the paramount question. Industries had to be stopped while men were put to providing shelter. When large numbers of visitors came unexpectedly, it meant great distress to the hotel, for there was never sufficient accommodations. Arrivals at the railroad station twenty miles away, had to be brought to the Colony. It meant additional trouble to the hotel management or the housing committee.

But when the 16,000 acre tract in the Highlands of Louisiana was purchased, a town was also bought. The amount of lumber saved and labor saved and expense saved amounts to thousands of dollars, more thousands than would be believed if the sum were put into print. But some calculation may be made when it is remembered that with this land came a commodious hotel which will accommodate, if compelled to, more than sixty people, though perhaps not with entire comfort to so many. It is well-built. The office building is sufficient to house the executive, sales, and accounting departments. The commissary is a large building, in good condition, well-located, and with shelving and counters already installed. It is a better building than any at Llano, California, just as the hotel is a better one than the Llano hotel, and the offices here are better than those at Llano. This is not intended to be derogative of Llano, but to show to some degree the immense advantages gained here at no additional outlay, and at no expense for labor and materials.

That is not all. One large white house which will be used as doctor's offices and probably as library, is a building such as would cost not less than $4000 in many parts of California. There are scores of two- three- and four-room houses in which colonists are being housed. These take care of the first comers. They are all under roof. No large force of men must be diverted to this work. No huge sums must be expended for materials. No valuable time is taken that should be used for other purposes. The advantages of a ready-made town located on the railroad are many.

But even this is not all. There are industries to be housed. The obstacle that retarded the development of this feature at Llano more than any other was housing. But in the extension Colony there is no such difficulty. The vast warehouses which were acquired with the new property make excellent industrial buildings. A comparatively small force of men can remodel portions as needed to take care of the incoming industries. Some of the sheds are being torn down and the lumber carefully piled for future use.

Long platforms, some of them several hundred yards in length, made of two-inch planks, the width of the platforms being usually about twelve feet, are spread in many directions.

Much of this lumber is available for building purposes, and that which is useful for no other purpose, still serves as fuel, close at hand and partly prepared for the stoves. These platforms are high from the ground, and the supporting trestle work is still another great supply of lumber. It is estimated that the amount of lumber in the industrial buildings and the sheds will total close to two million feet.

UTILIZING THESE BUILDINGS

First to be made ready for use was the hotel, which required some repairs. Then the houses were put into repair. A large force was employed just before the train from California arrived. There are still many to be repaired and cleaned and made habitable, but this is no longer pressing work. An old repair shed has been remodeled into a cow barn. It is not ideal for this purpose, but a comparatively small amount of work made it practicable and it will be used for a long time. The saving in time, labor, and money has advanced the dairy industry immeasurably because of the ease with which it could be accomplished.

Two long sheds, built of good lumber, and the lumber still in excellent condition, are not suitable for any colony use and are being torn down as the material is required.

Unloading Baggage from the special train from California Colony.

Already a lumber yard is being established, and in it will be piled materials of all kinds. It is more than a lumber yard, being more of a material yard. A competent man in charge will see that the lumber is cared for and only those entitled to it are permitted to use it.

One entire side of the warehouse nearest the railroad, the one which is to be used as a shipping shed and warehouse, has been walled off for use by the publishing department. Here the machinery is installed and in operation, with plenty of space so that the workers may make the best of their effort. There is plenty of space allowed, too, for expansion. The membership department and the publications offices are together, attached in the front of the new print shop. Conditions are already much improved over the conditions in Llano and work is carried on with a much greater production record.

The greatest building of all, the one that would hold every building that was erected in Llano, with the exception of the tent houses (this is no exaggeration), is to be used for housing the industries. They will be placed under the same roof until other arrangements can be made. Several are now operating, and others are expected.

INDUSTRIES HERE AND COMING

Though the time since the new extension colony was first opened is short, the record is long and satisfying. The lessons learned at Llano, the ability developed, the men who came from there, the industries shipped in, the knowledge gained—all these contributed and are still contributing to quick results. Not the sort of quick results not based on sound foundations, but the sort of quick results that are quick because the planning has been careful and the preparation thorough.

The publications are here, housed, operating. A saw mill has arrived, is unloaded, and will be erected when it is deemed advisable to do so. The shoe shop is here, packed in boxes it is true, but ready to be set up and operated whenever this becomes advisable. A machine shop and blacksmith shop is here and operating. Another one will come from California. A vulcanizing shop is in running order and doing business. The commissary is well-stocked and business is increasing. All the machinery of administration is in order and running more smoothly than ever before and efficiency is high, with an ever-upward tendency. The hotel is well-ordered, well-kept, satisfactory. The dairy is rapidly acquiring a good herd of milk cows. Some hens are here and the poultry department will be established as soon as possible. A tool shop is operating with a competent tool man in charge, one who has spent most of his active life in sharpening and handling tools. The hog department is making a start. The butcher shop is already operating, and has plans for extending its work rapidly. The slaughter house will soon be ready, and then there will be an invasion of outside markets. The baker is here, and by the time this is in the hands of the readers he will doubtless be equipped for work. At any rate, it will not be long before he is ready for business. He expects to sell his products to the "outside" as well as to supply the Colony. The making of sausage will be taken up as an industry at the same time.

A barber chair is installed, but is not operated regularly. as yet.

AN INDUSTRIAL "LOOK AHEAD"

The cannery must be installed as soon as possible, for the possibilities along the line of selling canned goods are immense. The planing mill will be sent from Llano. With it in action, the making of furniture can be taken up as soon as other work permits. When the machine shop is also here and erected, this Colony will have as fine a machine shop as is to be found in many a city of much greater size. The rabbit industry will be continued here and with the improved conditions should be placed on a paying basis very soon. The same is true of every department of the livestock industry.

The manufacturing and industrial possibilities flow naturally from the livestock and agricultural resources here. There are hundreds of acres of good hardwood timber. Out of this fact grows logically the development of industries in which hardwoods are used, and foremost among them is obviously the making of furniture. This calls for skilled woodworkers, and those who follow this craft will come to the Colony.

The readiness with which certain vegetables are grown here is assurance that the canning industry can be established and made to pay handsome dividends from the very first year, to pay for the outlay for machinery, and to do more than that. This, of course, becomes one of the foremost industries and is likely to remain among the first. Definite plans are being made now to establish the cannery. The Colony has a competent canner to handle the work, one who knows the business from top to bottom.

Grass grows luxuriantly everywhere. Where grass grows, stock can be raised at a minimum cost. Out of this grows the meat industry, dairying, and tanning. With the making of

leather, comes the probability of a shoe factory, especially when the Colony already owns shoe machinery. There are good harness makers connected with the Colony, too.

Cotton is one of the chief crops which can be produced. The ginning industry, the compressor, the oil industry are all suggested as first manufactures logically following. But the thinking person will ask, "Why not the cloth-making industry, and, following that, the making of clothes?" And it seems quite logical to believe it may follow in the due course of time.

These are not prophecies. They are merely suggestions. What will be done depends on many things—the initiative of the Colonists quite as muh as any other feature. But they are certainly all things that might be done, and some are things that must be done. The preserving of fruits and food stuffs is imperative. It must be taken up in all of its branches. The marketing of products is quite as necessary, and this must be taken up, which means that the Colony will of necessity embark in the packing and shipping industry at no distant date.

The active, enthusiastic, constructive mind will leap ahead and see many enterprises in the future. The possibilities seem limitless. There is nothing that appears to be fantastic about the suggestions listed above, and of their practicability no

Train of six coaches on which 150 Colonists came from the Llano to the Louisiana Colony in December.

doubt exists. But no promises are made. No definite statements are made as to when or where they will be established.

AGRICULTURE FIRST

The order of work laid out is about as follows: First, the emergency housing of men, materials, industries, animals; second, the development of agriculture. Both are going ahead. It was impossible to spare men for agricultural work until almost the first of January, but from that time on more and more men and children will be drafted into the farming department. Agriculture is the dominant necessity. It takes precedence over all else. It is the foundation of prosperity and progress.

Plans are definite. The work this year will be confined to certain crops known to be prolifically productive and highly remunerative. Gardening will of course be carried on to the extent necessary to privide for home wants, and as much else as can be produced. But most of the effort will be placed on the big market crops. The warehouse is already well filled with peanuts, cotton seed, sweet potatoes, and other seeds. Some ribbon cane will be put out this season. There may perhaps be some rice. But sweet potatoes, cotton, corn, peanuts, and melons will have the-right-of-way over all other crops. What they will produce is definitely known, and it is also known just how we will be able to handle them. The Colony is proceeding on ascertained facts, piloted by experienced men, working along lines proved correct.

"HOW DO WE KNOW YOU KNOW?"

One of the features of the new Colony is the rigid investigation of the plans, genuine knowledge, and ability to lead of those who aspire for positions of authority or are placed in them. The effort is to find out what the man knows, how thoroughly he knows it, what experience he has had, how successful he has been. The man who thinks he knows must give place to the man who knows he knows and has demonstrated it and can demonstrate it. The Colony is a fine place for experimenters,, and all will be encouraged to experiment, but this experimentation must not be at the colony expense. This is a decision rigidly adhered to. The examination through which foremen are put is perfectly fair, but it is also exhaustive in its questioning. The man who passes it has to know or he will not be able to pass. Other tests are also applied to determine whose theories are practical and whose are not.

The man who knows has his opportunity. The man who thinks he knows has his. The man who pretends to know but does not, also has his. It is fair and just to all, but the interests of the Colony are foremost in every instance. In answering the question, "How do we know you know?" they must disclose whether their knowledge is genuine or whether it is merey a figment of an ambitious but impractical mind. Of course the question is not bluntly stated. It is a series of questions that bring out a series of facts. But the upshot of it all is, as stated above, "How do we know you know?"

So much for the farming. Progress is being made, but at this early date that is about as definite as the statement can be made. Later, facts and figures and photos will be given that will be convincing. Competent men are leading and planning and they are working to a definite plan in a country where they know what the standard is and what can be done. Results should be fairly certain.

ENTHUSIASM EVERYWHERE

One of the finest things is the splendid enthusiasm that is manifested everywhere. Never did things move with such expedition as they are now, and never was the standard so high. Achivements are demanded.

Every visitor is impressed with the organization, the physical characteristics of the property, the splendid class of people in the Colony, the marvelous resources and the grand possibilities. So well impressed are they that most of them make up their minds to come into the Colony and work with their comrades here in the practical application of the principles of Socialism.

Among the most enthusiastic are the colonists who came from California. They know the wonders that will come out of co-operation, and when they see the Colony making the strides it is making, when they see the efficient methods and the complete organization that is being effected, when they see the wealth of buildings, and the abundance of firewood, and are convinced of the fertility of the soil, their enthusiasm is boundless. They are able to see these things more plainly, perhaps, because of their experience at Llano where they worked under such trying conditions and under such handicaps, where so many things were impossible that are immediately possible here.

The speed with which work is carried on, the records of achievement that are demanded and made—these keep enthusiasm mounting higher and higher.

BUT WHAT ABOUT LLANO ?

This is the question that is coming in the letters.

Llano is still Llano, still in California, and will be developed

(Continued on Page 37)

Spiritism and Socialism

By Lincoln Phifer, Editor The New World

DOUBTLESS many Socialists have been surprised at the report that I was printing a spiritualist paper. I thank the Llano Publications for an opportunity to tell them why I am doing as I am.

American Socialists ought to know, though many do not, that the Socialist movement in America began as a spirit-directed movement. The first group of colonies that was established in this country, consisting of some five distinct waves, claimed as a basis of its action a command of spirits to utilize the vast land acreage in America for the freeing of the world, and the establishment of a co-operative commonwealth. For many years the members thought they acted under direct inspiration. Before Marxianism had been thought of, before there was a socialist party in all the world, these people, calling themselves socialists, established colonies in America and sought through them a solution of economic problems that perplexed the workers. Had their early plans been fully followed, it is likely that many of the evils that later grew up under what became known as capitalism would have been averted. Even as it was, these early socialists were to a large degree responsible for the public roads and public schools, which are the best socialized features we have today. It is the other colonies that failed; the colonies founded at the direction of spirits remain for the most part to this day.

I am not alone in saying that one of the weaknesses of the modern socialist movement is that it has been too materialistic. Just as freely do I declare that the modern spiritist movement has lost its economic purpose and become a thing without meaning. It was to correct, if possible, the lack in both these movements and bring them together, with added force and enthusiasm for both, that The New World was established. I do not care so much for the doctrines of spiritualism as for the power of the spirit, or so much for theorizing concerning socialism as I do for practical socialization.

Whether or not there be anything in spirit manifestation, it can hardly be denied that thousands believe they have communication with those who once lived in the flesh and who passed through the change that we call death. In every land, in every age, the phenomena have been sufficient to challenge the consideration of many honest and clear thinkers. Perhaps a majority of the people today believe that we do live after dissolution. In suggesting that the thought is worth serious consideration, therefore, I am neither running counter to common sense nor to general belief. And whatever else may come out of the war, it is more than likely it will revive thought concerning the future. It is doing that even now. My message is therefore opportune.

Yet my message differs radically from the conventional spiritist contention. I hold that there is already enough well-attested data on the matter of the existence of spirit-life to warrant the serious consideration of thoughtful people. At the same time, I hold that the repetition of data, which has been repeated over and over for at least four thousand years, can hold no new significance. My view is that we ought to act on the data rather than seek to repeat it. People knew in general of the fact of telephony for many centuries, but it was only when they began to act on things already known to practical ends, that the telephone was really created. Students knew of driftwood crossing the Atlantic for many years before Columbus sailed westward, but it was the Genoese mariner who acted on the data and really discovered the continent from which it came. With all that has been experienced in spirit phenomena, it has not until now been proposed that we follow out the suggestions and find what we shall find. I hold that it was natural, so long as the world lacked well-defined machinery and natural forces available for use, to resort to the medium and the circle, employing personal magnetism as the force that got the returns. But now we have electricity, a vibratory force much more rapid than nerve force is; now we know that sight and hearing are both vibratory in nature and that electricity can connect with them. We know that it is possible, now, to talk with an unseen person five hundred miles away and really hear him speak. Therefore, The New World advocates the utilization of electricity and mechanical appliancees for the purpose of touching the new world of the spirit that data seems to indicate may lie in the great ocean of vibration stretching between sight and sound. If there is anything to spirit manifestation, it means that we ought to be able to connect up with the populous realm of souls on a purely mechanical, scientific basis.

Others talk about immortality and doctrines of various kinds. I say, believe whatever you please; only, let us prove things one way or the other, and get knowledge instead of faith or untruth. I confidently believe the time will come when anybody can at any time call up a friend, or one of prominence, on the other side, and get as certain reply from him as he now gets over the telephone; when all papers will print news and views from across the big water. The accomplishment of this result would mean the opening, practically, of a new world to our knowledge. There would be the history and geography of Heaven (or whatever you choose to call the abode of the departed) to collect. There would be the finding out of the effect of earthly actions and ambitions on the other life, with a consequent revision of creeds and philosophies to meet the new knowledge, wholly apart from agitation or controversy. There would be new economics and new morals to develop; new sciences to collate; new literature to translate into our language, and a new earthly literature, that would embrace the period beyond death, for us to write.

The trouble with the world today—the thing that brought on the war—is the fact that old ideas are exhausted. We have occupied the known world. We are going around and around in our literature and thoughts. We are fighting because we cannot stop the momentum of the past five centuries, which was always toward conquest of new territory. The discovery of this new world of the spirit would do for us now precisely what the discovery of America did for stagnated Europe five centuries ago. That broke up the feudal system. This would give a new impetus to man's thoughts and activities for another five centuries and prove the salvation of the world.

Naturally many are incredulous. Some make fun of me. But a man is not of the true socialist calibre if he will hesitate on this account. Already something has been accomplished. Dr. W. M. McCartney, of Bird City, Kansas, has rigged up an adaptation of a telegraph receiver and sounder, connected with a battery but not to any outside forces. It operates a carbon ribbon that makes record of dots and dashes of the old model. Calls and questions are clicked off, leaving their ribbon records. Then the room is locked up and left alone all day. Message after message comes—volumes of them. J. L. Kramer of Bradford, Penn., has had nearly the same experience. Wallace A. Clemmons, wireless operator recently of New York city, has made experiments which he is keeping secret for the present, but says that he feels sure of success. A common receiver down all the time and a megaphone put into the ear piece, has in Oklahoma rung and received messages. These

(Continued on Page 38)

The Revolution in North Dakota

By H. G. Teigan

[This is the third and last of a series of articles in which Mr. Teigan tells of the rise of the Nonpartisan League.].

ONE DAY, in the early part of July, 1916, three Fords rolled out of Fargo. One crossed the Red River into Minnesota, another went south into South Dakota, and the third proceeded westward to Montana.

Keep in mind this was just a few days following the Nonpartisan league's victory in the primary election in North Dakota.

The men in charge of the Fords were Beecher Moore, Leon Durocher and R. B. Martin. Their mission was to line up a score or more of men in each of these states to form the nucleus of a league branch. All of the men commissioned to do this preliminary work were trained agitators; each knew the live wires in the particular state allotted to him. Within a month, Minnesota, South Dakota and Montana were lined up for the work. A score of organizers were put into the field in each state. From that time up to the present the work of organizing the farmers has been progressing until now at least one of the states—Montana—is almost completely organized.

Space forbids going into a discussion of the success of the work in the three states, but I want to say that we have put the thing sufficiently "across" to warrant taking the respective state "gangs" on for a political battle next year.

The movement had been strictly of a state character in North Dakota and at first the plan was to leave national politics alone in the new states. In North Dakota, the league had made no nominations for national offices, and the program contained only such propositions as could be made to materialize through political action within the state. All public ownership propositions requiring federal action were left alone, and the war question, in particular, was tabooed.

Embroilment of this country in the European war, however, compelled the league to disclaim further neutrality on the question. When it became apparent that war was inevitable, the league took a position that has given it nation-wide publicity.

On the 18th of February, the league members of the North Dakota legislature drew up a set of resolutions, in caucus, which were adopted on the following day by the House. These resolutions were defeated by the old guard senators, though every league member voted for their passage. These resolutions gave expression to the justice and necessity for conscripting wealth as a means of financing the war into which the country was soon to be plunged. (Keep in mind, these resolutions were adopted more than seven weeks prior to the declaration of "a state of war.")

Since these resolutions are bound to become historic, I am quoting them in full:

"MEMORIAL

"To the President and Congress of the United States:

"WHEREAS, there is danger that the American nation in spite of the neutrality of its people, is about to become involved in the European war of human slaughter;

"AND WHEREAS, it has become apparent that there is some invisible force carrying on a press propaganda to involve this nation in the European conflict; and whereas it is apparent that the munition, armor and steel plants, and their allied interests, would be the gainers in such a conflict;

"AND WHEREAS, it is generally believed that the munition, armor and steel plants are the parties responsible for this propaganda;

"NOW THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED by the House of Representatives of the Legislative Assembly of the State of North Dakota, the Senate concurring therein, that we respectfully petition the President and Congress of the United States, to do everything in their power that can be done, to avoid this nation being drawn into the European conflict of destruction;

"AND, we respectfully petition the President and Congress of the United States, to endeavor to maintain absolute neutrality, with neither favor nor prejudice toward any of the unfortunate belligerent nations;

"AND, be it further made known that it is our firm and unalterable purpose to support and stand by our nation in case of war, with our lives and our property;

"AND, being mindful of the principles of equity, justice and freedom, upon which this government is founded, we do most earnestly recommend and request that the Congress of the United States authorize and empower the President, that so far as it is within his power, in case war becomes inevitable, to seize all the property useful and necessary to the government in carrying on the war, to be used during the war without compensation, and to be surrendered after the war to the owners; such property to include factories, shipyards, munition plants, armor plate mills, flour mills, arm factories, supplies and equipment, cloth factories, and such other property, and money, as the government may require, to the end that all our citizens, regardless of social position or economic advantage, shall contribute equally to the common need and common defense of our nation; so that the citizens of wealth may be enabled and compelled to contribute to the common welfare and need of their country on the same terms as the enlisted soldiers or sailors, who give their lives and their all.

"THIS to be done only in case of war, under the provisions of martial law; and to the end that justice, equality and fraternity may be fostered and upheld as between our own people, in the conduct of the defense of our country's honor, our lives and our property."

The league legislators saw the probability of Congress resorting to conscription of men for military service. The lack of war sentiment would make volunteering impossible as a means of furnishing recruits for undertaking a war to make peace with Allied victory a certainty. This being the case, the leaguers at Bismark reasoned thus: If it is just for the government to take human life for the service of the country, then it is even more obviously just for the government to take for the country's service the ill-gotten gains of the parasitic rich.

After the declaration of "a state of war" had been passed by Congress, the league lecturers and organizers became active in their advocacy of conscription of wealth. That the idea took with the people was obvious from the increase in the number of members secured by those in the field. In many localities where work had been comparatively slow prior to this time, a marked change took place and organizers succeeded in enrolling nearly every farmer approached.

The death of Henry T. Helgeson, representative in Congress from the first district of North Dakota, brought about a vacancy that had to be filled by special election. Since the league had taken a position on a National question, and as this particular question had become an issue in North Dakota, the league found it necessary to put a candidate in the field. The farmers named as their candidate a young man who had been affiliated with the league movement as a cartoonist on the "Nonpartisan Leader." His name was John M. Baer. The farmer candidate was quite popular, and yet outside of his cartoon work, he was comparatively unknown in the district, inasmuch as he had been a resident of the western part of the state up to June, 1916.

The main thing about Mr. Baer's candidacy was the platform that had been outlined for him by the organization, and to which he gave his endorsement. This platform was several steps further in advance of any position the Nonpartisan league had hitherto taken with reference to national questions. It received considerable more publicity than the conscription of wealth resolutions previously referred to. A prominent New York publisher made the remark that it was the sanest and most pointed declaration on the question of war that had come to his attention. In the July issue, he pub-

lished the platform in full on the first page of his magazine.

The chief points of this platform, and on which Mr. Baer made his campaign for Congress, are as follows:

1. Complete fidelity to the government pledged. "In making this declaration of our position, we declare unequivocally that we stand for our country, right or wrong, as against foreign governments with whom we are actually engaged in war. Still we hold that when we believe our country wrong, we should endeavor to set her right."

2. Demand that our government, before proceeding further in support of the allies, "make immediate public declaration of terms of peace, without annexations of territory, indemnities, contributions, or interferences with the right of any nation to live and manage its own affairs, thus being in harmony with and supporting the new democracy of Russia in her declaration of these fundamental principles."

3. Abolition of secret diplomacy. "The secret agreements of kings, presidents, and other rulers, made, broken or kept, without the knowledge of the people, constitute a continual menace to peaceful relations."

4. Abolition of gambling in the necessaries of life, and the Federal government control of the food supply of the nation.

5. Conscription of wealth as a means of financing the war. "We are unalterably opposed to permitting stockholders of private corporations to pocket enormous profits, while at the same time a species of coercion is encouraged toward already poorly paid employees of both sexes, in urging them to purchase government bonds to help finance the war. Patriotism demands service from all according to their capacity. To conscript men and exempt the blood-stained wealth coined from the sufferings of humanity is repugnant to the spirit of America and contrary to the ideals of democracy."

6. Freedom of speech, the bulwark of human liberty. "A declaration of war does not repeal the Constitution of the United States, and the unwarranted interference of military and other authorities with the rights of individuals must cease.

7. Causes of the war. "The contributory causes of the present war are various; but above the horrible slaughter looms the ugly incitings of an economic system based upon exploitation. It is largely a convulsive effort on the part of the adroit rulers of warring nations for control of a constantly diminishing market. Rival groups of monopolists are playing a deadly game for commercial supremacy."

8. How to make peace permanent. "At the close of this war, sound international standards must be established on the basis of a true democracy. Our economic organizations must be completely purged of privilege. Private monopolies must be supplanted by public administration of credit, finance and natural resources. The rule of jobbers and speculators must be overthrown if we are to produce a real democracy; otherwise this war will have been fought in vain."

On the above platform Mr. Baer was elected to Congress. At the election on July 10, 1917, he received a majority of all the votes cast. The victory was all the more conclusive as to the people's endorsement of the league's platform because the district was by far the most conservative in the state. The conservatism of the district is evident from the fact that about a year before at the Republican primaries, Mr. Frazier, though having an absolute majority in the state over all his contestants for the Republican nomination, yet failed to carry this district. In fact, he lacked several thousand votes of having a majority.

The league is now definitely committed to the idea of public ownership of public utilities. This position was taken at the Nonpartisan league conference held at St. Paul, Minnesota, September 18-20, 1917. Endorsement was also given to the public ownership of the "great basic industries, such as mines, timber lands, water power and railroads."

The program of the league is of an evolutionary character. It has grown with the movement. From a few state owned propositions, it has developed until it now includes a complete national program for public ownership of public utilities, including the great basic industries. This evolution in the program of the league has not been altogether accidental. Those guiding the destinies of the organization early saw the wisdom of making the program correspond to its activities. There is little sense, if any, for an organization whose activities are confined within the borders of a state, advocating measures that can only be inaugurated by federal action. Hence the Nonpartisan league declined to incorporate in its program government ownership of railroads, telephones and telegraphs, mines, and other means of production of a national character, until such time as the movement also became national in scope.

As for the specific name to give to the program advocated by the league, I am willing to leave that to the readers of the Llano Publications. "What's in a name? That which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet." And so with the program of the league; the substance is there, call it what you may.

There is much more that could be said of the National Nonpartisan league movement. In fact, only a comparatively few facts have been related in these articles. But one thing more must be mentioned, viz., the record of the farmer legislators at Bismark last winter. Never before in the history of the country has a group of legislators labored so tirelessly and energetically for the common good as did the representatives of the Nonpartisan league at this session. Instead of being the tools of corporate interests, as has been the case with all previous legislatures of North Dakota, these men proved themselves true servants of the people. Much good legislation was enacted and much more would have been enacted had the league been in control of the Upper House. A reactionary Constitution prevented the farmers from getting control of the Senate, though it is a certainty that at the next election this, too, will pass into their hands.

The National Nonpartisan league will be on the political map next year. I do not think there is much chance for stopping the onward progress of the movement. Conditions nationally are almost ideal for propaganda and organization. Exploitation, which is ever present under the present system, is now more than ever compelling the masses to think; the agitation carried on by other organizations has prepared the minds of the people for our program; disgust with partisanship makes the league plan of political action particularly opportune; lastly, the leadership of the league is the very best.

In President Townley, the farmers have a leader of their own class, schooled in a philosophy that comes partly from the study of economics, but mostly from the bitter school of experience. Possessing a high school education, he has had sufficient foundation for obtaining, by independent study, a sound knowledge of economic and sociological problems. Mr. Townley's strongest point is his understanding of mass psychology, and in his ability to handle men. As an executive, he has few equals in America. Possessing these splendid qualities, and guided by an unselfish devotion to the cause which he represents, his leadership has meant much, and will mean even more, to the farmers' movement.

In view of these facts, how can there be anything but success in store for the National Nonpartisan league?

—o—

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the world from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts.—Longfellow.

Was Schmidt Guilty?

[This is the eighth instalment of Job Harriman's address to the jury in the Los' Angeles dynamiting case. Back numbers 10c.]

AS A RESULT of this ordinance prohibiting conversation between union and non-union men, over four hundred men were arrested in Los Angeles. The jails were full to overflowing.

Here stood a multitude of unarmed hard-working men whose wages were scarcely sufficient to keep the wolf from the door. They were met with this criminally cruel ordinance, backed by the policeman's club, and the bayonets and musketry of the state militia, and standing army. The members of the merchants' and maunfacturers', backed by the Erectors' Association, laughed and jeered at the workers as they struggled against the terrible power that had just been arrayed against them. And now comes the prosecutor from Indianapolis, jeeering and sneering at the sacrifices made by these men. He does not know their suffering and their heartaches. His path in life has been strewn with roses. He has no sympathy with them and hence cannot understand them. He had rather shut his eyes to the suffering of the poor and helpless victims than to see two dollars and twenty-five cents a day diverted from the coffers of his clients, to the pockets of each of the producers. You heard his heartless sneers when he said that the organizers were living with manicured nails, while the rank and file were bearing the burdens in the factories and mills. His statement is not true.

I wonder if he ever thought of the sixty million dollar fee that Mr. Morgan received for organizing the billion dollar steel trust, from which the gentleman is said to receive a part of his compensation for working in this case.

How does a sixty-million dollar fee sound to the man who receives seven dollars a week strike fees, or twelve dollars a week for sixty hours work, or twenty-five dollars a week as organizer, especially when they know that sixty million dollars was a part of their product which they should have received for their labor?

Do not such fees make it imperatively necessary for unions to employ organizers? Were it not for their organizations their wages would be forced down still lower and their poverty would be unbearable. Were it not for the unions they would not have enough to buy Christmas presents for the babies of which Mr. Grow testified, much less three hundred thousand dollars with which to force their wages up from two dollars and twenty-five cents to four dollars and fifty cents a day.

I wonder how much was spent during that fight by the merchants' and manufacturers' and the erectors' associations? We are told by reliable authority that the first subscription was upwards of one hundred thousand dollars and that several subscriptions were called for by the association.

In the very heart of the fight, while the forces of each side were still determined, while that wicked ordinance was being enforced, with over three hundred men in jail, with the delegates of the State Building Trades gathering for their convention; and with a parade in which thirty thousand men marched, organized ready for action, the terrible explosion occurred. No greater calamity to the labor movement could possibly have happened. It was so foreign to the policies and methods employed by the managers of the Los Angeles strike that for a time paralyzed their activities, and created consternation in their camp. Yet, instinctively, they all felt that it was not of their doing. Confidence was quickly restored and the movement was soon far more powerful than ever before.

The fight in the court was carried on with increasing fierceness; the police were forced to act with greater energy; more men were arrested and thrown into jail; the union increased in numbers; the political party membership multiplied at an unprecedented rate; and the city government was practically in the hands of the working class when the second great crisis occurred, that is, when the plea of guilty was entered.

We are entitled to a jury that knows nothing of this plea of guilty. Especially are we entitled to a jury of twelve men who had never formed an opinion as to how the Times disaster occurred. I know you have sworn that you would set your opinions aside, but try as you may, that is practically an impossibility.

An opinion once formed requires facts to displace it. That opinion cannot be set aside or discarded, but can only be overthrown by other facts. Hence when a juror believes a fact of such great importance in a case, as is the plea of guilty in this case, that juror unconsciously requires the defendant to prove himself innocent.

It was for this reason that we challenged some of you and not because we did not have confidence in your integrity. Now that you are chosen as jurors it is your sworn duty to require the prosecution to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that the Times building was blown up by dynamite, and to refrain from considering the plea of guilty as completely as though it had not been entered. Not only must they prove that the building was blown up by dynamite, but by eight-percent dynamite, bought in San Francisco by this defendant. If the Times building was blown up by nitro-glycerine brought from Indianapolis to Los Angeles by J. B. McNamara, then this defendant must go free. In connection with this fact you must remember that the movement here spent over three hundred thousand dollars, when less than one thousand would have sufficed if the movement had been using dynamite.

Then, too, you must keep in mind during your deliberations the character of the men with whom you are dealing. These men were spending their lives in a humanitarian movement. They were sacrificing everything for the interests of their fellows. Such men are not murderers. Their methods are constructive and not destructive. They are seeking to save life and not to destroy it. They are not men of money but of convictions. That man never lived, however rich, who would not give all his money for his life. But the men of whom I speak are not only giving their services, but they would give their lives for their convictions. They have the spirit of the Latimers, the Galileos, and the Lincolns; while those who are fighting for money are only in the class with the Rockefellers. Greed is their inspiration and money determines what their conduct will be. But the men in charge of this great labor struggle were inspired by their love for humanity and their actions were determined by their convictions.

You remember Mr. Sharenberg, the secretary of the State Federation of Labor? He is the editor of the "Coast Seaman's Journal." He is a member of the State Housing commission. This is an honorary position. It requires a great deal of time. The gentleman from Indiana could not understand why Mr. Sharenberg should be spending so much time for nothing. This prosecutor would have been looking for a lucrative position. But Mr. Sharenberg is found in an honorary position where he can aid in housing the poor, without remuneration. This is precisely where Sharenberg and is associates will always be found. Their interest in humanity leads them there. Do you think they are murderers? Do you thing Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Walsh who have spent their lives at similar work for a meager consideration, would engage in blowing up a building and destroying human lives? They were on the strike committee, and they accounted for every dollar of the

funds that came into their hands including the thousand dollar check that came from the East to Tveitmoe. These men are aldermen in San Francisco. They believe in political action, as you do. Their methods are all constructive. They belong to a different school from those in charge of the Eastern campaign. Surely you will not lay this disaster at their door. There is not one scintilla of evidence to indicate that they are even indirectly involved.

Now, gentlemen, you promised to set aside the fact that J. B. McNamara pleaded guilty. I know you cannot forget it, but in as far as you can, set it aside. Try to get it out of your mind. Now let me ask you if the State has proven that the Times building was blown up by dynamite, and did they prove that the dynamite was eighty per cent?

Let me direct your attention to the testimony of Mr. Mulholland. He testified that, in his opinion, dynamite or some other high explosive was the agency that caused the disaster; that it was placed a few feet east of the ink tank and within two feet of the north wall of the alley; that he thought the explosion fired the ink in the adjacent barrels and thus burned the buildings.

You will remember that Mr. Mulholland and Koebig and Garbet and others tried an experiment with the dynamite and ink close together. Mr. Mulholland was in charge of the experiment. Mr. Garbet testified that the oil was set on fire, but testified that during thirty years of experience he had never seen dynamite set anything on fire before. Mr. Mulholland testified that the dynamite did not set the oil on fire but that the fuse fired the paper and the oil caught fire from the burning paper (Volume 42, 3045). According to the theory of the prosecution, the dynamite in the Times building was detonated by an electric spark set off by a clock and battery. Such a contrivance would not even ignite paper.

Mr. Koebig, the chemist for the prosecution, stated positively that none of the gases resulting from the reaction of dynamite would set fire to anything, but each and every one would extinguish fire.

According to the testimony of the State it could not have been dynamite that ignited the ink. But all three of these men were of the opinion that an explosion of gas would ignite ink.

I asked Mr. Mulholland the following questions:

"Suppose you had a room sixty feet long; suppose it was an ordinary frame building full of gas, properly mixed with air, that is, properly oxygenized; and suppose the gas were exploded; what would happen?" He said the force would seek the line of least resistance. I will read from the transcript of his testimony.

Question—"Would it go out at the windows or blow out the walls and ceiling?"

Answer—"It would blow the walls out and lift the ceiling."

Question—"Suppose a charge of dynamite were laid against one of the walls and exploded, what would happen?"

Answer—"It would blow a hole, through the wall."

Question—"Leaving the remainder of the walls and ceiling substantially intact?"

Answer—"Yes."

Question—" Are you familiar with gas explosions?"

Answer—"Yes, I saw one."

Question—"Which one did you see?"

Answer—"I saw the one at Second Street here."

Question—" Where were you sitting?"

Answer—"In the rear room of the Willcox building. I heard the explosion, and flames and smoke shot up through the floor, lifting the floor."

You remember his testimony? The gas on Second Street lifted the floor and the flames and smoke shot up through the roof; but he said dynamite would leave the ceiling intact. What happened in the Times building? The gas lifted the floors and the explosion went up instantly through the roof with flames and smoke. Precisely the same thing happened in the Times building that happened on Second Street. It is positively known that gas was the cause of the disaster on Second Street; and all the testimony given here shows that dynamite will not ignite ink or paper; hence they have not proven that dynamite, but they have proven that gas, was the cause of the disaster in the Times building. You are bound by your oath to accept the evidence given here and to disregard the plea of guilty entered by J. B. McNamara. A plea of guilty entered by other men means nothing in this case. There might be a thousand reasons why such a plea should be entered.

Again, Mr. Mulholland said the point of explosion was thirty-five feet back from Broadway and one or two feet from the wall of Ink alley.

Let me call your attention to the plans for the floor of Ink alley. You will observe that a slab of concrete six feet wide extended along the north side of the alley, and from the middle wall to the east end of the alley, and that a slab of sidewalk glass four feet wide joined the slab of cement and formed the remainder of the Ink alley floor, being the south side. Now you will observe that a six inch steel beam supported both the cement slab and the slab of sidewalk glass, at the line where they met, the beam running from the same middle wall to the east end of the alley.

You will observe that the point of explosion as located by Mr. Mulholland was from one to two feet from the north wall of the alley. This places the point of explosion four feet north of the steel beam.

This steel beam is the one that was broken and placed in evidence. There is not an engineer on earth that will tell you that dynamite will sheer a beam lying four feet from the point of explosion. The air would form a cushion, which would yield, and at the worst the explosion would only bend it. But the beam was broken with a downward stroke, and if it had been broken by a blow from dynamite lying to the side of it, the beam would have been driven sidewise.

Nor can the dynamite be placed four feet further south, so that the blow could be delivered downward upon the beam. For many reasons it must remain where he placed it or all his testimony falls.

You will remember that he said that the north ends of four beams which rested in the wall on the north side of the alley, were blown out of their sockets, and to the east. If this is true, the dynamite must be left near the north wall. If it were placed far enough south to break the beam it would have blown the south ends of the beams out instead of the north ends; but the south ends remained in their places. Hence the dynamite, if there were any, must have been near the north wall. Furthermore, it must have been near the north wall if it is true that it blew a hole through the wall. You will remember that Mr. Mulholland testified that it did.

He also testified that the stroke was radial, and that was why it knocked the beams to the east and caved in the ink tank to the west. But the north end of the ink tank was intact and the south end, furthest away, was caved in. The north end of the ink tank and the north end beams were on an east and west line. Why did it strike the north end of the beams, and leave the north end of the tank intact? And why did it strike the south end of the tank and leave the south end of the beams intact?

The fact is, the north ends of the beams were driven out of their sockets by a heavy cement and brick cornice, falling from the top of the five story brick wall, as we have shown you. The south ends of the beams were thus left intact; the south end of the ink tank was bent, and the six inch beam directly by its side was broken by a heavy lathe falling upon them from the story above.

Criminality---The Probation System

By H. A. Sessions

[This is the second article on the treatment of crime. Sessions has had fifteen years' experience in this work.]

THE ultimate effect of the probation system of dealing with delinquents will be a complete overthrow of the existing theory of criminology as practiced for the last hundred years in our courts. By easy stages, legislators, judges, lawyers, and people in general will realize that so-called criminals are not much different from other people; that they are as much a product of society as a minister, banker or a society woman, for which society itself is responsible, and for which it must accept the burden.

In answering a protest against the release of a delinquent on probation, I frequently say, "We created the conditions which made him a criminal, and we ought not to be ashamed of him." A drunken man was kicked out of a saloon by the proprietor and lay sprawling on the walk. Calling the nearest policeman, the saloonkeeper asked to have him taken away. The officer, with gentle irony, said, "Leave him there, it's good advertising."

The old idea has been that a criminal is such because he wills to be. Because he intended to commit the crime he must be punished. Legislators and jurists, with the chief executioner in the "Mikado" sing—

"My object so sublime,
I will achieve in time,
To make the punishment fit the crime,
The punishment fit the crime."

Courts and legislators have not been interested in the poor devil of a criminal as a man, but in the juridical aspects of a legal "case." Dead hands of precedent reach up and draw the cowering, shrinking wretch down into the grave of hopeless despair.

A hundred years ago the good church people declared that insanity was a visitation of the wrath of God on a man for his iniquity, so the insane were locked in padded cells or loaded with chains and manacles. Science finally demonstrated that insanity is a disease. Alienists, psychologists, nerve specialists, ssurgeons and physicians of the highest skill are now employed to cure the insane.

As soon as we come to our right senses we will learn that crime is a disease. Psychopathic experts, psychologists, criminologists, will be employed by the court to find out why the man commits crime, and the remedy will be applied to the source of the crime as well as to the victim of the social disease.

John Doe steals because his parents had syphilis in their blood. Instead of confining him in a dungeon as a dangerous beast, the obvious remedy is to send him to a hospital, clean up his blood, teach him a useful occupation, give him a job, under friendly supervision. And, on the other hand, wage war on the disease that made him a criminal, and see to it that John Doe's brother's and sisters, also with tainted blood, do not bring children into the world.

Bill Brown writes bad checks to buy whiskey to drown his misery because his wife's ignorance makes family living cost more than Bill can possibly earn; when he goes home, the slatternly wife cuffs and cusses a lot of dirty brats, and scolds Bill for his shortcomings till he breaks again for the saloon to write more bad checks, to buy more whiskey, to drown more misery. Instead of putting Bill Brown in the penitentiary for ten years, leaving his wife to run a "blind pig" and his daughters to drift into prostitution, he should be sent to a farm home for inebriates, built up in body, mind and character; while at home his family, under the care of a trained home-builder, with proper financial aid, teaches the wife to buy and cook food economically, to sew and mend, and all the other little intricacies of household economics. Meanwhile, get rid of the corner saloon. Then later on a real man will come back to a real home, and the nation's foundation is once more secure.

A recent Fresno case is a fair example of the crimes committed against criminals. John Innocenceo of 1532 G Street, worked five or six years for the Thompson Bros. as a common laborer. Because contracting work is very irregular and because his wife has not been in good health, he was unable to save money. During the last six months he has been out of work most of the time, partly because he had a long seige of typhoid fever and was very weak, partly because there was no work to be had. To gain a few nickels he began bootlegging; he was arrested, fined $100.00 and for want of money committed to jail, where he now is.

AS soon as we come to our senses we will learn that crime is a disease. Psychopathic experts, psychologists, criminologists, will be employed by the court to find out why the man commits crime, and the remedy will be applied to the source of the crime as well as to the victim of the social disease.

Results: A sick, penniless woman, with rent unpaid, a pretty daughter of thirteen in a dangerous situation, a man in jail earning nothing, wearing out his clothes, and every day becoming less fit for work. In the last analysis Innocenceo deprived the state of a few cents license tax money; on the other hand society robbed him of a job, denied him a home, infected him with typhoid, robbed his wife of her support, and exposed the daughter to all the dangers of poverty in evil surroundings. Yet according to law, every officer involved in the case, from policeman to judge, did his duty and deserves only commendation.

A reasonable administration of social justice would have given this man an education and a trade, made it possible for him to own a small home that could not be taken away from him, taken care of him when sick, and guaranteed him work, or forfeited unemployment insurance, and it would have been vastly cheaper, social efficiency considered.

Criminality is the result of the interaction between a man's personality and his environment. And he is usually responsible for neither. Abe Ruef could not be Woodrow Wilson, nor could Woodrow Wilson be Abe Ruef, no matter how much will either might bring to bear. If this be true it is obvious that when we find a criminal we should change the environment from bad to good and put only such restraint on the man as may be necessary to protect society. He should make restitution for his wrong-doing and damage done. Then we should go to the source of the crime and apply the remedy there.

The law providing for investigations by the probation officer preceding the sentencing of an offender is a short step toward a reasonable interpretation of the causes of the crime and efficient methods of correction.

In the care of the probation officer of Fresno county there

are now 110 men on probation, wards of the superior court. Three of them were convicted by juries and the remainder pleaded guilty. The technical charges against these men include manslaughter, robbery, burglary, forgery, arson, rape, larcency, embezzlement and other offenses against persons and property. Among them, so far as we know, there are no "professional" criminals. There are not more than two or three that are not good workers when suitable work is provided them.

If these 110 men on probation from Fresno courts were in San Quentin penitentiary they would be costing the people nearly $8000 a year more than they earn. The probation office investigates them and then cares for them for less than $2000. The earnings of these men is not less than $40,000 a year. A good many are earning over $100 a month. The profits on their wages is no small item to a community. Many of them have families who receive their earnings, which go far to make their children better citizens.

Of all men placed on probation, about 70 per cent are completely restored to good citizenship, about 10 per cent manage to keep out of jail, another 10 per cent fails to report and the other 10 per cent are turned into court and given new or their original sentences.

The superior court judges have now, under the present law, the right to refer a case to the probation officer for investigation, in order to get any information which might help to determine the length of sentence advisable. The sheriff's office, through its bureau of identification, is of great assistance, both to the court and the probation office. The United States government maintains an exchange at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, which keeps the pictures, finger-prints and Bertillon measurements of every man convicted of a felony and sent to a state prison, and a great many others. The probation office sends inquiries concerning criminals, all over the world if necessary. In one recent case, replies were received from letters sent to Japan, China, India, England and Canada—by letter we chased him around the world. By working in this way, it is almost impossible for a criminal with a record to get away from the probation office control.

> WE are gradually beginning to treat the criminal as a morally sick person, and to accept a part of the responsibility of producing him. Every time I see a criminal in court, I say to myself "Somebody has failed." The parent, the teacher, the minister, the neighbor, the community, the state—somebody has failed, and for our failures we must accept our burden.

The natural passions and weaknesses account for most of their offenses. More than half of their crimes were committed when out of work and money. Many of these were out of money because of drink, gambling and bad women. Then when moneyless, jobless, hungry and cold, they attempt to collect taxes for the poor.

When drinking, men commit crimes they would not ordinarily commit when sober; but under temptation or necessity, they will commit the crimes when sober that they commit when drunk. That is, liquor clouds their reason, or nullifies their acquired self-restraint. Ordinarily, the moderately drunken man is the natural man—with soul laid bare. Usually one who commits a crime when drunk would like to commit it when he is sober. The drunken crime is usually the fruit of a sober wish or intent.

"Failure to provide" is a felony in California. No penniless man can provide without suitable work. Many a man loses interest in his home because he can't be a man among men and still take enough home to supply his family's needs. His wife then loses her affection for him. Then loss of work, sickness, poverty, suffering, beat down his self-respect and bring him to the point where jail is almost a relief. Where a man is arrested for failure to provide and has no work, how can the officers of the law compel him to provide?

More than half the time the wives are more to blame than their husbands in the "failure to provide" cases. Extravagance, ignorance, laziness, bad temper, immorality on the part of women make bad husbands.

The almost universal use of checks has made the "bad check" business a great burden on the courts. This class of crimes is one of the "labor pains" of expanding civilization. We put the tool of commerce into the hands of weak and untrained men and must expect bad results. The officers of the law are trying to supply the lacking education. There is no crime more easily detected. Professional criminals seldom resort to it.

Probation is granted in rape cases, only when the female, being under eighteen, has given consent, and is herself delinquent and previously unchaste. The age of consent is now eighteen. Theoretically a girl should not be able to consent to a "de facto" marriage unless she can enter into a marriage "de juris" without the consent of parents.

In practice, however, a great many girls in California are fully developed women at thirteen, and begin promiscuous relations with the other sex, long before that age. Long before they have arrived at the legal age of consent, eighteen, they become parasites of the most dangerous class. I do not believe that rape is the proper charge against a man entangled in such a net and frequently probation is the best solution of the problem after conviction or plea of guilty.

Aside from education and training there will be no abatement in the number of rape cases until we have either open houses of prostitution or an equal opportunity for all men to marry, build homes and rear families. I am somewhat inclined to favor the latter plan. Some of my neighbors prefer to boost the cost of living, the price of land, and by withholding education, training and opportunity, condemn men to lifelong celibacy.

Gambling dens cause many cases of embezzlement, theft, and all the other crimes against property. It is a strange thing that society will tolerate the professional gambler, who makes absolutely no return to society for his maintenance, supplies no genuine human need, and wrecks many a life.

The lack of religious and moral training is noticeable in most offenders against the law. Unless a man has had the spiritual awakening his ideals are usually low. An old-fashioned conversion is about the only thing that can bring him back to self respect.

Most criminals come from poor homes, careless parents, divorced parents, father or mother dead. State aid to orphans, and abandoned children, workmen's compensation, life insurance, fraternal organizations, better schools and continuous employment at fair wages are partial remedies that are worth consideration.

We are gradually beginning to treat the criminal as a morally sick person, and to accept a part of the responsibility of producing him. Every time I see a criminal in court, I say to myself, "Somebody his failed." The parents, the teacher, the minister, the neighbor, the community, the state—somebody has failed, and for our failures we must accept our burden.

Louisiana-ing un-de Luxe

By Robert K. Williams

THE other day when I was doing useful work—that of making the new quarters of the printing establishment of the Western Comrade and the Colonist habitable and rainproof in their new home in Stables, Louisiana—the rapid footsteps of the editor noisily approached from the rear, and without a moment's warning or delicacy of approach, said:

"Here, Doc, come through with three to five thousand words on your trip by auto from Llano, California, to Stables, Louisiana. Be sure to write enough stuff, for I'll have to cut a lot of it out, and it's easier for me to slash it than fill in myself—and be pronto and, above all, be careful."

I stopped sawing long enough to watch his red-sweatered form vanishing through the doorway and from his gait realized that he was a strenuous individual who brooked no back talk, delays, or mistakes. That word "pronto" evidently is a slang phrase he picked up from some cow-puncher, and means "get together," or something like that, and the injunction to be careful is a heritage of co-operative life learned on the stress-ful links of Llano's sloping plains.

All right, Mister Editor, here's a pronto and careful story

Colonists at Llano, California, just before starting auto trip to Louisiana. All Llano bade them "God-speed."

of an undeluxe expedition by Ford auto from sunbaked and thirsty Antelope Valley, California, to the forest-clad and cut-over highlands of green and sunny Louisiana—a journey of 2305 miles of up-hill and down-dale; of trackless valleys woven in mystic mazes by the feet of countless desert animals; up grades, miles in length; over divides; swinging on mountain sides amid scenes of majestic grandeur; crawling on the sides of panoramas sublime and impressive beyond description; and witnessing sunrises and sunsets that painted the heavens and mighty crags and valleys in colors and shades supernal.

Isn't it an interesting thing about a person when writing a a description of anything striking or unusual to note that he says such and such is indescribable, proceeds to yank every adjective from the dictionary in his vain attempt to make you see it, too? However, not that I used but one unusual word in the above description of the 2300 mile trip, it being "supernal," meaning heavenly. Be it confessed that I used other words about the trip and my companions during the voyage.

Before going much further I may carefully state that we arrived after four of us had been closely associated for twenty-three days, still speaking to each other it is true, but quite distantly. There were times on the trip that I thought my happiness would be complete if a gila monster would bite Babb on the neck and forever silence him, or if a tarantula would nip off the end of Bruel's finger and thereby cause him to die; and as for the fourth member of the crew, Bert Kenny, he deserved slaughter by starvation, for his silence or his exuberant singing when some horrible accident occurred to me (such as bumping a lump on my head when trying to enter the moving car). Yes, at times I hated the whole wad of them, and I believe I remember someone of the party casting aspersions on me—in fact, I recall now several times, when not only one, but all of them, talked about me in a most heinous fashion. I recall, too, that words wouldn't come fast enough to convey my inward contempt for them, and it gives me pleasure to look back and see how it cut them when I spoke crossly. Babb says I have a way of saying things that hurt, but he magnanimously adds that he never pays any attention to what I say.

Four cars left Llano on November 15, 1917, for Stables, Louisiana. These Fords, in proper order of lineup, consisted of the following colonists; Enoc Irwin and John Suhre filled the front seat, in addition to other impedimenta such as guns, cooking utensis, tools and excess clothing. John and Anton Van Nuland risked their lives, property and reputations, in the back seat. They were all cleanly shaven and wore white coveralls with the word "Llano" sewed on their sturdy chests. When they arrived at Wildhorse, Texas, their chests were still sturdy, but their coveralls were not white and they were not cleanly shaven.

Next in order came Jess Morris in his cleanly-wiped Ford, and arrayed in old clothes. With him were Wm. De Boer, Fred Allen and Abe Ginsberg, all cleanly shaven and dressed differently. Abe's red sleeping cap and khaki coveralls fooled some refined fellow in New Mexico who grew embarrassed when he inquired whether he regularly wore his pajamas in the day time.

The third car was richly laden with kitchen utensils and supplies for the inner foundry and bedding for some of the choicest of humanity, namely, M. E. Babb, five feet three, myself 178 pounds, Ed Bruel, six feet one, whose legs could easily use the radiator for a footstool, and Bert Kenny, whose newly-purchased boots crowded and fought for floor space with the stewpan and coffee pot. We were cleanly shaven and soon admitted that we were taking our lives in our hands, exhibiting a daring equal to that of a mustang breaker, when we submitted our precious selves to Babb's care.

Henry Monahan, with Dr. Jewett, and small dog Trix, brought up the rear in a Metz. They were cleanly shaven (all except Trix, the only one who said nothing one way or the other, the whole way through). Trix never lost his buoyancy or desire to chase after stones whenever the cars stopped. The rest of us, however, frequently lost our buoyancy and even the ability to throw stones for little Trix. I have asked the opinion of everyone who made the trip and he has expressed it freely and most emphatically, but many one-sided conversations with Trix have elicited no response save an intelligent look and an immediate search for a stone. Some day I hope we humans will evolve to the reticence of a dog, and then a lot of trouble will be averted.

This was to be a co-operative, pioneer, prospecting expedition for the purpose of deciding whether it would be best for the remaining Llanoites to come by autos or train to their new home. A. A. Stewart furnished me with a lot of self-addressed postals to record our daily doings and runs. These

were to be mailed to him on the fly and he was to transmit the truthful impressions to the colonists left behind. For weeks these slugs of truth filtered through my very soiled fingers over the glow of the camp fire or percolated through the aroma of a milligan stew, and truthfully conveyed the salient slants and shafts to a waiting populace. As a result, Bert Engle, acting superintendent of the Llano ranch, chartered several cars, and 130 colonists followed by train so close on our heels that we hardly had time to forget them until they joyfully wrung our hands down here. But that's another story.

Enoc's injunction to us all, before leaving Llano, was to keep together, the car behind to watch the tires of the car ahead. We did so pretty well for a half mile, but we found in exceedingly difficult to see Enoc's tires when he was a hundred miles ahead, or was riding through the gloom. Four minutes of active jolting on the road convinced us that watching the other fellow's tires was mere superfluity and merry persiflage on the part of Enoc, born of a misunderstanding of auto-tandem-travelling.

When we left Llano, the whole populace turned out to bid us God-speed, or something similar, and we had our pictures taken in attitudes of travelers, which made us feel like real persons of importance, and when our good friends crowded around us and grasped our hands and said words fraught with new meaning, a lifting of the old clouds of doubt vanished, and our hearts hastened with a new beat in response to that golden cord which binds us all and which only appears at epochal times, such as at partings or reunitings. People whom we did not know possessed the inward beat, pressed forward hands and said things that even yet tingle at the heart, and make our old hopes and affections beat with new ardor. We are all better than we seem. We are all better than we act. The good and noble and magnanimous is preponderant and only misunderstandings cause it to swerve or lose potency. Given a condition requiring quick expression of the sympathies and feelings, the love inherent in every human breast bursts forth, and like the flower opening to the sun, gives forth a sweetness too subtle for words, and delicious raptures fill the breast. I say it was good to have these sincere folks bid us adieu and wish us safely on our way. Of course, no one noticed this but me and that's the reason I'm talking about it. A discovery should be known, for mankind progresses in this way.

We were to go by way of San Diego, Yuma, etc., and like a conquering army, started off to San Diego and got as far as Los Angeles. We stayed overnight, bidding wives goodbye and the various friends we had acquired there on our several visits to that wide-awake burg. It was like leaving home, indeed, to tear ourselves away, bravely to start for far away Louisiana. A funny something stood in my throat as I waved my little better half and her good and faithful friend, Mrs. Webber, goodbye from the rear of a fast-moving electric car in one of the pretty suburbs. But we soon turned to sterner things.

Meeting the boys at a garage designated the night before, we bought a lot of things for the trip. During our rounds of the various automobile agencies we got a report that the southern route was blocked by sand. There was nothing to do but believe it, and accordingly, at noon that same day, we retraced our steps part of the way and camped that night one mile from Victorville, 32 miles from Llano. Had the colonists known that we had traveled two days and were 32 miles from our starting point, a raucous laugh would have jarred the rafters of the auditorium. However, we were on our way and traveled 132 miles that day.

The camp was cold and dismal. Wanting to facilitate dressing in regular traveling togs in the morning, I undressed rather completely and laid down to pleasant dreams! The lying down and the dreams were not pleasant. The awakening was cruel, cold and embarrassing. One of the fellows turned over, gentle like, something like a horse, and left me sleeping with the canopy of night and the glittering stars for covering. Cold? I hope that ice is not one of the punishments in future store for me, or any of my friends. I was so cold I was afraid to move when I awoke for fear I would break in two. When I shiveringly put on my clothing, and I had mentioned the fact that I had slept cold to fourteen travelers, a hearty, coarse laugh from their hardy pioneer chests greeted the announcement. Their sympathies froze during the night, even though they slept with their clothes on. Right there I learned a valuable lesson, and after that, the moment I found my cap in the morning, I was dressed. After a breakfast eaten long before dawn with the steam from the coffee pots standing in icy sentinels, we started for Barstow, the real first step on the southern journey.

Before going on, let us go back a few miles and again have a look at famous El Cajon pass. It's worth while. The road is as nearly perfect as human hands and machinery can make it. It is a continuous up grade for miles, and ever-winding. New and impressive views appear at every turn. It was late in the afternoon when our four cars laboriously chugged upward. With the new views and the reflection from a lowering sun, came weird and wonderful pictures on the distant mountain side. Colors and shades, seemingly endless in variety,

"Can we afford to ford with a Ford?"

came and went while watching. Indeed, the true meaning of the kaleidoscope became clear. Arriving at the top, we all stopped, allowing our faithful and courageous Henrys to get a breath, and went over to a point which gave us a view of the great basin below. A railroad track wound up and around, making graceful curves, and trains tugging upward, looked like toy cars, so small did they seem from our height. Californians are proud of this fine road with its impressive beauty. We were all deep in the delights of the picture, viewing and drinking in the inspiration which is sure to come if one's soul is as big as the chambered mind of a mosquito, and desiring the silence usually present when prayer is offered up, when Ginsberg broke the spell and in a voice suggestive of hectic fever, said:

"Let's go; let's go! Louisiana is far away and its getting dark. Its getting dark. Hurry up; come on!"

Someone said something about eating and Abe reiterated the fact that Louisiana was far off and that it was costing the Colony $20 an hour for every minute we loitered. And we hastened back to our waiting burden-bearers, started pell-mell onward and camped near Victorville, as I have already said, and where, if it had been much colder, Louisiana would still

(Continued on Page 37)

What is Anarchism?

By Emma Goldman

ANARCHISM is the philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

The new social order rests, of course, on the materialistic basis of life; but while all anarchists agree that the main evil today is an economic one, they maintain that the solution of that evil can be brought about only through the consideration of every phase of life,—individual, as well as collective; the internal as well as the external phases.

Anarchism is the only philosophy which brings to man the consciousness of himself; which maintains that God, the state and society are non-existent, that their promises are null and void, since they can be fulfilled only through man's subordination. Anarchism is, therefore, the teacher of the unity of life; not merely in nature, but in man. There is no conflict between the individual and social instincts, any more than there is between the heart and the lungs; the one the receptable of a precious life-essence, the other the repository of the element that keeps the essence pure and strong. The individual is the heart of society, conserving the essence of social life; society is the lungs which are distributing the element to keep the life-essence—that is the individual—pure and strong.

Anarchism is the great liberator of man from the phantoms that have held him captive; it is the arbiter and pacifier of the two forces for individual and social harmony. To accomplish that unity, anarchism has declared war on the pernicious influences which have so far prevented the harmonious blending of individual and social instincts, the individual and society.

"Property is robbery," said the great French anarchist, Proudhon. Yes, but without risk and danger to the robber. Monopolizing the accumulated efforts of man, property has robbed him of his birth-right, and has turned him loose a pauper and an outcast. Property has not even the time-worn excuse that man does not create enough to satisfy all his needs. The A B C student of economics knows that the productivity of labor within the last few decades far exceeeds normal demand. But what are normal demands to an abnormal institution? The only demand that property recognizes is its own gluttonous appetite for greater wealth, because wealth means power; the power to subdue, to crush, to exploit, the power to enslave, to outrage, to degrade. America is particularly boastful of her great power, her enormous national wealth, Poor America! Of what avail is all her wealth, if the individuals comprising the nation are wretchedly poor? If they live in squalor, in filth, in crime, with hope and joy gone, a homeless, soilless army of human prey, what reason for boasting?

It is generally conceded that unless the returns of any business venture exceed the cost, bankruptcy is inevitable. But those engaged in the business of producing wealth have not yet learned even this simple lesson. Every year the cost of production in human life is growing larger (50,000 killed and 100,000 wounded last year); the returns to the masses who help to create wealth are ever getting smaller. Yet America continues to be blind to the inevitable bankruptcy of our business in production. Nor is this the only crime of the latter. Still more fatal is the crime of turning the producer into a mere particle of a machine, with less will and decision than his master of steel and iron. Man is being robbed not merely of the products of his labor, but of the power of free initiative, of originality, and the interest in, or desire for, the things he is making.

Anarchism cannot but repudiate such a method of production: its goal is the freest possible expression of all the latent powers of the individaul. Oscar Wilde defines a perfect personality as "one who develops under perfect conditions, who is not wounded, maimed, or in danger." A perfect personality, then, is only possible in a state of society where man is free to choose the mode of work, the conditions of work, and the freedom to work. One to whom the making of a table, the building of a house, or the tilling of the soil, is what the painting is to the artist and discovery to the scientist—the result of inspiration, of intense longing, and deep interest in work as a creative force. That being the ideal of anarchism, its economic arrangements must consist of voluntary productive and distributive associations, gradually developing into free communism, as the best means of producing with the least waste of human energy. Anarchism, however, also recognizes the right of the individual, or numbers of individuals, to arrange at all times for other forms of work, in harmony with their tastes and desires.

"PROPERTY is robbery," said the great French anarchist, Proudhon. Yes, but without risk and danger to the robber. Monopolizing the accumulated efforts of man, property has robbed him of his birth-right, and has turned him loose a pauper and an outcast.

Referring to the American government, the greatest anarchist, David Thoreau, said, "Government, what is it but a tradition, though a recent one, endeavoring to transmit itself unimpaired to posterity, but each instance losing its integrity; it has not the vitality and force of a single living man. Law never made man a whit more just; and by means of their respect for it, even the well-disposed are daily made agents of injustice."

In fact, there is hardly a modern thinker who does not agree that government, organized authority, or the state, is necessary ONLY to maintain or protect property and monopoly. It has proved efficient in that function only.

Even George Bernard Shaw, who hopes for the miraculous from the state under Fabianism, nevertheless admits that "it is at present a huge machine for robbing and slave-driving of the poor by brute force." This being the case, it is hard to see why the clever prefacer wishes to uphold the state after poverty shall have ceased to exist.

The most absurd apology for authority and law is that they serve to diminish crime. Aside from the fact that the state itself is the greatest criminal, breaking every written and natural law, stealing in the form of taxes, killing in the form of war and capital punishment, it has come to an absolute standstill in coping with crime. It has failed utterly to destroy or even minimize the horrible scourge of its own creation.

Crime is but misdirected energy. So long as every institution of today, economic, political, social and moral, conspires to misdirect human energy into wrong channels; so long as most people are out of place doing the things they

(Continued on Page 34)

A Page of Poems

OUT OF CHAOS

I am a child of the world.
I owe allegiance to no country more than another country;
To no flag more than another flag;
The boundary of no nation hems me in.
And I love no race of people more than another race of people.
All humanity to me is sacred
And all humanity is one.

Oh, a man is a man.
He is sacred and marvelous.
It matters not where he is born;
Or the language that he speaks.
His blood is precious.
His flesh is wonderful.
He is the child of God.

I refuse to be robbed of my sanity.
I refuse to murder my brother—who is part of myself!
I extend my hand to him saying,
"You are my comrade, and I love you."

—Ruth Le Prade

THE VISION BEAUTIFUL

A wondrous vision thrills the soul of me,
Where man, triumphant over lust and greed,
Stands glorified in his ascendancy
Above the ages' weight of war and creed.

No loud-voiced braggart, he, but splendid, true,
He finds in labor man's nobility;
In art and science blazes paths anew,
And honors woman from her bondage free.

Great man and woman, human yet divine!
Upbuilding cities, light and white and pure,
Where daily tasks with lovely scenes combine,
And town's and nature's blended gifts endure.

Supernal vision! Man and woman blest!
Their minds' achievements crown the realm with grace;
Their hands have fashioned homes of love and rest....
A better country for a better race.

—Marguerite Head.

MAN'S CHOICE

For ages they murder—O God, how long!
Yet still they are singing the old, old song
Of "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men."

But ever and ever the thundrous voice
Of justice is bidding them use the choice
Implanted by God in the souls of men.

Use it, abuse it, renounce it if you will,
But out of the chaos it thunders still.
It speaks, in a tone they can not elude,
Alike to the king and the multitude;
Murder and plunder and poverty's hell,
Or love and blessing the choice shall tell.
Use it, abuse it, renounce if you will,
But out of the chaos it thunders still.

And they shall account for the blight and wrong,
Who, arming for battle, yet sing the song
Of "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men.'

For ever and ever the terrible voice
Of Justice is bidding them use the choice
Implanted by God in the souls of men.

—Marguerite Head.

LET ME CAMP ON THE TRAIL

Let me camp on the trail with the restless ones,
The ones who cannot be still;
Let me share, as they share, from a board that is bare,
Through the days that are long and the nights that are chill;
Let me camp on the trail.

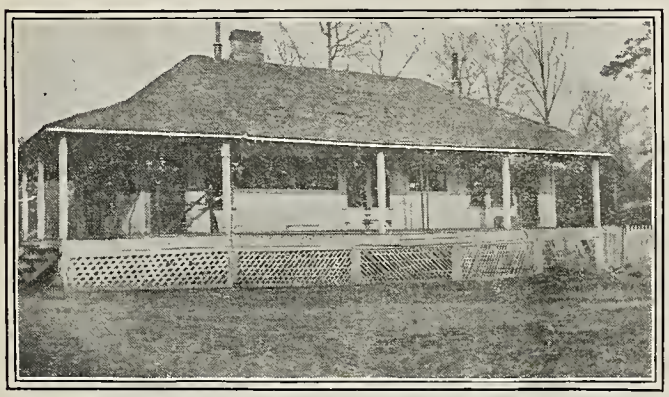
Let me shape the arrows that point out the way
From the leaders' slash on the trail;
Let me feel, as they feel, keen impress of the heel
That is thrust upon those who dare to assail
The law of "Ye slaves obey!"

Let me sit by the fire whose bright ruddy glow
Reflects from the hearts of men;
Let me give, as they give, of myself while I live,
That all those who follow shall know 'twas for them
That we blazed out the trail.

—Ferrel Firth.

Side View of the Commissary. This building is Up-to-date, Commodious, and Handles a Good Stock.

Hauling Household Goods from Sheds

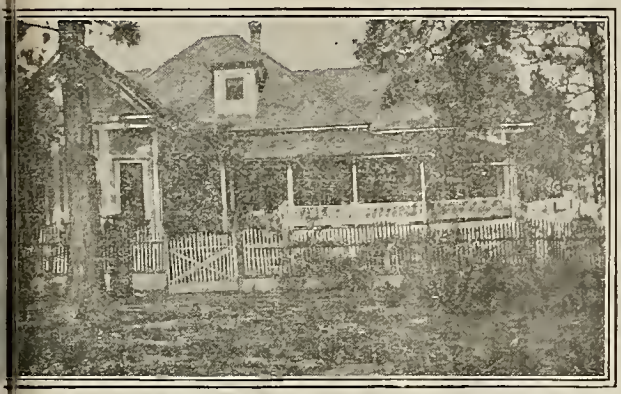


The Company Office in Which is Transacted all the Financial and Commercial Business of the Colony.

Latest Views of Typ and About th Ll Colony i Lo

Two of the Immense Sheds Belonging to the Colony Which Are Capable of Housing All of Llano's Industries

The Left Shows the North-West Corner of the Warehouse. I Foreground is the Kansas City Southern Railroa



Handsome Annex of the big Colony Hotel. This Building is Useful for a number of Purposes

This View is Taken from the Company Office. Note the Freight Depot on the Right. Opposite is the Warehouse and Printshop.

Typical Scenes In Llano del Rio Louisiana

A View of the Train of Six Coaches Which Brought 150 California Colonists to Louisiana

Brick Ready for Bakery

View of a part of the Great Mass of Lumber that Accompanied The Louisiana Purchase

National Non-Resistance?

By Jessie Wallace Hughan, Ph.D.

THE conventional answer is a simple one: a non-resistant nation must of course become the prey of its strong neighbor.

"The possession of wealth by a defenseless nation," says Hudson Maxim, "is a standing casus belli to other nations," and "always there has been the nation standing ready to attack and plunder any other nation when there was likely to be sufficient profit in the enterprise to pay for the trouble."

This alternative of defense or conquest has up to this time been accepted by the majority even of pacifists. The regular Socialist of every country expects some form of army and navy to continue until the world triumph of the proletariat; and unilateral disarmament is repudiated by all peace advocates save a few Christian idealists ready for martyrdom.

The writer, however, ventures to take exception to this alternative. The United States is indeed a wealthy and developed nation; and Mr. Maxim is in agreement with Socialist philosophy when he pictures the ruling class of each nation as out for profit. If, at the end of the world war, the United States should independently disarm, there would remain no military obstacle to the overunning and annexation of the country by the first neighbor who wished to turn a dishonest penny. Such a catastrophe, however, need not, we believe, be feared in the slightest by the United States, the reason being a simple one: the seizure of our country would present to a possible conqueror no adequate chance of profit. A wealthy and developed country is, because of these very qualities, secure from attack.

THE undeveloped country is in constant danger of seizure with or without pretext. Were we citizens of Somaliland or Bagdad, we could hardly look with equanimity upon the process of world empire. Should we, then, advocate military resistance on the part of those countries? Only as a method of speedy suicide.

Let us use our oconomics, and look squarely at the matter from a business viewpoint. A great power demands expansion, euphemistic word for the seizure of territory, and according to both Marx and the capitalist economists, this expansion is required as an outlet for the surplus products of capitalism.

Now in what way does the conquered country supply such an outlet? Clearly not in the course of normal trade, for, as Norman Angell has conclusively shown, trade does not necessarily follow the flag, and with a few artificial exceptions, a colony such as Canada or Australia buys and sells in the most profitable market, irrespective of imperial allegiance.

It is not Canada and Australia, however, but Congo and Mesopotamia, toward which modern Europe turns covetous eyes. It is these undeveloped countries, whether formal colonies or mere spheres of influence, which are the genuine bone of contention today ,as constituting the only territory which yields an appreciable economic profit to its political possessor. There are great differences between the developed colony such as Canada or New South Wales and a possession like Soudan or Korea. The first is the home of enlightened settlers, who, as Mr. Angell has explained, buy and sell where profit leads them and refuse to be bound by any except mutually advantageous trade restrictions; but the second is inhabited by ignorant tribes, unable to assert their trade rights, and an easy prey to the vendor of silk hats or whiskey, as the case may be.

The first type of country, though far richer in every way than the second, yet belongs to itself rather than to the mother country, for the available land and resources are all staked out as private claims; the second, for the title deeds of the aboriginal ruler, may be conferred, for value received, upon whom the government delights to honor.

The most important difference between the two, however, lies in their availability as a field for investment. Important as are the uses of the colonial world as a source of raw material and a market for superfluous products, it is not for these uses chiefly that the modern powers are reaching out greedily for new lands. As Mr. Louis Boudin has pointed out, the industrial nations have changed their index of prosperity from textiles to iron and steel, from consumers' goods to producers'. We are willing to import our small wares from the East if we build them the machines and the railroads with which to produce them. Our capitalists are even ready to turn their attention to a great extent from home production in order to stimulate new industrial centers in far-off lands.

The developed nations are already saturated with capital. By this we do not mean that money is free or that there are not still many openings for profitable enterprise. We are familiar with the principle, however, that as capital accumulates in a society the marginal units are forced into less and less productive uses, these units determine the general rate and normal interest falls. For generations the capital of England has sought foreign investment, and of recent years that of France, Germany, and the United States has done the same.

J. A. Hobson quotes a series of figures for British foreign investments beginning with 1863, the last amount, for 1893, reaching £1,698,000,000, nearly 15% of the total wealth of the United Kingdom.

It is no wonder, therefore, that the capitalists of the world have of recent years turned their eyes from the developed to the undeveloped, from the civilized to the uncivilized world. The decadent nation such as Egypt, India, or Mesopotamia, the savage land such as Congo or Formosa, is devoid of native capital, waiting only for Westerners to send in iron and steel, tame the natives to cheap labor, and establish for their own profit a new outpost of industrialism. Here is a field where capital can be put to the highest productive uses, but where native races are incapable or undesirous of this development and the outside investor has full sway.

The developed country, therefore, is in constant danger of seizure with or without pretext. Were we citizens of Somaliland or Bagdad, we could hardly look with equanimity upon the process of world empire. Should we then advocate military resistance on the part of those countries? Only as a method of speedy suicide.

It is the developed industrial nation alone that is capable of material resistance in the twentieth century. Yet, from the glimpse we have just taken into the motives of modern conquest, we find that such a country would be valueless to a conqueror. As soon as we imagine imperialist methods applied to the United States, for example, the absurdity of such conquest is apparent. Our country is already saturated with

(Continued on Page 38)

Were the Majority Socialists Right?

No!

By J. G. Phelps Stokes
Pro-War Socialist

IT SEEMS to me so evident that opposition to the war HAS vastly weakened the Socialist party, that it does not appear worth while to take fifteen hundred words to answer the question as to whether such opposition WILL weaken the party.

The average membership in the party during the five years immediately prior to 1917 was 94,000.

January 31st of this year the membership was 75,840. During the vigorous anti-war campaign, which occupied more space in the Socialist press than anything else during the two months preceding the St. Louis convention, the membership sank to 67,510. By April 30th, two weeks after the adoption of the anti-war resolutions at St. Louis, the membership had fallen to 61,594. There then followed an enormously aggressive membership campaign, and a great deal of advertising space in the party press (in the East at least) was used to bolster up and fortify this campaign, and special deliberate effort was made to rope into the party all the pacifists possible, regardless of their known sympathies with Socialist principles. This appeal for pacifist support was carried to such a point that Morris Hillquit, in opening the 1917 municipal campaign in New York at Madison Square Garden, frankly made the war issue the keynote issue of the Socialist campaign, declaring that the November elections would offer "the first real opportunity to the greatest community in the country to express its sentiments on peace and war," and that the verdict of the citizens of New York would be eagerly awaited by the people of the whole world.

A few evenings later, he declared before the Brooklyn Civic club "the issue of war and peace will probably be a deciding factor in the coming election. It will be the first opportunity for the people to express themselves on this issue."

All of Mr. Hillquit's opponents in the campaign were unequivocally outspoken in pledging their support to the American government in furtherance of the Allied aims in the war, so that no opponent of the war could logically support any candidate other than Mr. Hillquit.

The Socialist campaign for members as well as for votes, in this part of the country, was outspokenly made on that anti-war basis, and I am advised and believe that in general throughout the country an appeal for members as well as for votes, was similarly made on an anti-war basis. This vigorous anti-war campaign made by the Socialist party during the months immediately preceding the election gained about twenty thousand members for the Socialist party in the country at large, so that in October membership reached about 80,000—this increase of 18,000 or 20,000 members being a direct result of the vigorous anti-war campaign that was carried on.

But all these extra efforts made by the Socialist party's campaigners failed to raise the party membership to anywhere near the average of the preceding five years. The above facts supplemented by such letters as John Spargo and myself have received from all parts of the country in connection with the organization of the Social Democratic league and of the National party, appear to afford convincing evidence that the Socialist party's repudiation of the cause of International Democracy, as manifested in its attitude toward the present war, has cost the party a loss from its member-

(Continued on Page 34)

Yes!

By Adolph Germer
Anti-War Socialist, Secretary National Socialist Party

THE QUESTION put to me is, "Will opposition to the war weaken the Socialist party?" Any answer I give, of course, may cause some debate. The party has grown in membership since the St. Louis convention where the famous resolution was adopted. Those who favor the Majority report, quite naturally, and I think justly, claim that this growth is due to our anti-war attitude. We say that had we done as the pro-English Spargo, Simons, Gaylord, et al, wanted us to do, we should be no different from the Democratic and Republican parties. Had we endorsed the war, as they did, what incentive would there be for anyone joining the Socialist party? One could just as well stay with the Democratic or Republican parties, the parties of the steel trust and other profit mongers. They stand for the war. True, their program is couched in slightly different language than that of Simons, Gaylord and Spargo, but they are for the International killing just the same.

Those who have in the past called themselves Socialist and have joined hands with the worst labor exploiters in the land claim that our increase in membership came from the German ranks. Because we stand consistently by our past declarations on war, we are charged with being agents of the terrible animal that is running loose in Europe—the Kaiser. As Post used to say, "There is a reason for everything." Perhaps the fact that some of the ex-Socialists are in the pay of Defense Councils or serve on some sub-committee that has a name a yard long, while others are patted on the back by the plutes and told how intelligent they are, accounts for their vaporings against the party's position. Who knows!

This, of course, is aside from the question, but it is important because it may explain why they try to arouse suspicion and distrust in the Socialist party. When the connections of former prominent party members are understood, the Socialist party will not look so Kaiserish after all. But what else can they say to make out the shadow of a case in their vain attempt to weaken the party?

No, our opposition to the war has not and will not weaken us. On the contrary, we have proven our consistency. Our position on the war has shown our thorough reliability. It has brushed away that doubt in the minds of many who wondered what we would do when the test was put to us. The people have learned that we do the things we promise in our official declarations.

At the beginning of the war, not alone non-socialists, but Socialists as well, the very persons who deserted, or were kicked out of the Socialist party, denounced the European Socialists for supporting their governments. They wrote lengthy articles, charging comrades with willful dishonesty because they did not agree with the author's "uncompromising" anti-war programm. Now this same author is drawing money from the Council of Defense. Would anyone say that the loss of persons who dance such mental tangos is weakening the party? The European Socialists were condemned for supporting the war. We are condemned for not supporting it.

Moreover, the hideousness of capitalism with its inevitable horrors of war will impress itself more vividly on the mind when the realities of war become more visible. When the results are announced and the legless, armless and eyeless

(Continued on Page 34)

Comment and Criticism

By Alec Watkins

LA FOLLETTE

OCCASIONALLY, there appears in public life a man who is the despair of his political associates—and the hope of the people. Such a man is La Follette. Compare him with Woodrow Wilson. At bottom, Wilson is probably sincere, but as far as his public utterances are concerned, it is difficult to tell how much of them is idealism and how much is rhetoric; and as far as his public work is concerned, it is just as difficult to tell how much of it is principle and how much is political expediency. But La Follette's entire career is characterized by a hearty earnestness and a thorough-going sincerity. Bernard Shaw gave Wilson credit for having made no political mistakes, and Shaw is perhaps right, for Wilson's mistakes have been, not in politics, but in statesmanship. And when he blunders, he finds it necessary, nevertheless, to continue, finally convincing himself and others that it was really no blunder at all. It is just here that Wilson differs most from La Follette; for, in a matter of broad statesmanship, La Follette's judgment is much surer than Wilson's, and should he find himself in error he is the type of man that would at once start anew. It is this quality that, "in spite of all superficial laws, temporary appearances, profit-and-loss calculations," as Carlyle put it, makes men like La Follette invincible.

GERMAN IN THE SCHOOLS

ONE of the least welcome by-products of the war is the attempt to eliminate the German language from the school curriculum, in various localities. There is no rational excuse for assuming that the perusal of German literature by Americans will hurt America any more than it will hurt Germany. The German classics, for the most part, were produced before Germany became a military power, and reflect no more of the military spirit than the classic literature of any other country. Their study in America, therefore, would not develop here those tendencies which we deprecate in Germany. And the militaristic literature of Germany would really make good loyalist propaganda for our government. There is another reason why the knowledge of German should be extended rather than restricted. After the war, it is quite imperative that we understand the German people, whether they continue our enemies or become our friends. If they are to be our enemies, we must understand them in order to know how to deal with them. If we are to be friends with them, as we may be permitted, with President Wilson, to hope, a better understanding is most essential. And this understanding can be arrived at more quickly and more surely if the barrier of language is broken down.

EDUCATION

IN THE recent New York City election the Socialists were compelled to take a negative position on the subject of education. It is to be hoped that this will not be the case always. This matter of education is vital. It holds the solution of a thousand problems. Socialists need to wake up to its possibilities. The fact that our educational system, from the country schoolhouse to the great university, is in the hands of the enemy, is no mere stumbling-block on our path, but a high brick wall. Day by day, children are taught systematically the immoralities and inanities of capitalism and war. A generation nourished on a disease-breeding diet of that kind is not likely to be very amenable to the forces of progress.

Let it be understood, however, that it does not follow because we do not want children taught that capitalism is right, that we therefore want them taught that Socialism is right. On the contrary, no principle, however well established, and no opinion, however much it may be venerated, should be taught as absolute truth. To a system of education of that kind is largely due the very widespread aversion among men in later life to the use of their brains. It would be difficult to improve upon Spencer's dictum of a half a century ago that "children should be told as little as possible and induced to discover as much as possible." Instead of making the mind of the child a dumping ground for a mass of conventional aphorisms ,ready-made ideas and second-hand facts, we should try to induce in it a genuinely independent activity. Every possible expedient should be used to encourage the child to search out its own facts, work out its own ideas and form its own conclusions.

After all, what progress requires of men is not that they be definitely committed to any particular belief, but that they maintain open minds, and that they be courageously ready to experiment in the New when the Old has been found wanting. In order to produce a generation of men of this calibre, it will be necessary, not only to dispose of the particular dogmas that enslave today, but also that our educational institutions be kept free from any sort of dogmatising whatever.

CHESTERTON, MELODRAMA, AND WAR

THE CLEVER Mr. Chesterton, in discussing an aspect of the war, recently re-asserted his belief that melodrama accurately portrays life. Particularly does he defend the authenticity of the melodramatic villain, even to his conspicuous jewelry, his blood-curdling chuckle, his arrogant stride, his evident delight in evil for evil's sake. And of course, in his great tragedy now being enacted, Mr. Chesterton assigns the role of villain to the German.

Now it is true that melodrama, and for that matter, the more moderate drama, faithfully reflect certain facts of life as we have believed them to be, but not always as they are. And, of course, in the play, the problems arising from these facts are met much as men have met similar problems in their everyday lives, but not as they are learning to meet them in the light of experience. Then, too, while complexity of plot is essential to the ordinary drama, it takes more than an ordinary dramatist to even hint at the complexity of life. In melodrama, at least, life is a fairly simple matter: there are good people and bad people in the play, and the problem is to reward the good and to punish the bad, a consummation that is devoutly wished, strangely enough, by both the good and the bad people in the audience. However, the more modern drama reflects the growing tendency to regard heroes and villains as but incidents. We are begining to glimpse the underlying causes that are the real forces for good or ill, and with which we must treat directly if we are to accomplish any permanent good. The business of killing villains has failed as a matter of practical expediency; it has often done greater damage to the virtuous than to the vicious; and always it has failed to dry up the springs of villainy.

It must be remembered, too, that in the written drama, a satisfactory conclusion depends only upon the skill of the author. But, from Chesterton's own point of view, in our world tragedy, the author and the villain are to be found in the same person. In any case, whoever the author may be, if

(Continued on Page 37)

The Principles of Money

By Clinton Bancroft

IT HAS been shown how land and chattel had to be transferred in ancient times by giving actual possession in the open market or before witnesses. This was barter; and it made no difference whether one or both the bartered articles were metals or any other thing of value. And the attention of the reader is drawn to another familiar fact in history always to be found along with this, that is, that wherever history shows a time or people that required exchanges to be effected by the transfer of the actual possessions of the things exchanged, history will also show that no methods of so representing things as to identify them were known, or, if known, they were either unfit, or the people were too unfamiliar with them to use them; and this is true whether coin or stamped metal called money was in use or not. Wherever and whenever the transfer of the actual possession of the things themselves was essential to the exchange of values, it will be found that no means of representing value was known, or the knowledge was too restricted for practical use. Things of value could only be represented by the things themselves; and NO thing represented any value but its own. Coin itself did not. It stood for nothing but coin. Not until the art of writing was invented was any means devised whereby things could be so represented that the representations could be used in a commercial way for the things themselves, and history will show that until a people became familiar with the art of writing no representative of a thing was ever accepted for the thing itself.

If coin was in use before writing was known, so much the worse for the claim of coin to represent any value but its own. If shells or wampum belts or fetish things were used by unlettered tribes for the purpose of barter, it can be shown that the things they used were held valuable, not because they represented value, but because they possessed value in themselves. They represented nothing.

The invention of writing carried with it potentially the invention of money. The earliest remains of writing that have been discovered, the burnt brick records recently found among Chaldean ruins, relate to commercial transactions and furnish us with the earliest instance of the commercial use of the representatives of value for the thing itself. The inscriptions on these burnt brick are found to be deeds to land, bills of sale of chattels, and promissory, interest-bearing notes of individuals. In them we find the invention of money first shadowed forth. When men found that the written description of a thing could be used to represent the thing itself and be made to identify it, they soon discovered that the possession of that written description, of that written representative, could be made to identify its ownership. If the possession of the written representative of value could be made to identify the ownership of that value, the passage of that possession from hand to hand would carry with it the ownership of the value that it represented. To make such a use of the representative was as natural as to make the reprsentative stand for the thing. Now, generalize that representative of value. Instead of having it represent the value of a particular thing, have it represent the general value that enters into all things, and you have money as the term is practically understood today. These stages represent the growth of the invention of money.

The man who first wrote out a description of his land, or his chattels, or his obligation, and handed to another that written representative of value described, for the purpose of thereby transferring the ownership of value itself to that other, is the man who invented money. His dust has been blowing about the world for more than fifty centuries, and yet men are only beginning to see that the written representative of value which he issued (the deed to land , the bill of sale to chattels, the note of obligation) possessed the essential qualities of money. The burnt brick, the papyrus, the parchment upon which the written representation was written, possessed practically no value in themselves; but they represented value, they identified the ownership of that value, and that ownership followed their exchange. The gold, the goods, the land they represented, could never be money. The intrinsic value they possess effectually bars them from representing another value. They may be used to measure other values, but not to represent them. No means have ever been devised by which value could be represented commercially except by written or printed description, and therefore, only such representatives of value can constitute money.

> THE metal advocates will tell you that metal is a medium of exchange. That is true; but why is not their medium, their metal, performing its work? Why does it allow ninety-nine hundredths of the exchanges of the world to be effected by other mediums?
>
> Practically their metal is not a meduim, but a basis for mediums. That is, it isn't money at all, but a basis for money.

But, though men have been slow to recognize in a mental way that the written representatives of value, which they have been handling and exchanging and passing to and fro among themselves, really possess all the essentials of money, and that nothing else does, yet they have always done so in a practical way. Wherever the art of representing values obtained the complexities of trade invited its use, and the convenience of that use was so great that men never failed to take advantage of it. That which was at first simply a convenience became, under the growing commerce of the world, a necessity; and today without recognizing them as money, denying indeed that they are money, ninety-nine hundredths of the exchanges of the world are effected by written representatives of value. Gold and silver certificates, national bank notes, drafts, bills of exchange, stocks, bonds, checks, certificates of deposit, warehouse receipts, due bills, promissory notes, bills of sale, mortgages and deeds—all these representatives of value are the mediums by which the exchanges of the world are today effected. They all possess the essential qualities of money. All, however, do not possess the conveniences of money, but they do possess its essentials and they perform its functions.

Strange to say, however, that which does not possess the essentials of money and does not perform its functions, is what the world persists in calling money. If what the world calls money is money, why don't it perform its functions? Ask the metal advocates what money is, and they will tell you it is a medium of exchange. That is true; but why isn't their medium, their metal, performing its work? Why does it allow ninety-nine hundredths of the exchanges of the world to be effected by other mediums? They tell us the reason is, that their metal medium is in some safe place serving as a basis of these other mediums. Then, practically, their metal isn't

(Continued on Page 25)

JESUS AND WAR

By Robert Whitaker

THE Rev. John Haynes Holmes, minister of the Church of the Messiah, at the Broadway Tabernacle in New York City, is reported in the "New York World" of March 7, 1917, as making the following statement the previous evening:

"I suppose I'm a good deal of a heretic in theology. I don't believe anything Jesus taught just because He said it. I am interested in anything He said, just as I am interested in anything Charles Darwin said; but a basis of truth must be found elsewhere. I believe Jesus of Nazareth is the greatest teacher the world has ever seen, because He taught the things He did."

When the secretary of our Christian Pacifist conference was seeking to secure a hall for our meetings in Los Angeles, October, 1917, the landlord of a certain hall in that city which we tried to engage, used these words:

"I am a Baptist, and I am just as good a Christian as any of you are. But I am an American, and if Christianity gets between me and my country, **damn Christianity.**"

The two men were doubtless very wide apart as to their theology, for Holmes is a liberal, and it is dollars to doughnuts that the Los Angeles man is severely orthodox. But they really meant the same thing, although Holmes said it in a much finer and far more Christian way.

When you ask me, therefore, to discuss the question, "Does the philosophy of Jesus preclude war between nations?" I am bound to say at the outset that the inquiry has really very little to do with the actual attitude of those who call themselves Christians, toward war. Neither as to the rightfulness of war itself, nor as to the relative rightfulness of this or that party to any war is the authority of Jesus a decisive factor. The Christians of the South justified their side of the Civil War just as easily as the Christians of the North justified their's. German Christians and American Christians are heartily agreed on the main proposition, that while they do not like war, the duty is thrust upon them, and they must fight for humanity's sake. For both of them, to use a favorite illustration of our own apologists, the house is on fire, and they cannot stop to hear argument, or to consider constitutions and bills of rights, or to even be merciful and humane; they must put out the fire. And if Christianity gets in the way, well—most of them don't say it, but they do actually damn Christianity, damn constitutions, and damn anything else that gets in their way. "Can't you see, the house is on fire? Shut up and get busy." The only difference between Germans and Americans in their appeal to this apt illustration is as to which house is on fire. But they are equally willing to have Christ go along and help them put out the fire,—in their neighbor's house.

No, this is not cynicism. It is a mere statement of facts. Christians fight for the same reason, or reasons, for which other folks fight, and choose sides, or are chosen, like the rest of humankind. If they were Mohammedans, Mohammed would be their prophet in battle. Because they are, or call themselves Christians, they must needs make a war-man of Jesus. I admit that it is harder to do it with Jesus than it would be with Mohammed. But they do it, and then proceed to justify it as best they can.

THE Christians of the South justified their side of the Civil War just as easily as the Christians of the North justified their's. German Christians and American Christians are heartily agreed on the main proposition: that while they do not like war, still the duty is thrust upon them, and they must fight for Humanity's sake.

Which simply shows that the authority of life itself is more compelling than any authority of names. Either we do not reason about matters or else our reasoning goes deeper than any mere issue of what anybody has said, and we act according to the whole body of instincts, impulses, and interests which are in us and around us. And against the vast volume of the glacial drift in which we are caught, and with which we move, the influence of our poets, prophets, and the Christ himself avails but slowly, and in the main, only as it avails to affect the general momentum and direction of life.

And, furthermore, these men and women whom we appeal to as "authority" do actually speak with authority only so far as what they say answers to the ultimate facts of life. We pay attention to what Jesus said finally as we find His words answering to a larger and larger experience of life. Jesus' condemnation of war, if He did condemn it, would amount to nothing eventually, if war should prove to be a permanent requisite for the progress of mankind. We would no more adopt His philosophy than we would adopt His dress if the philosophy proved as inconvenient and inapplicable to times and conditions as the dress. On the other hand, if it be proven that Jesus justified war, nevertheless war will go on if it is to human advantage that it shall go on. Life itself is the determining factor as to what life will tolerate and what life will condemn. And if Jesus remains as authority for us it will be because He spoke according to life at its highest and best, and not because life is going to conform to any mere word of Him or of any other man.

So then it does not matter whether, as some of us surmise, Jesus thought of himself as the Jewish Messiah, suddenly and unexpectedly revealed to himself as such, and to be revealed speedily by His Father in a new order which would sweep away all the nationalisms and imperialisms of His time like chaff before the wind, or whether, as most Christians believe, He came to His career out of miracle and with a semi-supernatural consciousness, and built a church which He anticipated would outlast the centuries. Whether the Christ of miracle and tradition, or the vastly more impressive prophet of Nazareth, who, within the compass of an insular experience and an apocalyptic expectation, wrought out an attitude toward life which is good for all times and places, and for the whole evolutionary expectation of the race, such authority as He has for us is not arbitrary, and it is not seriously affected by the particular field of immediate ideas in which He worked it out. What the Wright brothers did for flying does not depend upon what they said about it, nor upon the characteristics of that bit of beach in Florida where they worked out their theories, but upon their contribution to our knowledge of the actual laws of flight. War is reasonable or unreasonable, right or not right according to the witness of life itself, and the witness of Jesus is worth with respect to war just as much as it answers to the worth or unworth of war itself.

So far as we know He did not discuss war, or nations, in any formal way. His view of life was intensely individual. It is at this point that men have missed the meaning of one of His profoundest utterances which has been most absurdly forced into the service of war of late. "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword," He is reported to have said when he sent out His disciples on a preaching tour. The whole utterance, which is found in the tenth chapter of Mathew's gospel, reads like a reflection of later times upon the experiences of the apostolic church, and an interpretation of what they conceived to be the Christian attitude toward their work and the opposition which they met. But if the words be taken as literally the words of Jesus they lend no comfort to the apologists for war, and they cut the very ground out from under the whole doctrine of nationalism.

For this is, in substance, what Jesus says, put into modern phrase:

"The world's wars are group conflicts, in which a man has usually the support at least of his family, or his tribe, or his nation. But the doctrine which I teach is so intimate, so individual, that it will cleave all the relations of life asunder. The war that will follow those who follow me will divide a man from his father, a daughter from her mother, a daughter-in-law from her mother-in-law, and a man's foes will be those of his own household."

Now this is the characteristic conflict of all absolute loyalty to truth. Men usually go in groups, as churches, parties, states, or nations, and few men and women act for themselves, and out of sheer loyalty to the vision of God in their own hearts. But Jesus taught in severest terms that there is but one loyalty, and that is the loyalty of a man's own soul to his own experience of life, and the living voice of God within him.

Here is the doctrine in its baldest and boldest terms. "Except a man hate his father and mother, he cannot be my disciple." That is, unless a man so loves truth and so follows righteousness that compared with his loyalty to them, even love of father and mother is cold as hatred, he does not know what real loyalty to truth and righteousness are. What room is there in such teaching for the irrational and immoral dogma of our times, "My country, right or wrong"? How can men be Germans, or Englishmen, or Americans, and be Christians, if this be the teaching of Jesus? The fact is that so far as any man is German, English, or American, he ceases to be Christian since he sets up another loyalty above sheer loyalty to the Christ mind and mood.

So also must we understand Jesus' words which are generally ignored by the orthodox, and most superfically understood even by the conventional liberal. "Call no man father, call no man rabbi, call no man master." Certainly Jesus was not concerning himself with mere titles, as the connection will show, though it is easy to guess what he would have thought of the rag-tag of our professional and ecclesiastical toggery. But back of these words is the profoundest democracy. Here is a repudiation of all hero-worship, all subordination of man to man, all loyalties which obscure the soul's own vision of God. You are not to be imitations and echoes of anybody, whether it be a Paul, a Luther, a Lincoln, or a Karl Marx. "One is your father; one is your teacher; one is your master; and all ye are brethren." There is absolutely no room for sectarianism, for partisanship, for nationalism, or for any subjection of the soul to anybody here. It is a declaration of human independence which puts the document that Jefferson wrote into the category of the superficial and the incidental so personal, so profound, so everlasting it is.

Now Jesus was either right or wrong about this doctrine, which lies at the very root of His whole attitude toward life. It is this doctrine out of which He said with no consciousness of blasphemy, "I and My Father are one." And it was His aim to make every man able to say the same for himself. Jesus taught in the most absolute fashion the immediateness of every man's relation to God. It is the ultimate of moral independence, by which we come back to that with which we began, that not even the authority of Jesus is authority for us, but only the authority of life itself as each soul comes to the experience of life. He is authority for us only as He is truth, and truth must test even Him for His authority.

It is of secondary importance, therefore, that He said in another connection, "Blessed are the peace-makers." We must test that saying by experience. Or His word, "Put up thy sword; they that take by the sword shall perish by the sword." That also must be proven out. Nor does it matter much what He did to the grafters in the Temple, though that whip of small cords has been worn to shreds by the hard-pressed grafters of our day who are anxious to use it on each other's backs. Fie on them that they do not see that if He could get one square look at them He would clean them all out with a whisk broom! No, the real philosophy of Jesus is not in any incidental utterance or even in any isolated act of His. It is in His teaching of the soul's solitariness before God, and the one and only loyalty which He admits has any right to rule.

You can no more imagine Jesus a German or an American than you can imagine Him a Baptist or a Methodist. Our national contentions would be to Him as absurd and as horrible as the religious wars over some rag or ritual, or some tissue of theology. There is no patriotism with Him, as there is no partisanship, and no sectarianism. There are just these two things, the two commandments, which He said summed up all law and all prophecy and all religion: to love God, that is, to be loyal to goodness and truth and these alone, and to love man, whether the Jew of our own nation, or the Samaritan, who just now happens to speak German.

And whether Jesus was right or not, let life itself prove.

> CHRISTIANS fight for the same reasons for which other folks fight, and choose sides or are chosen like the rest of humankind. If they were Mohammedans, Mohammed would be their prophet in battle. Because they are, or call themselves, Christians, they must needs make a war-man of Jesus.
>
> It is harder to do it with Jesus than with Mohammed. But they do it and justify it as best they can.

IN FLANDERS

By James Waldo Fawcett

Christ went walking on a battlefield,
And came where men lay in red death;
Where the sweet earth was rent and torn
With cruel steel and hidden mine;
Where proud kings' banners met the dust;
Where all the subtle schemes of lords
And tyrant masters knew defeat;
And Christ looked down on His own pierced hands
And His wounded breast. and He said in pain:
"These are indeed my brothers
For they die even as I died
And they who send them out to death
Evilly know not what they do!"

Stifling Radicalism

By Walter Pritchard Eaton

THE NEWSPAPERS of more than local circulation, and especially the magazines of America, are facing the gravest crisis in their history, and only you, the reader, can save them, because it is you, in your capacity as voter, that your congressman listens to.

The war revenue bill was passed in the very last days of the last Congress, and it carried a provision to increase the second-class postage rates according to a zone system, ranging all the way from 100% increase to as high as 900%. Such a system, which is a radical departure both in practice and principle from all our postoffice traditions, does not affect the paper of merely local circulation. It affects to some extent the larger newspapers, but chiefly it hits the magazines of state and national circulation. It not only says to the man in California that he must pay twice as much for his magazines as the man in New York, where the editorial offices happen to be; but if this provision of the revenue bill is not repealed, if it goes into effect next July, a large number of magazines will automatically be put out of business. If you want to save them there is just one way to do it—write instantly to your congressman demanding that this law be repealed.

The object of the law—ostensibly, at least—is to increase revenue by lessening the "deficit" in the postoffice department. Just how revenue is to be increased by putting those who pay it out of business is rather hard to see. But, as a matter of fact, the postoffice has never been conducted in such a way that any human being could say with any accuracy where the "deficit" lay—in what division of mail. But it has been determined by impartial investigation, both here and in England, that terminal handling, not haulage, was the large item of cost in second-class mail, which means, of course, that the rural free delivery is far more responsible for any postal deficit than the cost of hauling magazines and papers by train. Now, the rural free delivery does not exist for second-class mail alone, or even primarily. Furthermore, to ask the farmer on a rural free delivery route in California to pay eight times as much as the farmer in southern New York for the delivery of his farm paper or his magazine, in order to support the system, is the utter negation of the whole principle of our national postal service. The parcels post, which is conducted on a zone system, is an express business, organized as a socialistic public service to lessen the cost of living. Nobody can object to the zone rate here. But the distribution of private letters is a part of the national intercourse, of the exchange of ideas and education. There is just as much reason why letters should be sent on a zone system as why magazines should be. To say that magazines and papers are published to make money, and hence should suffer the same tax as boxes of eggs or packages of dress goods, is a trivial begging of the question. Editors are paid, as school teachers are, and publishers do try to make money, of course. But primarily the magazines of America exist in answer to a need of the public, they are public servants, and they carry across the land the ideas, the stories, the articles, which give us a national, as opposed to a local, point of view.

Just what the new zone increase of second-class postage will do to the magazines is well illustrated by the case of the fifty-five leading farm papers in America. In 1916 these fifty-five papers, on which millions of our farmers depend for the exchange of ideas that makes them better farmers and larger crop producers, had a net profit of $581,875, or an average profit per paper of $10,579 (probably divided between several stockholders). In the same year they paid in postage $569,857.01. If the new rate goes into effect, they will have to pay in annual postage an additional $1,823,542.44. Add to this the increased cost of paper in 1917 over the preceding year of $1,107,016.61 and you see these fifty-five farm papers facing a deficit of $2,348,683.85, which the subscribers will have to pay, or else the papers will go out of business. And what is true of the agricultural papers is true of all magazines. Eighty-six periodicals, with an average aggregate circulation of 21,246,404 have reckoned that the new law and the increased cost of paper will leave them facing a $4,858,785.45 deficit.

Now, it is perfectly obvious from these figures that the magazines will have to increase their prices tremendously, and that the public, therefore, will have to refuse to subscribe to a great many of them. Enough, certainly, will be forced out of business to nullify any proposed increase in postal revenue, the law thus proving a boomerang, while those which do survive will be greatly reduced in circulation to the nearer zones.

Let us see what this means in the case of magazines like the Western Comrade, or other publications which reach the workers, the men and women of radical thought, and such like despised creatures whom our congressmen affect to love before election, and hate the rest of the time.

Heaven knows these papers are not run to make money! We radicals have been digging down in our jeans for years to keep them going. No, they are edited by devoted men and read by devoted men—including women, of course, for the workers are real democrats—in order to bind more closely together the interests of the workers, the people who are discontented with a world that has all on top and nothing underneath—**these papers will be the first to die!**

The Saturday Evening Post, with its 2,000,000 readers, its tremendous advertising revenue, will survive allright, never fear. And, with all due respect to its sometimes excellent fiction, the Saturday Evening Post never took a real stand on a public question in its timid life. But all the papers that live and take stands, champion progress, defend the workers and attack the profiteers will go by the board. Then the workers, the radicals, will have no papers to keep them in touch with one another, Maine with California, no chance to put forward their theories and claims, no opportunity to champion their cause.

THE POSTAL LAW IS A BLOW IN THE DARK AT LABOR AND DEMOCRACY. IT HAS GOT TO BE REPEALED!

That's what it means to the radical and labor press. If it meant only that, however, there might be small chance of repealing it, because Congress doesn't really care what becomes of labor. But it means a blow at every sort of magazine, and, therefore, it means a blow at every kind of voter. And you can bet your bottom dollar that Congress cares about votes!

After all, the matter boils down to this: Are we, as a people, so shortsighted as to kill our organs of national (as opposed to local or sectional) expression? Are we going to tear down the national structure of magazine and periodical entertainment and instruction we have been erecting for generations? Are we going to choke off our efforts to have a better national style of architecture, better gardens, better farms? Are we going to prevent the man in Oregon from seeing how a lovely house on Long Island is built? Are we to exploit the toil of others, and behold the spirit of generosity

(Continued on Page 35)

Co-operative Education

By A. A. George

MAXIM GORKY, the famous Socialist editor, of Russia, says that the most imperative need of his country is the spread of scientific knowledge among the people. Upon this, the success of the new Russian republic depends. This is the basis of all success. As long as education is confined to any class, that class will dominate. If we are to make a success of industrial democracy in this country, we must educate the people to that end.

To accomplish this, thousands and thousands of trained teachers, writers and advocates are necessary—men and women who are trained in the facts of life from the libertarian point of view, who can say what they want to say, and present the truths of industrial democracy in a plain and convincing way.

To meet this demand, there has been established at Fort Scott, Kansas, a great co-operative educational institution, chartered under the laws of the State of Kansas as a non-profit making corporation. Today this institution has nearly four thousand stockholders, called members of the College union. A life membership cost five dollars, payable a dollar a year for five years ,and the member receives a five-year subscription to the College News, a monthly magazine devoted to the interests of the school and to industrial democracy.

Some years ago, J. I. Sheppard and Fred D. Warren recognized the urgent need of working class lawyers, and organized what is known as the Appeal to Reason Law class. It proved to be an immediate success. This was the beginning of the educational work represented today by The People's College.

Knowledge is power. Nobody recognizes this great truth more keenly than the workers of the world, for they have been denied this knowledge. A very large percentage of our men and women were compelled to go to work in their early youth. They grew up almost without education, handicapped for life by the poverty of their parents. Can this condition be remedied now? The Appeal to Reason Law class furnishes the answer. The success of these students has enabled those who are interested in working-class education to say to their uneducated comrades, "If you can not go to school, we will bring the school to you."

In education lies Labor's only road to freedom, and the development of the correspondence method of instruction makes it possible to bring education to every workingman's home.

There are over six hundred correspondence schools in the United States today. One of these schools gathers in six million dollars of the workers' money every year. More than half of this immense sum is spent on advertising and agents' commissions, and a very large portion of the balance goes, as profits, into the pockets of the capitalist owners. It is the purpose of The People's College to give education to the workers at the cost of rendering the service, and to render service of the highest class.

Thus far, we have been specializing on two great branches —language and the law—because we have found that these are the branches most urgently needed by our people. In our language department we have two courses, plain English and advanced English, and in these two courses we have 2700 students enrolled.

The first step in an education is the ability to read and write the English language correctly. Before a student can take any advanced training, he must lay this foundation of an education.

Language, spoken and written, is the medium by which we must convey our ideas. We cannot get into touch with the truth concerning the great forces of life about us except through an understanding of language. We cannot make ourselves understood and impress our ideas upon others except through our ability to choose and use the words which adequately express our thoughts.

The power of effective expression does not come to man as a gift of the gods; it is a matter of education and training. It is not by mere chance that some people have the power of influencing the action of others. It is not because of personal magnetism or some strange hypnotic spell. It is because they have the ability, through the spoken or the written word, to make others see what they see, and understand as they understand.

> THERE are over six hundred correspondence schools in the United States today. One of these schools gathers in $6,000,000 of the workers' money every year. More than half of this immense sum is spent on advertising and agents' commissions. Capitalist owners pocket a large share of it. Why can the workers not co-operate to educate themselves?

Words are the most interesting study in the world. They image the evolution of man from the time the first savage grunted for what he wanted, to the orator of today. Every word is a brick in the structure of life. History is written in the words we use, and in these words we find the experience of the past, ready to act as a guide for the future.

We have felt that the greatest service that The People's College could render was to prepare a course in plain English—simple, clear, free from all unnecessary rules and formulas—showing the student why good language expresses his thought more accurately than poor language. The rules are not given as arbitrary expressions, but rather as the best product of the common usage of the people. The steps which lead up to the necessity for a rule are clearly given, and then the rule appears as a natural and logical statement.

Our law class numbers nearly a thousand students, and is constantly increasing. The practical value of a legal education has never been appreciated by the members of the working class. As a training for efficiency and leadership, an education in the law stands unequaled.

Lawyers—and their families—constitute one-half of one percent of the population of this country. They constitute fifty-eight percent of the members of Congress, and they dominate all the state legislatures. Man for man, the lawyer has twelve hundred times as many chances as the farmer has of becoming a member of Congress; thirty times as many chances as the banker, and ten times as many as the editor.

What is the reason for this startling fact? There is a well-known prejudice in this country against lawyers as a class; and yet, in spite of this prejudice, the law-trained men dominate every branch of public life today. Why?

Because the study of law gives a mental drill, a cultural training, an insight into the details of social organization,

(Continued on Page 35)

Regeneration

By Dr. John Dequer

IN THE FACE of this great world crisis, is there any justification for our hopes of peace and justice throughout the world? Is not mankind hopelessly lost in the mazes of savage instincts and barbarous impulses? These and similar questions are asked daily by those whose souls have been sickened by the contemplation of the physical horrors of this great world catastrophe.

The answer to the first question is undoubtedly, yes. Hope without a justifiable basis, is superstitious fanaticism. Superstition is not a healthy, but psychopathic condition. I maintain that not only is there a basis for hope in the face of this terrible situation, but that there is no need to despair for the future of mankind.

Mankind as a race is superior to type, empire or nation. Types may melt, empires fall and nations pass away, but through it all the race survives and marches onward to the fulfillment of its destiny. And in that fulfillment, the human race will make good the age-old promise of "peace on earth, good will toward men."

Before this promise can be realized, however, we must do more than extinguish the fires of militarism. We must bring a complete peace to the world. The world has not known a complete peace. A cessation of armed hostility is not peace. August 1st, 1914, was but the date on which an age-old industrial and commercial warfare blossomed into its logical flower—military strife. The difference between the two forms is that militarism is swifter, more spectacular, and in aspect, more awful than the normal industrial warfare. But in its ultimate effect it is not needfully more terrible. "A man may be mercilessly starved instead of mercifully slain." It may be argued with some logic that militarism has phases that are more humane than that vast orgy of despair—modern commercial industrialism. Both are fraught with horror and death. Both destroy the souls and bodies of men. Both military and commercial warfare are hideous in their ruthlessness, withering and blighting in their consequences.

THE present world war is evolving a revolution in the affairs of men. The race, purified in the crucible of the present trial, will awaken to the glow of a new and powerful idealism that shall renovate the views and concepts of mankind. The glory of this idealism shall be that it shall compel men to live for service instead of for personal gain. The keynote of this idealism shall be fellowship rather than rivalry.

I, therefore, hold that it is our task to bring about a complete peace—a peace both military and economic—before the golden hopes of the souls of men may be realized. Production for profit, the matrix of militarism, must give way to a system of production for use. And this carries within itself the healing balm of peace.

To those who seem to believe that the overthrow of the Kaiser and the crushing of the Prussian military machine will bring about our redemption from strife, the resurrection of justice, I will say that they are destined to be sadly disillusioned. The overthrow of Prussianism will no more abolish war than the battle of Waterloo and the exile of Napoleon abolished Imperialism.

The exile of Napoleon and the breaking of his military power simply placed a dam in the river of avarice until its pent-up waters broke through the artificial restraints and engulfed the world in the present flood of horror which threatens the very life of our civilization. The mere stopping of one manifestation of militarism by another is not enough to fulfill the world's hope. It is simply a transference of power from one group of tyrants to another—a new dam that sooner or later will again break and let destruction loose upon the race. More than military victory is needed. There must be brought about a basic change in the economic structure of society itself if we are to see humanity at peace.

And this change the present world-war is evolving.

The race, purified in the crucible of the present trial, will awaken to the glow of a new and powerful idealism that shall renovate the views and concepts of mankind. The glory of this idealism shall be that it shall compel men to live for service instead of for personal gain. The keynote of this idealism shall be fellowship rather than rivalry.

This is the hope of the race, and, strange and paradoxical as it may seem, it will be brought about by the exigencies and necessities of the present war.

The most anti-social force in the world is forcing organized production and distribution and closer co-operation in the essential industries. Out of the new needs and necessities created herein must of necessity spring new ideas which will embody the hope of the ages and the salvation of the race.

There is, then, a certain recompense for the titanic sacrifice of man. Out of the very maelstrom of terror we see the birth of new social forces and the fundamentals for a new political and economic life. Russia moves forward in the scale of development. Both plan and purpose are being evolved in the management of the food supply of the nations. War, the embodiment of chaos, is the compellant of organization. Co-operation and system, born of military necessity, are bringing a joyous message to a world sick of strife and fratricidal combat. When the clouds of war have cleared, we shall then see that man has progressed even in the dark.

This is no justification of war and militarism. It is simply a realization of the fact that, while the logical outcome of industrial competition is war and that by virtue of the economic needs engendered by war the world is forced to adopt a more sane system of production and distribution, war will die by its own hand because it destroys the system upon the folly of which it thrives.

War in this world is not the paramount evil. It is but a manifestation of the major evil that gives it birth. And as long as the evil endures, there will be war.

It is a time-worn statement—an almost boresome one to use—but the fact remains that there is a class-struggle. This struggle exists not only in our own country; it exists in all civilized lands. Society is divided into two great groups—the House of Have and the House of Want. The processes of making and taking are naturally antagonistic—often unconsciously hostile. The House of Have is commercial; it buys labor power. The House of Want must sell its labor power in order to live. Have buys as cheap as possible; Want tries to sell as dearly as competition with his fellows will permit. Want creates more than he gets. Have must dispose of what Want does not take. Have must have markets. Without markets he cannot employ Want. When Want is not earning wages, he cannot eat. Hunger drives him on to rebel against the House of Have. The House of Have must keep open the mar-

kets of the world so as to keep a certain percentage of labor employed constantly. If it fails in this it will go down in the maelstrom of social revolution.

This is the condition in every civilized country. The ruling group must keep labor eternally busy or cease to be the ruling group.

England, prior to the war, lived in deadly fear of Germany's growing commercial power on the one hand and in terror of industrial and social unrest on the other. The commercial power of Germany made it difficult for England to employ her labor, and the need of labor ripened into an increasingly potent solidarity of the working class that threatened the very foundation of the House of Have. The same problem faced the German junkers. If they were to survive as the ruling group, either they or the English group must be supreme. Hence the world's blood-bath. For were it not for this struggle launched for commercial supremacy, Europe, by the very needs of her people, would soon have been compelled to adopt a national or state socialism.

The struggle that originated in Europe is a death-grapple of individual proprietorship to get the needed oxygen for its existence—namely, markets to exploit.

This war was doubtless started by the Central Powers to break up the propaganda of a Pan-Slavic alliance in the Balkans which threatened the free access of the former to Africa and Mesopotamia, these territories, as yet, being undeveloped storehouses of the wealth of the world. The German ruling group realized fully that control in the Balkans gave them the power to sneer at English navalism, for the Hamburg-to-Bagdad railway gave it possession of an overland route to substantial fields of supply. But the war, once started, soon went beyond its control, so that the struggle, started to keep Junkerdom on the backs of the German people, now bodes the annihilation of all predatory classes.

IN their desire to fasten the yoke of submission upon the neck of labor, the ruling groups have lit a fire that threatens to consume their own dwelling. That which was designed to kill or at least set back the triumph of Socialism has made the adoption of the basic principles of the latter an imperative necessity. It is thus that "Whom the Gods destroy, they first make mad."

In their desire to fasten the yoke of submission upon the neck of labor, the ruling groups have lit a fire that threatens to consume their own dwelling. The needs that follow in the wake of the war-dragon can no longer be supplied by individual industry. That which was designed to kill or at least to set back the triumph of Socialism has made the adoption of the basic principles of the latter an imperative necessity. It is thus that "whom the Gods would destroy, they first make mad."

This war has ungloved the grim hand of necessity. He is a stern commander. He brooks no rebellion. His mandate is, "Conform or die!" Ultimately, his hands lie with equal weight upon the rich and the poor. He brooks no delay, but forces action.

It is natural for man to wish to hold what he has and to strive for more. It was thus that the ruling group in Germany tried to crush the ruling group in England and vice versa. They were compelled to crush each other, were they to exist as ruling groups. Then from the needs of the groups grew the needs of the whole, and this universal need compelled government control, careful economy and organization everywhere. Threatened with defeat, slavery and death, the ruling groups banished individualism in production and distribution. They arbitrarily established organization, conservation and social service.

The woes of war will exhaust the commissary of the world, and the hunger resultant therefrom will work wonders in reclaiming man from the wreck he has brought upon himself by his folly. Peace will be ushered in as the root-system of war—capitalism—is destroyed.

"Oh, but your dream of peace is futile," quoth the pessimist. "Think of the other factors—racial, geographic, religious, and so forth. Are these not the real and fundamental causes of the world's woe?" They are not such, in any sense. They are conditions developed along the path of human evolution that cause men to lend themselves easily to emotional excitation. They are easily fomented into an orgy of self-love which, in turn, makes social hate possible. They produce, under the stimulus of excitement, a type of brain action that exclaims; "My race is the great race!"

They—the whites—said this in East St. Louis: "My country is THE country! And I'll kill the soul that disagrees! My God is THE God—your's is an idol!" Under the stress of this emotional excitement, men accent the word MY. For the ego, race, country and God came into existence.

Our race we inherit. Our country is a matter of the chance of birth. Our religion we are taught when young. They are all hereditary possessions and are things we do not consider deeply unless under great excitement. And the excitement generally has an economic origin—arising out of conflicting claims to bread and love.

Man is not by nature a warrior. He loves peace. He would rather flee from oppression than overthrow it. It was this that helped to scatter him over the earth. "Governments, not peoples, declare war," said President Wilson. And it is true that the people abhor war.

What is a government? Never mind the dictionary definition. Government is what government does. It is an organized force to safeguard property at the expense of life. It is a force in the hands of the House of Have to regulate the activities of the House of Want. Further, it is organized to protect ruling groups from the greed of one another. Here, however, it is weakest. Government is also a social force developed to collect debts at home and abroad. This makes it a broad military power. Government is the executive committee of the propertied classes. If Mooney in San Francisco was a large property-holder, he would unquestionably undergo a slight risk of being hanged.

Thus the House of Have is endangered by labor's awakening. Feeling that their end was imminent, the ruling groups plunged the world into war. And out of this war, neither the House of Have nor its governments shall emerge. They will perish in the fire of their own kindling. Classes and powers shall fall, but the human race, true to its hope of immortality, shall rise resplendent in the glory of a universal kinship.

Remove the powers that make for hate and behold the world bathed in love! Remove the cause of avarice, the right to exploit the toil of others, and behold the spirit of generosity triumphant!

We must make the world safe for democracy from East St. Louis to Butte and from Butte to Bisbee. We must make it safe at home and help to make it so abroad. We cannot do this by destroying humanity.

We need a humanized world. Governments that rule the people must go. The people must own the earth. We must

(Continued on Page 39)

Co-operation the World Over

Notes About the Chief Co-operatives Gleaned from Many Sources

The Johnson County Co-operative Association

Written for the Western Comrade

THE oldest and most successful co-operative mercantile establishment in the United States." This claim of the Johnson County Co-operative Association of Olathe, Kansas, is entitled to careful consideration. It is undoubtedly true as regards to age, it being established in 1876. As to material success, it has probably no equal. In addition to profits or savings to members of over $500,000, interest of 6 percent has been paid on the investment during the entire life of the organization until five years ago. It is an impressive showing, and in addition to that large sum saved directly to the community, there has been the more valuable items of service and marketing facilities, and a strong incentive toward reasonable prices in all lines of merchandising.

However, the record is not all of the big profits and great success. Shortly after the organization entered upon its fourth decade it struck a period of reverses and hard times, until at present it is working under a deficit of over 15 percent of their capital stock and have paid no dividends for about seven years and not even interest on investment for over four years.

It is this phenomena which caught my attention and held it when I came in touch with the Johnson County Co-operative Association. I became more interested in hunting for the causes of this set-back than in studying the records of its previous large dividends. What was the secret of this sudden reversal of fortune? Was it possible that co-operative organizations carry within them some fatal defect?

For over a year I have studied their business organization intimately; I have come into close personal contact with their membership and officers; I have gossiped with their old men about the "good old times!" I have hunted among their old records and papers; and my final conclusion is that the cause of their decline lies in failing to realize the true co-operative ideals necessary for successful organization.

Permit a brief statement of a few historical facts. The organization started through the Patrons of Husbandry, or National Grange, with a few hundred dollars capital; the immediate incentive being extortion and combination among the private merchants. The store was placed in charge of a young man who immediately made good. The store grew by leaps and bounds under his management, being helped by the organized opposition of unscrupulous private merchants, and from the original start of a few hundred dollars soon reached a capital of $100,000 with five branches at other points in Johnson County.

Their dividends sometimes reached 25 percent on purchases each quarter, although some of the old timers assert that these large figures were reached by 'padding' the inventory. During all this time the man who started as the clerk in the little grocery developed the business and grew with it, organizing his forces in such a way that he was the brains and directing power. Although nominally under the direction of a board of directors, the success of the business depended upon the extent to which the directors failed to direct.

Then the inevitable came. The "strong man" resigned because of friction and the ship was left without a helmsman who knew the course or the craft. Membership on the board began to be looked upon as a method of getting jobs for friends or punishing enemies. No individual was developed who could rise above this chaos and bring order and harmony. Only the immediate prospect of disaster brought home to all by the cessation of interest and dividends and the realization of a large deficit, finally brought business judgment and conservative management again to the forefront.

These conditions were the result of a failure to approximate the co-operative ideals of democratic management and control. The greatest factor in the failure was the restriction of membership, only members of the Grange being permitted in the co-operative organization. The Grange decayed and the remains of the organization formed a group mostly of retired farmers who looked upon their holding in the co-operative as an investment, and never got over the ideals of profit-making. Another factor was the policy of branch storces which were not run by those who patronized them, but from the central office. But the great factor, which made all these other things possible, was the fact that the mental attitude of these co-operators never got beyond the idea that this was a joint-stock company from which they were going to make a goodly profit by buying and selling from their neighbors. This point of view has never been entirely eliminated .

After all, all co-operative enterprise is just another form of capitalism unless it is consciously directed toward the elimination of exploitation of man by man.—E. R. BROWDER.

Popularizing Co-operation.

Co-operation as an economic principle is receiving the serious consideration of practically all industrial classes. Its application to special lines of agricultural distribution and marketing is entirely feasible and offers a solution of problems and difficulties that are practically hopeless in so far as the individual is concerned. In the United States Department of Agriculture co-operative organization is considered to be a primary and fundamental project, for it is believed that co-operation in agriculture is a corrective measure that will place the industry upon a solid basis and do much to insure the future happiness and prosperity of the nation.—U. S. Office of Markets and Rural Organization.

Tulare Co-operative Poultry Association

Written for the Western Comrade

On March 20th, 1913, was formed one of the most successful—although one of the smallest—co-operative associations in the West. It is called the Tulare Co-operative Poultry Association and has a membership of 112 poultrymen.

In 1916, 6000 cases of eggs, or 180,000 dozen, were handled and sold for nearly $50,000. The egg business alone during 1916 amounted to $46,838, the poultry business to $10,554, and supplies, $21,139. Besides saving its members considerable in feed prices, the Association cleared $1,752, after charging off all its bad accounts and liquidating its indebtedness.

The chief purpose of the association is to effect a saving to members on poultry produce and supplies. At the present time, the association store has plenty of feeds of all kinds. Members are offered barley at $2.75, corn at $3.90 and wheat at $4.25.

One of the proofs of the genuine spirit of co-operation prevailing amongst the members of the Association is the fact that this year the members refused their handsome dividends and offered the profits of the past year placed in a collective fund for the development of their business.

The Association publishes a membership paper contaning news of the poultry world bi-monhly.—ELBERT GEORGE, President.

Co-operation Not For Middle Class Only

Co-operators in this country have not instituted a vigorous propaganda for co-operation. Enlightened men and women still think of co-operation as a middle-class and shop-keeping movement; a penny-saving device. But the fact that co-operation is really democratic and open to all does not detract from its working-class character, for it is indeed only available to those who can conceive and practice a democratic form of association. And this, by its nature, tends to exclude the commercial. The necessity which drives to the conception of a co-operative, the zeal and sacrifice necessary to maintain one, are products of a working class—Cheves West Perky.

—o—

To Our Readers!

The radical press of America, between now and July, 1918, will be engaged in a fight for its life. A bill has recently been passed by Congress increasing the second-class mailing rates of all periodicals from 50% to 900%, the law to go into effect on July 1st 1918.

Unless this law is repealed, the gag will have been effectively placed on the throat of the Socialist and Labor press of the United States. YOU must help us fight this. Write to your congressman **TODAY** and urge him to vote for the repeal of this law.

Read the splendid article by Walter Pritchard Eaton in this issue of the WESTERN COMRADE, on page 28.

READ IT AND **ACT AT ONCE!**

Write us at once and let us tell you what to do to make your protest against this law effective.

The Llano Publications

Stables, Louisiana

Books and Reading

By D. Bobspa

Speaking of Magazines

Are you reading The Public these days? It isn't as revolutionary as some of us would like, but its editorials on the government's handling of the I. W. W. situation, under the caption "Playing with Dynamite," its comments on the arrest of Max Eastman and other comrades of The Masses and similar comment occasionally on public questions make it worth keeping in touch with.

The December Nautilus comes with cheerful message as usual, from Elizabeth Towne—this time some comments giving a new twist to the idea of gossips. There is much practical material on New Thought application. I'll reserve my space for this little original poem from Comrade Edwin Markham in the December number:

"Believe, O Friend!
Impossible you say that man survives
The grave—that there are other lives?
More strange, O friend, that we should ever rise
Out of the dark to walk below the skies.
Once having risen into life and light,
We need not wonder at our deathless flight.

"Life is the unbelievable; but now
That this Incredible has taught us how,
We can believe the all-imagining Power
That breathed the Cosmos forth as a golden flower.
Had potence in his breath
To plan us new surprises beyond death—
New spaces and new goals
For the adventure of ascending souls.

"Be brave, O heart, be brave;
It is not strange that man survives the grave:
'Twould be a stranger thing were he destroyed
Than that he ever vaulted from the void."

Is it inane if I speak of the charming personality of Frank Harris? The charm of Pearson's that strikes me most of all is the personality of the editor which shows forth on every page. Sixty years of life have given wisdom rare degree to Mr. Harris. This month he pays his respects to Northcliffe and comments on current events with sharp skill. A pen picture is given of Upton Sinclair. Art and literature come in for liberal discussion.

The November-December combined issue of the International Socialist Review got out all right, with a vivid picture of Russian affairs by Charles Edward Russell, "Labor Unrest in England," and comments on the I. W. W. indictments.

Physical Culture for December contains an account of a new pain cure that is worth trying—the remembering of black. Get the magazine and read Dr. William H. Bates' article "A New Cure for Pain." Milo Hastings contributes a valuable and humorous article on "The Extravagance of Meat." He says the grain fed to cattle and live-stock is a poor investment, as the same amount of grain would feed far more people than the meat produced by its use. He also pays his respects to certain types who play the society game of conservation: "Such is the history of human stupidity—a society lady knits a sock for a soldier and spends three days doing it, meanwhile having a cook, a maid and a chauffeur to wait upon her. . . . The vanity of the rich must be flattered, so the queen of piffledom is officially encouraged to knit socks for soldiers and raise a potato on her front lawn and keep a hen in the conservatory and feed her cracker crumbs in the name of patriotism and economy."

Ishwar Chandra of Oakland (formerly of Delhi, India) is keeping right ahead with his India Liberator, a monthly devoted to the interpretation of India to America and the advocacy of India's cause before the world. A most worthy object. Good luck to the editor in his plucky fight to make India "safe for Democracy." The October number was delayed and reached us the last of November, but Comrade Chandra expects to be under full swing shortly. The subscription price for the present is what you can afford to give. The last number contains a portrait of Anna Besant and an account of her work in India.

Although I have attended red-ink banquets in the little Italian and French restaurants for some years, I have a confession to make. I never read a copy of The Little Review. Friends told me what I was missing, and I really did feel somewhat behind the times. So I asked Comrade Margaret Anderson, whose charming personality we all know so well, to let me pass the word to my readers just what her magazine contains. I find it is "the magazine that is read by those who write the others." Well, "that's me" as Bob says. The cover of the November edition contains the remains of one or two (numbers uncertain) tigers (presumably) who looked as though struck by a 42 centimeter gun. The remains have fallen haphazard upon the page. But, oh Margaret! What do those illustrations mean inside?—I mean the illustrations inside—but perhaps it doesn't matter how I ask it. What's it all about? Will Don Marquis trot out Hermione to interpret its secret meaning? Just what does one have to take—liquid or pipe— to see such a "Starry Sky" as Windham Lewis has drawn? Methinks most any word in the dictionary would have done as well. In my younger days—well, no use making this confession too personal—but I have seen queer things in my days and "two moons rose where there should be but one." But in all my rounds as a newspaper man in Cincinnati and Terre Haute and other cities still in the wet column I never, never saw a sky like that. Th sorrowful lady of Marie Laurencin is perhaps the nearest approach to a picture. We used to have a game in school days of dabbing a penful of ink onto paper, folding it into many forms and then looking to see what we produced. Wonderful—it was the future art, and I wasted it all! Max Weber must have been feeling most awful bad when he designed that——? Some little Chinese poems found favor with me. Lady Gregory in "Hanrahan's Oath" shows just how tiresome and tedious a one-act play can be made. Now, that's enough. If Miss Anderson will forgive my feeble grasp of the new esoteric art and let me in on future issues of The Little Review, I'll let you know of my progress.

Vol. 1., No. 2, Mother Earth Bulletin begins to look like business. Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman have written the copy for this issue (November) and are arranging for the Bulletin's regular appearance in case they are compelled to return to the Federal prisons. Their office is 226 Lafayette street, New York City.

Why Not Be Healthy?

"Headaches and How to Prevent Them," by W. H. Riley, neurologist of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, according to its author, "is written for the multitude of people who have headaches—occasional, periodic or frequent attacks. It shows that the best cure is to be found in correct habits of living, and that in a very large proportion of cases such a drugless cure is possible. Technical terms are avoided; simple language is used so that the average person can read understandingly. There is very little of anatomy or physiology in these headache talks. The writer hopes that young people in their teens will find a leading in these pages to guide them in the way of such wholesome living that they may escape the headache bane, and he knows that by following the suggestions in this little book many sufferers will be able to overcome their chronic headache distress."

The chapter headings will give an idea of the scope of the book: Pain in General; Preventable Headache; Some Reasons Why Women Have Headache; Sick Headache; Anemic and Neuralgic Headache; Emotion Headache; The Headache of Monotony; What to Eat; Diet List and Height and Weight Tables; Hydrotheraphy; the Water Cure for Headache; General Rules for Health. Dr. Riley concludes: "The writer feels sure from his years of experience in dealing with all kinds of headache sufferers, that at least five-sixths of the cases are preventable and curable by following the diet, and the rules of hygienic living and treatment briefly outlined in this little book." To which I add a hearty old-fashioned Amen. (Good Health Publishing Co., Battle Creek, Mich.)

INSTALMENT MEMBERS!

All those who have been and are instalment members, as well as those who have been away from the Llano Colony in California will be asked to come to the Llano Colony in Louisiana.

Many have written in asking if they are members of this Colony and if they may come to Louisiana. All holders of Llano stock are members of all Llano properties. Those who have been making payments in California will continue to make them there for a time, but may come to Louisiana when they are ready to come into the Colony.

Membership Department:
LLANO DEL RIO COLONY
Stables, Louisiana

Were the Majority Socialists Right?

(Continued from Page 23)

NO! — J. G. Phelps Stokes

ship of at least a third of those persons who were members when the war broke out, three years and a half ago.

About half the loss has been made up by vigorous pre-election appeals for the support of pacifiists, but the bulk of the remaining loss is a net loss due, I for one am convinced, to the party's betrayal of the international cause by refusing to aid the plundered and devasted workers of Europe in their stupendous struggle against the Teutonic marauders.

YES! — Adolph Germer.

appear upon the scene, then capitalism will stand revealed in all its ghastliness. The political parties that stand for capitalism will be administered their well-merited rebuke and the Socialist party, because of its present consistent, International, pro-human attitude will be the rallying point for the elements that are yearning for lasting peace and a world safe for Democracy. The elections held this year are ample evidence of such development.

It is interesting to note that not all who withdrew from the party on account of the difference of opinion on the war program, are alike. Some were honest and when the war hysteria has passed away, they will again be in the fold. While I was writing this, I received a letter from one of those comrades. We had previously exchanged several letters on the policy of the party and among other things he writes: "It was very thoughtful of you to take so much time to put your position clear, and I thank you very much for your free and full discussion of the situation. I hope that all these perplexities will soon vanish and that we may again combine upon the essentials of Socialism, but the time is not ripe for that, and will not be until the war is over."

Here is a comrade that I believe to be wrong and who believes that we are wrong, but who hopes that we may again combine. He tells me in his letter that he is still working for the cause and nowhere does he indicate that he is saying an unkind word about the Socialist party, even though he disagrees with its policy. This spirit actuates many who have wthdrawn from the party because of an honest difference of opinion and who will knock at its doors when the workers of the fighting nations cease killing each other.

Positively no, the Socialist party is not weakened because of its opposition to war.

What is Anarchism?

(Continued from Page 18)

hate to do, living a life they loathe to live, crime will be inevitable, and all the laws on the statutes can only increase, but never abolish, crime. What does society, as it exists today, know of the process of despair, the poverty, the horrors, the fearful struggle the human soul must pass on its way to crime and degradation?

Anarchism, the great leaven of thought, is today permeating every phase of human endeavor. Science, art, literature, the drama, the effort for economic betterment, in fact, every individual and social opposition to the existing order of things, is illumined by the spiritual light of anarchism. It is the philosophy of the sovereignty of the individual. It is the theory of social harmony. It is the great, surging, living truth that is reconstructing the world, and that will usher in the Dawn.

The Llano Colonist

Will resume publication shortly and will come out as a six-column paper, much improved in appearance. The intention is to issue it every two weeks for a time. When better facilities for handling the work have been installed it will be resumed as a weekly publication. It will be filled with Colony news of interest to every radical thinker, and in addition will carry many articles of a general nature, Socialist news and views, and will be a better paper than ever before.

WATCH FOR IT! SUBSCRIBE FOR IT!

ABSENT MEMBERS
INSTALMENT MEMBERS
WHERE ARE YOU?

We want to get the address of every instalment member and every absent member of the Llano del Rio Colony.

Many have not kept us informed of their whereabouts. We have information of importance for every instalment member. and absent member.

Readers of this notice are asked to assist us in getting in touch with these persons. We want to communicate with them at once.

Membership Department:
LLANO DEL RIO COLONY
Stables, Louisiana

"The Truth About The Medical Profession"

By John A. Bevan, M. D.
Columbia University
(Inventor of the Œsophagoscope)

Paper Bound, Postpaid **Price Fifty Cents**

The result of clinical and pathological researches at Guy's Hospital, London, and the Bellevue Hospital, New York.

BENEDICT LUST, N. D., D. O., D. C., M. D., writes: "The book is splendid and will help to enlighten many skeptics who still believe in medical superstition."

Prof. DAVID STARR JORDAN, M. D., writes: "I have looked over the book called 'The Truth About the Medical Profession.' There are a great many things that are forceful and truthfully said."

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW writes: "There are some quite interesting and important things in the book."

LLANO PUBLICATIONS, STABLES, LOUISIANA

Co-operative Education

(Continued from Page 29)

such as can be obtained in no other way. The law-trained man has schooled his mind, sharpened his wits, developed his reasoning faculties; he has acquired an understanding of life as it is.

All social organization is based on law of some kind; and the man who understands the law upon which any system of society is based, is better fitted than anyone else can possibly be to succeed under that system. Moreover, if all social organization is based on law, then the best training for those who wish to bring about a better system is a knowledge of the law as it is, and a knowledge of the law as it ought to be. It is the purpose of The People's College to meet both of these demands—to give the law as it is, to help the student see for himself what the law ought to be.

In addition to English and the law, we have excellent courses in bookkeeping, arithmetic, public speaking and shorthand.

The charter of The People's College has been granted under the very liberal laws of the State of Kansas, and under that charter no profit can be made by any individual. Any surplus that may accumulate after paying the actual expense of operation, must be used in extending the work of the school.

This is, indeed, a people's college. It must be supported by the people. No millions will pour into its treasury from the exploiters of labor. The more students we enroll, the cheaper we can render service. To date, we have enrolled more than four thousand students, and in some of our courses we are already able to render service at one-half to one-fourth the cost of similar service in a capitalist correspondence school.

Stifling Radicalism

(Continued from Page 28)

going to forbid the professor of philosophy in California from knowing what the professor of philosophy in Harvard is thinking, as expressed in some philosophical magazine? Are we going to prevent the doctor in far off Arizona, miles from cities and clinics, from learning in his medical magazine of a new treatment for some dread disease? Are we going to say to the electrical expert in Montana: "You shall not read in your magazine of the new method of transmission used in Virginia"? Are we going to denationalize our press, and in the process smash all this great periodical literature we have erected, and stop the interchange of ideas and stories and pictures through the land? Talk about Belgium! If this isn't laying low something fine and precious in the name of "military necessity" there never was such a thing!

Well, it can be prevented. It can be prevented by the repeal of the law. And that is up to you, dear comrades. You have got to write—and write at once—to your congressman and your senator (though the Senate agreed to the measure only under compulsion). You have got to demand as a voter its repeal, on the grounds that the law is mistaken economy, a misuse of the postoffice functions, and above all a great and disastrous blow at national thought and expression, a blow at the spread of culture and good taste and good literature, and, above all, of American, as opposed to narrow, sectional ways of thought. (That last will sound fine and he won t know what you really mena!)

DON'T DELAY! **Write now—today. The time is short. Write as if you meant it, and get all your friends to write.**

The law must be repealed if you want to save your magazine.

The Birth Control Review

A Monthly Magazine Edited by Margaret Sanger

Subscriptions $1.50 a year, single copies 15 cents. Special rates for bundle orders of ten and over.

If possible, remit by money order, check or registered mail to

Margaret Sanger, 104 Fifth Avenue, New York City

What Every Mother Should Know

By Margaret Sanger

A book written especially for mothers who desire to tell their children the truth about birth.

It is told in plain, clean language for mothers who have few words but high ideals. Children who are told the truth early in life by the mother grow into manhood and womanhood with clear understanding of what maturity means.

Cloth 50c—Paper 25c

Please remit by postal or money order or registered letter to MARGARET H. SANGER, 104 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

What Every Girl Should Know

By Margaret Sanger

A book which every girl over fifteen years of age should have.

It is written in plain, simple language to the working girl about her body and the physiology of her sex functions.

Cloth 50c—Paper 25c

Remit, if possible, by check, postal or money order or registered mail to

MARGARET H. SANGER, 104 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Printers Wanted

The PRINT SHOP of the LLANO DEL RIO COLONY can use a PRESSMAN; a LINOTYPE OPERATOR, and a FLOOR MAN for ads and make-up.

The increase in size of the WESTERN COMRADE is to be followed by an increase in size of the LLANO COLONIST. This will necessitate an increased working force.

PRINTERS are invited to correspond with the WESTERN COMRADE, Stables, La.

The Principles of Money

(Continued from Page 25)

a medium, but a basis for mediums. That is, it isn't money at all, but a basis for money. Then why call that money which isn't money? Why not be honest and call it what it is, the basis upon which money is issued? Why befog our own minds and the minds of others by the use of false terms whose only effect is to bewilder and lead astray? They have a very good reason as very many of us know. But let that pass. Let us take their admission that their metal medium is not doing its work because it is serving as a basis for these other mediums, and ask them why these other mediums are used at all. The usual answer is, because of their convenience. But that is a strange convenience which, if stricken from commercial use, would destroy the trade of the world. If these conveniences, these real mediums of exchange were denied to commerce, civilization would stagger back into barbarism, traffic into ancient barter, and industry dwindle to the necessities of savage life. The metal man will admit that modern trade could not be conducted without them. He will admit that there is not enough of his precious metals in all the world to effect one-hundredth part of the exchanges that our times require. He will be driven to admit that these more convenient mediums are used from necessity. But he will say, that while there is not enough of his metals to affect all exchanges, there is enough to form a basis for these mediums to act in its place. But why take his metals for a basis for these mediums? Because of their intrinsic value, he will answer. And in that answer lies the triumph of true money. Intrinsic value must be the basis upon which mediums of exchange rest. Not the intrinsic value of one significant commodity only, but the intrinsic value of all things that possess value should be the basis upon which mediums of exchange are issued, and the government should be the organ through which such issue is effected.

But the metal man says, the intrinsic value upon which money is based should be a stable value, and that his metals, alone of all the valuable things in the world, possess this essential quality of stability. There used to be people silly enough to believe that claim. They saw values apparently contracting and expanding as measured by these standard, stable metals, and for a long time they believed that this apparent contraction and expansion of other values was real, and that the values of the metal measures were unchanging and stable. But finally someone discovered that metal measures were expanding and contracting, and that practically it was the things measured that, with reference to each other at least, were the stable values. The ancients believed that the universe revolved about this little earth. They believed that everything else was in motion, but that the earth was the only fixed, stable thing in all creation. Gallileo's announcement that they had missed the fixed, stable, central point of their solar system by ninety-three millions of miles, that it was the earth that was moving and not the sun, was such a shock to them that they made him take it back. The metal basis advocates have been as rudely disturbed by the announcement of the Gallileos of finance that it is the metals that are revolving about the value, and not value about the metals; that practically these metals have been contracting and expanding to a far greater extent than the things measured, and that they have missed the distance from the stable center of the monetary system as far as the ancients missed the stable center of the solar system; and the value-basis discoverers were treated with about as much tolerance by the metal men as Gallileo was by the Ptolemaic wise men in authority over him. But the value basis men are getting so numerous now that they are treated with considerable respect; and the civilized world is rapidly awakening to the fact that they are right. The metal basis men, however, still insist that there must be a standard of value, something by which values can be measured with each other as well as represented individually, and that such standard, such measure, must have value in itself, for only value can measure value. That is true. The value basis men make a strong point of that in their system. They insist, like the metal men, that there must be a standard, a measure, in the terms of which all money mediums must be expressed. But they assert that it must possess four essentials, of which the metals have only one. They assert first, that the standard of value, the measure of value, must itself possess value; second, that value must be the most stable and unvarying possible; third, it must be practically free from the control, manipulation or cornering by individuals or combinations of individuals; and fourth, it must be universally recognized as having the three foregoing qualities. In other words, they assert that the standard of value must be that value which enters essentially into all values. It must be that value, which in the nature of things, operates in fixing and and establishing all values. In short, the standard of value must be a natural standard, and ethically there is but one natural standard, and that is labor, the cost of production; and by cost of production is meant the labor value required to produce a thing.

Do You Want To Sell

Your house and lot, city lots, farm, etc.? The Llano del Rio Company of Nevada is just establishing a REAL ESTATE BUREAU. It will put you in touch with those who want to buy or exchange. All over the country there are people who are looking for property and they may buy

Your Real Estate

Write to the Real Estate Bureau for more detailed information of this plan. Even though you have your property in the hands of a real estate agent, we may be able to secure you a purchaser at little cost and with little delay. We will be able to reach far more prospective purchasers than most local real estate men. Write today for details of this new plan.

Address: Real Estate Bureau,
Llano del Rio Company of Nevada
Stables, Louisiana

"Something for nothing is the curse of the age."—Job Harriman

The Equitist

discusses the Source of the Power to get something for nothing, and shows how to destroy that power. It will interest you whether you agree or not.

Weekly, $1 a year; $1.50 to foreign countries. Sample on request. Edited and published by W. E. Brokaw, Longbranch, Washington.

Comment and Criticism

(Continued from Page 24)

there be one, he lost control of both characters and action the moment the play began. The forces involved are too numerous and varied, and the field of action is too vast, to permit of any inclusive direction by any one element. The thing is too full of inconsistencies and contradictions to make any really satisfactory conclusion possible. No matter what the end may be, the vital problems will not be solved until quiet has been restored, and we are able to think calmly once again. It is, therefore, to be hoped that most people will not be guided by Mr. Chesterton, who apparently is willing that the play be allowed to drag on through one bloody act after another merely in order that the curtain may fall on the dead body of the villain in true melodramatic fashion.

Louisiana-ing un-de Luxe

(Continued from Page 17)

be far off and considerably above most of us.

Mountains continued to be the dominant feature of the scenery. Dry valleys of sage and yuccas filled the mind with loneliness. The silence of these altitudes actually roars and all one's working organs, provided they work as good co-operative organs ought, sound loud, and if one is a close observer, might become a good diagnostician. At least, here's a chance to follow the ancient precept "Know Thyself." However, as the sage advice adorns so many patent medicine ads, the adage seems incongruous in solitudes where the heart reminds one of a pumping station in a great valley.

Riding hour after hour with practically no change in the scenery, great opportunities are afforded the occupants of a car to lapse into their true selves. After the first six hours of close association, about everything each knows has been told. All the genteel anecdotes have been hashed up, and rehashed again, and the bars are let down for the savage, unpolished man to get in his dirt.

(To be continued next month)

Llano in Louisiana

(Continued from Page 8)

along slightly different lines than were at one time anticipated. Because of conditions, it has been deemed best to concentrate on the fruit industry there. A sufficient number of colonists will reside in Llano to develop the fruit. They will plant trees, cultivate, irrigate. They will have their community life and will carry on the work there and continue the work made possible by the colonists who are now transfering to Louisiana.

There will be fewer persons in Llano, California. and the work will be less complicated. Smaller communities demand less administrative machinery. The population there will not vary much in numbers. In Louisiana the population wil be increasing rapidly, and the administrative machinery must be constantly adjusted to meet this growth.

Considered from every angle, the Llano del Rio Colony in Louisiana is an inspiring enterprise, and those who are here as colonists have the enthusiasm that comes from accomplishment. Visitors catch the contagion of enthusiasm because they, too, see into the future along tthe lines of the material wealth held by the Colony. It requires but little imagination to see what the Colony can be made here with the magnficent resources that a generous Nature has bequeathed to this region.

"Shall J. P. Morgan Own The Earth?"

—a booklet which PROVES, by photographed extracts from an official U. S. Government Report, that the Morgan wealth and power are twenty times greater than realized. How Morgan (after the war) can manipulate a "panic"; then buy cheaply control of all vital industries; dispossess YOU of wealth; reduce MILLIONS to abject slavery. How he keeps knowledge of this power suppressed; how newspapers are controlled; governments and legislatures corrupted. Price 50 cents—and your money back if not satisfied that the information given is well worth the price. Descriptive circular, testimonials, etc., free. Agents wanted. Address:

JACK PANSY, Publisher, P.O. Box LC-307, Grand Rapids, Mich.

M

The International Language

Esperanto

simplifies the language problems, opens up a new world of literature, gives one a much better understanding of his mother-tongue, enables him to correspond with people all over the world, and all this at a comparatively small outlay of time or money.

Send for a FREE sample copy of AMERIKA ESPERANTISTO, the official organ of the Esperanto Association of North America, and receive also a catalog of Books, etc., and full information on how to learn this wonderful language.

Please mention the Llano Publications.

THE AMERICAN ESPERANTIST CO., INC.
Watertown, Waltham and Washington Streets
WEST NEWTON STATION, BOSTON, MASS.

Free Press and Free Speech

Number of that new live-wire propaganda weekly

is the greatest piece of libertarian literature ever published. It outlines an original campaign against postal censorship and for preservation of the remnant of our radical press and the restoration of that part which official despotism has destroyed.

Many of the most powerful publicists in the country write for THE PALADIN, which is edited by Walter Hurt, former editor of "The Call" and published by Phil Wagner, publisher of "Social Revolution."

Every friend of freedom should aid this great drive for democracy by ordering a bundle of this special edition of THE PALADIN for distribution.

PALADIN Bundle Rates:
25 copies, 30c; 50 copies, 50c; 100 copies, 80c;
200 copies, $1.50; 500 copies, $3.50; 1000 copies, $6.

PALADIN PUBLISHING COMPANY
705 Market Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Spiritism and Socialism

(Continued from Page 9)

are encouraging as a beginning.

But this is not the entire message of The New World. I hold that, in science, belief does not count, but only the touching of power; that therefore all the experiences that Christians and others have had in the way of great demonstrations and periods of ecstacy are open to everybody, regardless of belief, just so soon as we touch the right wires. This is a new world of personal experience that I see ready to open to all mankind. It is time that the world ceased to be poor in spirit and that all should "know him, from the least to the greatest," according to the promise.

But what has this to do with socialization? If there be another world, more populous than this, it is impossible to socialize things so as to bring justice to all, without considering that world. Government or public ownership means man ownership and excludes all animals, therefore means oppression for most creatures. If there be a spirit world, it excludes that also. Because of its great population, because of its intuition, because spirit is presumably a higher type of life than the purely human, Jesus was probably right in talking of the kingdom of Heaven, or domination of the spiritual, as the real solution of the problem.

My mission, therefore, looks to a new spiritism and a new socialism, predicated, not on beliefs or controversy or agitation, but on experience and demonstration and actual power. It will mean more for humanity than anything that has ever been suggested. It will mean a universal religion and rational scientific readjustment of things, coming in a perfectly natural way. I am going to original sourcees for power, just as all vital movements have done—to God himself, to the spirit world and to natural forces—rather than to books, rites, beliefs or institutions.

National Non-Resistance?

(Continued from Page 19)

capital, and a foreign nation forcing us to accept its loans would be obliged to apply them to uses very near a minimum profit. Our laborers are habituated to the highest of wages, made necessary by the cost of living and enforced by powerful unions. Our railroads are already complaining of minus net incomes, and our natural resources have long been in the hands of private exploiters who are developing them just as rapidly as profit can thereby accrue. The possession of our country by another, except perhaps for temporary purposes connected with the present war, would be little more valuable than the possession of a bank-book by an African head-hunter.

It is indeed true that conquest is not only national disaster to be conceived. Men fight upon the plea of preserving property, honor, prestige, colonies, and a dozen other objects. Many nations are invading others today, not from any conscions desire for robbery, but from fear of their neighbor. In view of these things, can a nation afford to be non-resistant? Our word limit is passed; and we can only say: If we face the facts coolly, studying each possible disaster without panic and without sentimentality, the answer is, Yes!

—o—

A boy reaches far across the table and helps himself to butter.
Father: "What did you do that for? Haven't you any tongue?"
Boy: "Yes, sir, but my tongue isn't as long as my arm."

—o—

EXPLAINED

Mame: "I was at a spiritualist meeting the other night and what do you think, a ghost kissed me."
Percy: "One of those familiar spirits, I suppose."—The Passing Show.

"I can not tell a lie, father—"

BUY A SAMPLE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

ISSUES & EVENTS

THE
AMERICAN LIBERAL
REVIEW

"An Antidote for the Northcliffe Press"
Published and Suppressed
Speeches—Data—Articles and Events

Editor:
Frederick Franklin Schrader
Associate Editor:
Tobias Butler

Send for a Trial Subscription
Only with this advertisement

$ .50 for three months
$ 1.00 for six monhs
$ 2.00 for one year

25 WEST BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

Price $1.00

Thirty days free trial

COMRADES, send us $1.00 for this razor, use it thirty days, then if you don't believe it to be the equal of any $2.00 razor on the market return it and we will exchange it for a new one or refund your money as you desire. Furnished with plain black handle, either round or square point, extra hollow ground, 5/8-inch blade. Price, $1.00 each or six for $5.00, post paid. If convenient, remit by P. O. or Express money order. Address—

RED FLAG RAZOR COMPANY
PARAGOULD, ARKANSAS

IF OUR RAZORS DON'T MAKE GOOD, WE WILL.

A Word With Our Readers

When the move was made from Llano, California, to Stables, Louisiana, it meant that there would be a considerable delay. Every effort has been made to shorten that delay as much as possible, and it is to the credit of our readers that there has been no complaint.

Now the Publications are established in a commodious building giving much more space than was the case at Llano, and with the offices adjoining. As rapidly as possible the scattered crew is getting together.

Attention is directed to the increased size of the WESTERN COMRADE. This is the first of a number of changes which are to be made preparatory to launching the WESTERN COMRADE in the national field.

In this number, as in several numbers immediately preceding it, the quality has been much improved. New writers are contributing articles of high value. An aggressive campaign for readers is being started with this issue, and agents are being canvassed for.

Commencing with the May number, the subscription is to be raised to One Dollar. It is the plan now outlined to have the price remain at that point, and to give more than has ever been given for that price in any magazine. The expansion from 32 pages to 40 pages is to be followed by other increases in size, according to the present plan.

Readers are invited to compare the COMRADE with any other Socialist publication now being printed. The thought-compelling editorials, the other splendid articles on a number of topics, and the monthly contributions on "Co-operation in Action" appeal to constructive Socialists, and it is one of the ideals of the WESTERN COMRADE to be an instrument for teaching the sort of Socialism that builds.

In an early issue we expect to announce another change that will be of interest to our readers.

The LLANO COLONIST, suspended during the time of the move, is to be resumed at once as a twice-a-month publication. It is to be enlarged in size to 6 columns, and the make-up changed. Another important change will be announced later concerning the COLONIST and in a short time it will undoubtedly once more be issued as a weekly paper.

The quality of the material is to be improved. News of interest to Socialists and co-operators will be given greater prominence. News concerning the Colony will not be shoved into the background, but will be given definite space, for the COLONIST is another instrument of constructive Socialism, and "Co-operation in Action" is one of the most active and promising phases.

It is not the intention to make any changes in the subscription rates. Those who wish to become agents for the Publications are asked to correspond with the Circulation Department. A very liberal new offer is announced on the back page this issue that should interest every Socialist.

The field of Socialist Publication is much changed in the last year. In the field, made barren by the suspension or suppression of many papers, the Llano Publications have a distinct mission, and readers of the clear, far-seeing editorials are given a clearer vision of the things to be than can be gleaned from almost any other newspapers or magazines.

LLANO PUBLICATIONS, Stables, Louisiana.

Regeneration

(Continued from Page 31)

learn to govern forces more and mankind less. Humanity will not forever be tied to a soulless machine.

There is no room left for the black face of pessimism against the scarlet horizon of the dawn of liberty. This war is the judgment of capitalism and will result in the resurrection of liberty. The God of Hope is alive in the world, though it be darkness before the dawn. Light shall soon break and it will then be Morning! Out of universal chaos will be born Harmony and mankind will be regenerated through its present trial of pain! Our enforced economic transformation will give rise to new ideals that will bring to the most perfect flower, the Soul of Man.

December 3rd, 1917.

Llano del Rio Colony,

Dear Comrades: I feel so enthusiastic over the Louisiana Purchase that I have decided to pay my instalment payments much sooner than I had expected.

Therefore, I am enclosing check for the amount of $400 for which credit to my stock.

Fraternally yours, JOHN W. LINN, Maryland.

The Public
An International Journal of Fundamental Democracy

A Magazine For the Liberals

DURING these momentous days, THE PUBLIC is rendering its readers a supremely valuable service. It is furnishing them the material for forming intelligent opinions concerning vital political, social and economic problems. No other weekly publication presents the point of view of constructive radicalism so convincingly. Men like Frank P. Walsh, Roy Stannard Baker, Lincoln Steffens, William Marion Reedy, and Rabbi Stephen Wise read THE PUBLIC because it presents and interprets facts fairly, courageously, and even now and then brilliantly.

Brand Whitlock, United States Minister to Belgium, writes:

> In the midst of all the horrors of the world THE PUBLIC is the one thing I know of—aside from one's own conscience and the democratic principle down deep in our heart—by which to correct one's reckoning. It is a compass never sensational, always calm and pointing in the same direction.

THE PUBLIC costs only $2 a year—52 ssues. For a trifling cost it gives its readers from week to week, a vital hold upon the significant events; a broader, firmer grasp of developments in the great field of politics and economics.

THE PUBLIC PUBLISHING CO.,
122 East 37th Street, New York City.

Enclosed please find $..... for..... year's subscription to THE PUBLIC.

Name .....

Address .....

Published weekly. Subscription Rates—One year, $2; Six Months, $1; Three Months, 50c.

Have You Seen Henry M. Tichenor's Monthly

Pro-Humanity?

If not, don't miss sending for a sample copy.

Subscription, 50 cents a year.

PRO-HUMANITY, 940 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Earn Your Way In

HOW MUCH, really, do you wish to become a resident of the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony?

We have had many letters from those who have asked us for some way by which they might become residents. Good, sincere people, they are, with the earnest desire to co-operate.

At last the LLANO PUBLICATIONS have worked out a plan by which persistent workers may earn their way into the Colony.

It will require work, but only workers are wanted in the Colony, anyway.

Not a Contest

This is not a contest in which only one person wins. It is an opportunity to win by work, and all who do what is required may come in and become members.

Here is your opportunity to actually live the things you have dreamed of. The Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony with its more than 16,000 acres of land in the Highlands of Western Louisiana is going to practice the principles of Socialism. You have talked it and voted for it. Now why not get in and do some practical work that will open to you the opportunity to live it?

You've talked with obstinate and pig-headed neighbors who remained unconvinced. Their unprogressiveness has held YOU back and you have been forced to live under the capitalistic conditions that they imposed. Get away from it! Live with comrades, among comrades, working with them to make true the dreams you have dreamed and the plans you have thought out.

Don't wait till tomorrow, but write TODAY and get the new plan. The LLANO PUBLICATIONS will help you. The plan is a good one. You can win if you work, and you will be given plenty of time. You will be assisted in every way within our power.

ACT NOW! This is the best time to work. Send in your name and address at once. Remember, if you work you win. You are not entering a contest, but are taking a definite job and will be shown how to go to work.

Llano Publications

Stables, Louisiana

Extension Department.

February, 1918 Price Ten Cents

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

Western Comrade

(Plantation Woods and Scenes in the Colony)

"THE PAINTED PIGEON" —a smashing Story by ROB WAGNER

"BIRTH CONTROL" —by MARGARET SANGER

Beginning a Remarkable Series entitled "MODERN RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS"

"DOES CO-OPERATION PAY?" —By E. RALPH CHEYNEY

"FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND DEMOCRACY" —By THERON P. COOPER

TIMELY EDITORIALS —By JOB HARRIMAN

FICTION — POETRY — HUMOR

Your Gateway to Freedom

Llano's 16,000 Acre Plantation in the Highlands of Western Louisiana

THE Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony was established at Llano, Los Angeles County, California, in May, 1914. It attracted attention throughout the country because of the calibre of the men who were conducting it. Hundreds joined the colony and during the three years hundreds of acres of orchards and alfalfa were planted, a community garden was grown, and many industries were established.

From the first, the intention was to form other colonies, extending the work as rapidly as possible. The first extension has been organized.

16,000 FERTILE ACRES

After a nation-wide search, it was finally decided to purchase 16,000 acres in the healthful highlands of Vernon Parish in Western Louisiana, at Stables, one mile from Leesville, the parish seat of Vernon Parish. This is about 15 miles from the Sabine river, about 40 miles from the Red river, (both navigable), forty miles from Alexandria, 100 miles from Shreveport, and about 200 miles from New Orleans. The highlands of this district are fertile, high, well-drained, healthful. There are no swamps, no malaria, no mosquitoes, no fevers more than are found in other states. Health reports show that this portion of Louisiana can compare favorably with any other section of the United States. There is an abundance of drinking water of excellent quality.

A most careful investigation was made regarding health conditions. Reports compiled by the Health Department of Louisiana were studied. Inhabitants of this district were interviewed. All agreed on the healthfulness of this portion of the State, and those who have heard discouraging reports from Louisiana are invited to make further and more careful investigation before arriving at conclusions.

The huge tract lies southwest of Leesville and has had most of the timber cut off. Remaining along the creeks,however, are scattered pines of the long leaf variety to supply the Colony with building material for many years to come. About 1200 acres of hardwood timber worth many thousands of dollars are also on the land and offer opportunities for the establishing of many industries. The timber is, beech, magnolia, white oak, cypress, walnut, post oak, red oak, sweet gum, and hickory. The trees are splendid ones, and this body of timber is not to be surpassed in quality.

A TOWN CAME WITH IT

When the purchase was first contemplated, and it was finally decided to buy the 16,000 acres near Leesville, it was found that the lumber hamlet of Stables stood on the property. This was acquired with the land. A hotel of 18 rooms, 27 habitable houses, 100 other small houses, one shed 130x300 feet, one shed 130x200 feet, one shed 80x100 feet, one store 30x90, one office 40x50, eight other sheds and structures. The lumber in these buildings, together with other lumber on the place, amounts to about 2 million feet. Ties for a railroad extend across the land. A concrete power house and 5 concrete drying kilns (cost to erect them, $12,000) each kiln about 20x70 by 20 feet high, are also included. Stables is on the main line of the Kansas City Southern Railroad. This town will be occupied for a while, but later a more systematically laid out town will be built.

WHAT CAN BE PRODUCED ?

This is the first question asked. A careful investigation has been made. No chances of mistake were taken. It is found that a great variety of products do well here. Peaunts, sweet potatoes, melons of all kinds, corn, cotton, and sugar cane, will be the best producers and the best income-bringers. Vegetables of all kinds do well, and berries will yield great returns. This region is not sufficiently well developed for fruit to make detailed statements possible, but from a number of sources of undoubted reliability, assurance is given that figs, peaches, prunes, cherries, and similar fruits can be profitably grown. Cattle and sheep and goats can find forage during nearly the entire year, while the raising of hogs is profitable because of the abundance of corn that may be grown here.

PLAN OF DEVELOPMENT

Farming comes first. The Colony thoroughly realizes the responsibilities and the necessities put upon it. Efficiency is insisted on, and once each week foremen are required to attend efficiency classes. The remaining workers are also given instruction. Records are kept showing use of time, achievement, results, costs. There is a systematic and orderly organization being perfected. Land is being cleared and plowed as rapidly as possible. With a complete understanding of the needs of agricultural production, every available man is put on the farm. This work takes precedence over all else. very avenue of waste is being closed as fast as discovered. Elimination of useless work and reduction of only partly necessary tasks is insisted on. The aim of the Colony is not only to support itself the very first year, but to have an ample margin left over. This will take careful and systematic planning. Through this care and foresight, the new Colony will be able to take care of all of its residents, including increase. Housing is simplified by the number of houses acquired with the property.

TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES

A hotel, dairy, range stock, small laundry, store, blacksmith and machine shop, vulcanizing plant, gardens, hot beds, herd of goats, some rabbits, some chickens, hogs, printing department, offices, doctors, warehouse and material shed, are established departments now in operation. Machinery for the shoe shop is here, but not installed. This is true of the saw mill. A moving picture machine is already purchased, with chairs, and benches for a theater. Plans are drawn and material ready for the new theatre and dance floor, these to be separate. The school is giving practical instruction in grammar school subjects. Tremendous progress is being made in every department, and the organizing of departments is increasing the efficiency of the entire plantation.

HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER

The Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony is organized as a stock company in order to secure the protection of the law to the fullest extent. Each member purchases two thousand shares at the par value of $1 a share. One thousand is to be paid in cash or equivalent before the member becomes a resident of the colony. This furnishes the capital for financing until the colony lands are producing. The remaining thousand shares is worked out at the rate of $1 a day credited on stock. In addition the member is paid a small cash wage, and credited with a bonus which brings the total amount to $4 a day. Each member is furnished with a place to live and is guaranteed steady employment.

There is also the Instalment Member plan by which those who cannot make payments in full at once may take out a membership on which they may pay $10 or more each month. Those interested in this plan are invited to write specially concerning it.

AGENTS WANTED

Trustworthy agents are desired in different communities, and those who can furnish first rate references are invited to correspond with the Membership Department concerning becoming our representative.

FOR MORE INFORMATION

More detailed information is given in the "Gateway to Freedom" which outlines the idea of co-operative colonization, the reasons for it, and what is hoped may be achieved, together with the methods to be used. The folder "Llano's Plantation in the Highlands of Louisiana" goes into more detail concerning the new 16,000 acre tract.

The new colony in Louisiana can support a population of perhaps several thousand persons. It offers wonderful opportunities to all who join. You are invited to write to the Membership Department for full information about any point not made clear, and answers to questions you ask. Address

Llano del Rio Colony, Stables, Louisiana

Membership Department

"No matter whose lips that speak. they must be free and ungagged. Let us believe that the whole truth can never do harm to the whole of virtue; and remember that in order to get the whole truth you must allow every man, right or wrong, freely to utter his conscience, and to protect him in so doing. Entire, unshackled freedom for every man's life, no matter what his doctrine —the safety of free discussion, no matter how wide its range. The community which dares not protect its humblest and most hated enemy in the free utterance of his opinions, no matter how false or hateful, is only a gang of slaves."

—Wendell Phillips.

Political Action Co-operation Socialism

The Western Comrade

"The Most Constructive Magazine for Socialism in America."

Entered as second-class matter November 4th, 1916. at the postoffice at Llano, Cal., under Act of March 3, 1879.
Application for entry as second-class matter at the postoffice at Leesville, La., pending.

JOB HARRIMAN.....Managing Editor ALANSON SESSIONS.....Associate Editor ERNEST S. WOOSTER....Business Manager

Subscription Rate—75c a year; Canada $1; Single copies 10c; clubs of 4 or more (in U. S.) 50c. Combination with Llano Colonist, $1.
Publishers and others are invited to copy at will from the WESTERN COMRADE, but are asked to give credit.
In making change of address always give your former one so that the mailing department may be certain that the right name is changed.
Please do not send subscriptions, changes of address, complaints, etc., to individuals. Address ALL communications to the Llano Publications, Stables, La. This paper will not assume responsibility unless this rule is followed.
The Western Comrade neither approves nor disapproves the sentiments expressed in contributions not signed by one of the editors.

VOL. V. LEESVILLE, LA., FEBRUARY, 1918. No. 10.

EDITORIAL

By Job Harriman

Materialism

MATERIALISM is a composite of blind forces. These forces work alike in the mineral, vegetable and animal world. They seek the line of least resistance, regardless of the circumstances. Might is always right, with blind force. Water runs down hill in the easiest channel though it drowns a playing child. A bullet will not change its course though it pass through the heart of a baby. Energy is absorbed by capital from man, woman and child alike. There is no mercy in materialism. It is stern, ruthless, persistent, heartless, treacherous in friendships, with an eye only to advantage.

Materialism is a great body rolling down hill, increasing in momentum and in volume as it goes.

Materialism is an iron heel and the ruling powers are its exemplifiers.

Spirituality

SPIRITUALITY is a composite of intelligence and love. These mingled forces function only in the hearts of pure and noble men and women. They seek the avenues of service and sacrifice, always endeavoring to uplift. Their standard of right is measured by their ability to help others. They spare no energy to save endangered lives. They will change their course, at whatever cost, to save, protect, or increase, the happiness of others. They will give their own lives rather than absorb the lives of others. They are the embodiment of mercy.

Spirituality is kind, gentle, patient, long suffering, constant, enduring in friendship, persistent in sterling worth.

Spirituality is the mainspring of the heart, the inspiration of the world, the mother of hope, the savior of despair, the harbor of safety of a stricken world.

EFFICIENCY depends upon concentration of power. Concentration must center in one head. This one must be able to cope with the situation, otherwise efficiency is as effectually defeated as if the power were centered in a dozen heads who disagree upon policies and methods.

The Senate is making a fatal mistake by creating a war council having power to determine war policies.

There are but two questions for the Senate to decide:

First: Should we stay in the war?

Second: How large should the budget be?

These two questions settled, the rest should be left to Wilson and the staff he selects, if efficiency is to be attained.

No army was ever led to victory by a dozen generals, all vested with power to map out the campaign.

Concentration of power is necessary if the end desired is to be efficiently accomplished.

—o—

TROTZKY is that Northern Star that shines in the vision of Tolstoy.

—o—

THE "Savanah News" is as blind as a bat, as stupid as a toad, and as mixed as scrambled eggs. Here is a specimen of its effusions:

"As operator of the railroads, the government may actually crystallize public opinion against government ownership. If this occurs, the president will have brought about a double benefaction to the country, for he will have caused more efficient use during the war, and taught the public that the solution of the railroad problem in times of peace is their operation in private hands."

That is to say: Efficiency will crystallize public opinion in favor of inefficiency!

A brilliant bit of reasoning, we confess—equal, if not superior in wisdom, to the brayings of Balaam's ass.

—o—

TROTZKY calls the social democrats of Germany to revolt.

There seems to be a strange hand at work in shaping the destiny of these warring nations.

Everywhere men cry for peace and still everywhere there is greater preparation for war.

The balance of power swings first to the Allies, then to the Central Powers, and every day brings doubted misgivings mingled now with hope and then with despair.

While Russia was fighting hard and the United States entered the war arena, the die seemed cast in favor of the Allies.

When the Czar went down before the Russian revolution, the scales swung back to the Central Powers.

When China and Japan opened their war chests, again Allied stock went up. When the truce arranged by the Russians and Germans, releasing from the east 1,500,000 soldiers, was consummated, the Central Powers again loomed up, and the Allies were stricken with fear.

Then came the call of Trotzky. It rang like a clarion throughout the world.

The labor movement of every country, especially the Socialists, responded, with a voice determined to throw off the yoke of oppression and to establish peace everywhere.

The labor movement of England gave Trotzky its support and pledged it determined assistance. Next came France, then Italy, then Spain. Later the social democrats of Germany came out boldly against Junkerdom and pledged their lives to tear it asunder. And last, but not least, president Wilson promises to the Russian program his unqualified support.

Thus the submerged class, that enormous bulk, that irresistible force, has been aroused and is rising from the social deep with Russia, its head, already well above water.

—o—

CLAUS SPRECKLES, a multimillionaire sugar king, is now fighting Hoover, as he is accustomed to fight the labor movement.

His clutches are upon his profits.

All intruders are his enemies.

High prices are his god.

Low prices are his devil.

To hell with Hoover and the workers.

"Let them eat grass!"

Now, for once, the government understands the viewpoint of the worker, and Shylock will lose his bond.

"All that glistens is not gold;
Gilded tombs do worms unfold."

—o—

CLOSE your eyes and give your imagination a bird's eye view of the world.

You will see every country, city, town and hamlet bristling with bayonets and smeared with human blood.

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are the peacemakers."

—o—

FOMENTING of groundless popular suspicion is the most dastardly deed of which a human being can be guilty.

A suspicious mind is dangerous not only to the general public but to the government itself.

Suspicion is a form of insanity. It is supported only by a belief in the statements of those in whom confi-

dence is reposed. False statements lead to the direst results, ofttimes to the murder of absolutely innocent people.

Men will act upon what they believe. Men will believe statements made by those in whom they confide.

A recent issue of the "Literary Digest" contains matter true and false, so mixed that by it suspicion is inflamed against the innocent, the consequences of which however terrible, the "Digest" will go scot free.

In this hour of trouble, when passion runs wild, all men in responsible positions should endeavor to harmonize and not to inflame public passion.

Credulity and suspicion go hand in hand.

—o—

ALL profits are illigitimate in times of peace as well as in times of war. Profits are always made at the sacrifice of human life.

In peace the lives are sacrificed in the factories, the industries, the marts of the world.

In war they are sacrificed in the trenches as well as in the factories and industries and marts.

The sacrifice of life in the trenches is so exceptional and terrible that all are shocked and horrified at the thought of it. But whoever has observed the unbearable conditions imposed upon men, women and children by the arrogant, greedy and ambitious owners of mines, factories and large industries, will have seen a sacrifice that will curdle his blood. The accumulated fortunes of the rich are measured by the blood and misery of the poor.

Every one is anxious that the war should end and the slaughter cease.

Now is the time for the government to end the slaughter and oppression in the factories and industries by putting an end at once to all profits by assuming control of all commercial and industrial affairs out of which profits and privileges arise.

Man is man. And no man should be permitted to devour another in times of war or peace, by means of profits or otherwise.

—o—

MUCH is now being written of the brutalities and cruelties of the German soldiers. The statements, while doubtless true, are altogether misleading. If we but remember the cruelty of the Yankee soldiers in the South during the Civil war, and the cruelties by the Rebels committed in Libby prison, the cruelties of the English soldiers in South Africa, Egypt and India, the cruelties of our soldiers in the Philippines, we will not be at a loss to understand the cruelties of the German soldiers in foreign countries.

War makes brutes of soldiers, and brutes are brutal outside their native land. The soldiers of every country always have been and always will be brutal to the enemy.

This is war.

—o—

WE read in many magazines that the revolution of Russia was due to the corruption of the Royal family and the moral depravity induced by a peasant religious fanatic.

More astounding ignorance than this could not be displayed.

The revolution in Russia was brought on by the burdens that the aristocracy imposed upon the people of Russia. The rumblings of a general uprising have been increasingly heard for half a century.

The same fact is now operating in Germany, and indeed in almost all European countries.

Oppression is the mother of revolutions.

It was the cause of the French revolution; of the English revolution; of the American revolution against England; of almost, if not all, the revolutions of the world.

The oppressed know it too well.

The oppressor is blind to it. He is blinded by his luxury, his power and his greed. It is this fact that makes revolutions inevitable.

—o—

"The scheme of Socialism involves the complete control of the individual by government, thus sacrificing one's freedom for his economic welfare. For this, Socialism cannot be accepted by society as a solution for its ills."—Woodrow Wilson, The State.

May we ask the president whether the above-described condition, which certainly exists in this country today in an extreme form, is Socialism? And is he the president of a Socialist Republic?

A TREAT FOR SOCIALISTS!

BEGINNING with the March issue of the Western Comrade, Comrade Lincoln Phifer, editor of "The New World" and formerly associate editor of "The Appeal to Reason," will contribute a series of articles entitled

"THE STORY OF AMERICAN SOCIALISM"

We urge our readers to peruse this extraordinary story, and to pass it on to other comrades. Bundles of ten or more, 5c each.

Meals Twelve Cents

CO-OPERATION accomplishes many things, but the one that will most interest the average reader is the fact that the Llano Colony is serving meals at its hotel for twelve cents!

This despite the high cost of living; despite the fact that everything served on the table must be bought in the open market. When the gardens begin to produce; when the colony has its own hogs and cattle and sheep and rabbits and poultry; when there is sugar from the colony's sugar-cane patch and syrup from the same source; when the berries and the fruits are a part of each meal; when the rice fields are adding to the grains used, and the oats are a part of each breakfast; when the colony lands are producing for the colony table; then the colony meals will cost less.

There are horticulturists in the colony who long for a chance to demonstrate what this land will do. But necessity dictates that the fruit take second place this year in the efforts of the colonists. Next year, perhaps, some of the fruit men will have their chance. It is not because their value is not appreciated, but because the best crops for 1918 are cotton, corn, melons, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, and garden truck. They are safe and sure and high in price and profitable. They will produce an income this year. Therefore the farmers have decided to concentrate on them. The colony must provide food for itself this season. It will do so unless the unforseen intervenes.

"BETTER LAND THAN I THOUGHT"

"I thought I knew something about this land as I have lived in the South all of my life, but this land is better than I thought it was. I am working out there with the clearing crew and I have a first rate opportunity to get first hand information. I came here expecting that we would be able to do well. I read the colony literature and I thought the land must be very good. But it is better than I thought and I see no reason why we should not become independent if we use only ordinary good methods. If we do as we should, nothing can prevent us from becoming rich as a community."

These are the words of one of the comrades from Texarkana. The comrade who spoke is not an excitable enthusiast. He weighed carefully the chances of success of the colony before he decided to bring his family in. He knew that it would take work to secure results. He has not been accustomed to such work as grubbing, but he selected this work himself and is doing his part to make the farming end of the enterprise show a profit and a big one.

FIRST FEED THE COLONY

As told last month, agriculture has first place in the plan of things. The "New Orleans Picayune" of January 13, 1918, has the following story:

> "The rice, sugar, corn, cotton planters and farmers, and the producers of food in Louisiana are on a strike. They say that similar conditions exist in other states, and that some organized relief movement or some other agency must take hold or there will be a food famine.
>
> That the threat is not idle, they prove by pointing to the fact that despite the high prices obtained last year there is a decreased acreage of every food commodity. Even the acreage that has been planted was against the better judgment of the planters, and was a patriotic concession to the nation's plea. Unless something is done, and done soon, money will not be able to buy food, because there will not be enough labor to produce the food.
>
> The negro exodus from the agricultural districts began early last year. There had been similar hegiras in other years, and when harvest or grinding times came around the negroes returned in sufficient number. The expectation of like eventuality temporarily allayed alarm. The repopulation was also depended upon to replace the drain of the draft and the lure of government and other emergency work nearer home. But the negroes did not return, and gathering and finishing the crops became a struggle and a desperate chance. Many barely pulled through, and are convinced they could not repeat the race with as much prospect of success. For that reason nobody has attempted to plant even as much as last year, although the demands of the nation is for increased production of all foods.

There is more to it, but this will give a good idea of how independent agriculture is faring in the South when labor is being lured away to the factories. It is the strongest argument for co-operative effort that could be asked for. While the independent little farmers and even some of the big ones of the South are being forced to let some of their land go idle, the Llano Colony, through co-operation is able to put new land under the plow.

WHILE the various parts of the United States agitate or clamor for reforms or emergency legislation, or more efficient methods, the Colony is quietly putting many of them into operation.

For instance: while a Kansas City paper tells of an agitation for a six-day-a-week school, the colony has it.

While daylight saving is being agitated, the Colony has adopted the policy, and it has already been in operation.

Everywhere the cry is for increased agricultural production. The Colony is organized to achieve this, and is already carrying out its plans.

"Economy of distribution" is the phrase being widely used. The Colony has long applied this principle, and the reduction of costs is striking and enormous.

"Women in Industry" is attracting attention everywhere, but nowhere are they more sanely initiated into industry than at the Colony.

"Efficiency" is almost a fetish these days. Yet no community surpasses and few equal the community efficiency of everyday life in the Colony.

PAID TO GO TO SCHOOL

But the plans of the colony are more systematic than the plans of most communities. Putting 1000 acres of land under cultivation in six months is no mere child's play. It takes careful planning as well as hard work and it requires system. The capitalistic word "Efficiency" is the word heard oftenest in the colony. One of the ways of gaining efficiency is to offer some tangible reward for it. The children of the Colony are being offered that reward and it is succeeding.

The children are on an eight-hour basis for six-days of the week. They must account for forty-eight hours of the week. If they fail to do so, they fail to receive the amount of pay that the faithful ones do.

But the children are not kept in school for eight hours. Part of this time is employed in useful work. For instance, the boys (and many of the girls) have built perhaps a mile of board fence, surrounding garden patches to protect them from loose stock. Some of the girls work in the hotel, and it is one of the problems of the teachers that they must plan

An Important Announcement

¶ Beginning with an early issue, the Western Comrade will be known as

The Internationalist

The change of name will be a surprise to many of our readers, many of whom possibly will not understand why such a change has been made. We hope the following explanation will make this clear:

1. The Western Comrade is no longer "western." Sectionally speaking, it is "southern."

2. The time is now ripe for an advantageous change of name of the magazine.

The Western Comrade was first published in Los Angeles, California, by a handful of brilliant Socialists, including Emanuel Haldeman-Julius, Frank E. Wolfe, Stanley Wilson, Chester Wright, Rob Wagner and others. It immediately became famous in radical circles.

¶ In June, 1914, the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony took over the magazine, and has published it ever since. Its circulation has increased steadily and its constructive advocacy of co-operation and socialism is constantly making it more popular.

¶ It has been decided that the magazine has simply outgrown its name. It is no longer a sectional periodical. It has already assumed national significance. It is fast assuming INTERNATIONAL importance.

¶ The Socialist movement never possessed such international significance as it possesses at this moment. The Russian revolution is leading the working class into a United States of the World. The nation, as a historical factor, is passing rapidly into oblivion. Many men now living will see the federation of nations that must inevitably come.

¶ In the light of these facts, it is incongruous and narrow for us to preserve the name of the Western Comrade. The magazine is at this moment one of the few influential Socialist publications in the United States, or even in America. It is commanding the respect of every school of thought. Because of its broad position in supporting every movement making for the emancipation of labor—the Socialist party, the trades-union, the co-operative colony, consumer's co-operation—it will continue indefinitely to exert a tremendous influence in the solution of social and industrial problems.

The Internationalist

will continue to present the cream of the radical thought extant. The most brilliant writers in the Socialist and labor movements will contribute to our columns. In a short time the magazine will be increased again from forty to forty-eight pages—later to fifty-six pages.

¶ The is no limit to the possibilities for The Internationalist. The opportunity is here. The material is abundant. All that is needed is an enthusiastic army of Internationalists to spread the gospel of constructive Socialism.

¶ Remember that when you boost for The Internationalist, you are boosting directly for CO-OPERATION IN ACTION, for the "most constructive magazine for Socialism in America" is financed, edited and published by co-operative colonists.

¶ Are you going to help?

¶ The price of a year's subscription to The Internationalist will be advanced from 75 cents to $1.00 the first of May, 1918. Immediate subscriptions will mean a saving to you of 25 cents on the dollar.

Fraternally,

The Llano Publications.

the classes so that these girls can get out in time to set the tables. Some of the boys handle teams, others work in the industries, some in the offices, and all who wish can find work to do. There are few who are not industrious. Paying the children for going to school is a paying proposition for the colony.

INDEPENDENT CHILDREN

The children are making ambitions plans for the future. They are laying out what they want to do and they are going ahead to do it. First, in order to build the clubhouse, they had to get lumber. They found a building and got permission to wreck it. They hauled the lumber. They are building the clubhouse.

When it is done they expect to conduct their own eating establishment and will serve meals at cost. They will not do this alone. It will require instruction. It will mean competent direction. But they will do much of the work and will learn how to work with their hands, how to manage, and how to plan. They will be able to conduct this work because they will have the money to do it with. They are being paid wages. Why shouldn't they care for themselves?

But that is not all. The girls will want to learn to sew. They will learn in a practical manner by making garments. Already this work has been taken up to some extent. When they have their clubhouse they will be able to go still further into this industry.

The children will work in the gardens of course. They will be feeding themselves and preparing their own meals. They will be clothing themselves and making their own clothes. The children of the colony are thus made an asset instead of a liability, for their energies are being turned into practical channels.

Once in a while arises a voice which says: "Aren't you working those children too hard?" But ask the boys and girls. They will stoutly deny it. They enjoy the work. They are not put at disagreeable tasks that others do not like to do. They are put at the sort of work that appeals to them as being work. They are put at the work that is the same that the men and women of the plantation do. Therefore, they enjoy it. They realize that it is useful and they take a pride in it. They are not given tasks but work as a part of their schooling. The boys who go out under a competent instructor to build fences and drive teams and build and wreck buildings are learning more of practical things than they would if they were kept inside at books.

CO-OPERATIVE ACHIEVEMENT

Never before has the world talked so much of co-operation. Never before was co-operation so urgent as it is now. Dreamers dreamed of it as a principle that should bind men together. Practical men have had to come to it in many places because they found they could thus avoid exploitation to some extent. But between the dreamers who wished to co-

operate because there was a principle involved, and those practical, hard-headed men who co-operate to such degree as they were forced to, there has always existed quite a wide gulf. The dreamers failed to get the viewpoint of the practical men, the practical men viewed the dreamers with pity.

In the Llano Colony there is the fullest co-operation, and the practical men who see it are forced to follow the steps of the dreamers who saw it as a vision, and put it into practice.

The colony is progressing. The population is steadily increasing. The respect of the neighbors is being gained, for there is something different about the colony town and about other towns. One is the bustle of industry. Colonists work. They must work. Loafing is not tolerated. It is too expensive a luxury to be permitted. Therefore, there are no idle men and boys congregating in groups about the colony. There is too much work to be done. The colony can not afford to have idle men when there is work to be done.

There is the bakery for instance. The colony has been forced to buy bread. Butt now the bakery is almost ready to be accupied, and in a short time the Colony bakery will be selling bread instead of buying, will be making a profit instead of paying one. At the same time, the colonists will be buying bread at lower cost than even before. There has been so much work to do that it has been impossible to get at the bakery before. The bakery will not be in use before the first of March, but when it is ready, it will soon begin to pay for itself.

There was a cow barn and a milk house to be built. They are finished. Two great sheds have been entirely wrecked and are now stored away or the lumber used. The material shed keeps two men at work. Old lumber is sawed and stored in stacks. It is the Colony lumber yard. When the sawmill is started the supplies will be increased, but the tremendous quantities of old lumber makes it unnecessary to start the lumber industry for a while.

It is safe to say that farm work in the colony is further advanced than it is in most places in the South. With the colonists it is almost a religion that they must get in a large acreage this year. They are making big plans but they are making them carefully and they are going to keep on schedule.

How many acres are cleared? It is difficult to say with much hope of getting the information to readers authentically. Perhaps it is best to say that on February first about 400 acrees were cleared; the work is going forward at the rate of about seven acres a day. The reader can estimate the number of acres from these figures with considerable accuracy.

The plows follow the clearing as closely as is deemed necessary. The land is not being cleared as the word "clear" signifies in many places. The stumps are being left in the ground. They can be taken out at some future time. Many of them are being burned out, but still many are left. However, they do not interfere with planting, for the plows which are used get close up to the stumps. The rolling land of the colony stretches away in plowed acres from ridge to ridge, an inspiring sight to the visitor, a showing in which the colonists take great pride. It means independence to them.

Planting is late in the south this year. It is an unusual winter. There has been more cold weather than ever before. But while the north has been celebrating the winter with "heatless" days, the colonists have had an abundance of fuel. They have been having "sleetless" days instead. If wealth be measured in real things and not in money, then the Colony is rich, for it has been warm and well fed. But if wealth is to be measured in money then they are not rich, for they make no pretense of having money. Yet with a small wage paid to the members they are able to get along nicely. That is because there is no rent to be paid. There are no profits to go to non-workers. There are no useless costs and added burdens. The colonists are rich in the things they want, and their prospects of becoming richer are distinctly good. They have all the natural resources for building homes, for growing crops that will provide food and shelter. There are few things, essential things at any rate, that they can not produce from their own lands. They are not doing it now and will not for a year to come or for several years, but the day is surely coming when the Llano Colony will be self-supporting in virtually every particular.

And all of this contributes to "Meals Twelve Cents." The price will go down and down and down. It is a matter of time only. The meals are nourishing and palatcble. Yet the cost is only twelve cents. This includes labor as well. When summer comes and the garden crops are being harvested, this will go down still more. When, in another year, the dairy has been built up, the poultry yards are doing their part, and the beef herd is a source of revenue, costs will go down further and further.

The Llano Colony has a brilliant future. It has wealth, both present and potential. It has already developed efficiency, as a community characteristic, till it is far superior to the rest of the district, and will compare well with any part of the country. In a day of co-operation, the Llano Colony is taking the lead by pointing the way to the greatest results through the application of the principles of co-operation in the widest manner possible.

The Colony receives many letters from persons who claim to be socialists and who express some doubt of the genuine co-operative nature of the colony. Some of these letters are sarcastic, some are bitter, and some are written in the friendly spirit of inquiry .

The Llano del Rio Company of Nevada is incorporated under the laws of the State of Nevada. Copies of the charter, letters of incorporation and copies of the by-laws may be secured from the capitol of that state.

The Colony differs from other capitalistic concerns in one particular—the shareholders are working members right here on the ground. They share equally in the surplus, if any. It is up to the working members to create this surplus. The mere stockholder receives nothing unless he works.

This Colony has the referendum, initiative and recall. Any one in position of trust or authority may be dealt with through this triple power. So far it has never been used. The incompetent man never fights successfully to hold power.

Three hundred and fifty of us are now here working under the above-mentioned charter and by-laws, and enjoy it. We all feel secure and perfectly protected.

We are pioneering. Conditions are comparatively rough, and still there will continue to be hardships. Are you strong enough to stand disappointments, misunderstandings and personal discomfort? Are you willing to grub roots, to plow, to harrow, to do carpenter work, to haul, or to do anything else necessary to make the work on the ranch go ahead? If so, you have the genuine co-operative spirit and you will make a splendid colonist.

Many people write us puzzling letters. They put us in the attitude of doing something for them. Why should we guarantee a complete and heavenly haven of refuge for those desiring admittance? The question is: What are YOU willing to do to make life safe and pleasant for the MAJORITY in the Colony? If a person is not willing to give more than he expects to get, he will be disappointed here, and he had better stay away.

Are you willing to take things as they are and not be disappointed if they do not turn out fully as you expected?

Birth Control

By Margaret Sanger

BIRTH Control is a new philosophy of social relations which has recently arisen in this country, the basis of which is prevention of conception. It differs from other social philosophies in that it goes at once to the heart of the social problems of our times and applies to nearly every individual.

In my work in the nursing field I came in daily contact with various aspects of social conditions, as they exist today. I was confronted with two classes of society. In the first class, where wealth, leisure, education are enjoyed, prevention of conception is known and practiced. The problems of the day do not come from this class. While on the other side, where prevention of conception is not known, we have poverty, disease, prostitution, drunkenness, vagrancy, unemployment, infant and maternal mortality, and the alarming increase in abortions.

Margaret Sanger

I found that the mothers of this class are kept in ignorance, but are anxious and desirous of the knowledge which will prevent their bringing children into world to die of poverty. I found that they would face death through abortions rather than bring children into the world and compel them to spend their childhood days toiling in mills and factories. I found that the great average woman, living on the average workingman's wage of $12 a week, does not want a large family, but is forced to endure the pains of childbirth because of her ignorance to prevent conception. The United States is forcing undesired motherhood upon millions of its women victims.

And I claim that the state has no more right to ravish a woman against her will by keeping her in ignorance than a man has through brute force.

The women of today do not desire to spend the whole of their adult lives in bringing children into the world, and refuse to be mere child-bearing machines. The state has not accorded woman the dignity of freedom so long as her body remains the slave of ignorance, for no woman can call herself free who cannot choose the time to be a mother or not, as she sees fit. Out of this desire for voluntary motherhood has arisen this great struggle for woman's liberty, for the freedom of her own body, for its release from the domination of ignorance enforced by church and state. Out of this rebellion has risen the birth control movement in the United States.

The astounding fact is, and statistics bear out the facts, that though there is a larger expenditure yearly in this country on charities, philanthropies and decadent institutions, such as penitentiaries, feeble-minded institutions, insane asylums, poor houses, reform schools, and the like, that these great funds do nothing but alleviate, they do not touch the root of the cause, which is as agreed by all social workers and prominent medical and sociological authorities of the day throughout the world, the over-production of the poor, diseased and unfit population.

Our social problems increase on all sides and can never be solved until those who are working for racial social betterment are free to discuss and to provide these victims of ignorance with knowledge and means to prevent conception.

Our problems of war will never be solved until the birth rate is controlled by the people themselves. Birth control is practiced among the advanced and educated people of all countries. In Holland, France, and New Zealand it is quite generally practiced by the common people. The results of 30 years work in Holland should be known to all. The fact that during these years, with the fall of the birth rate, the death rate has fallen so perceptibly that the population has accelerated, is proof against the loud-mouthed orators who say that birth control means race suicide.

Birth control means race improvement: it means fewer babies, but it also means less sickly and dead babies. It means fewer children to toil in factories and mills, but it means more babies playing in the open sunshine in the fields and playgrounds. It also means early marriage, free from the diseases which late marriage and promiscuous living bring. It means a wanted children born in love, reared in comfort. It means a freer womanhood: a healthier manhood. It means unltimately an emancipated race.

—o—

MAKING DEMOCRACY

"Don't stick the bayonet in more than six inches, because it will be hard to pull out. If you get the point stuck in a bone, shoot it loose. Make short, quick jabs. Most of your bayonet fighting will be at night, so be careful not to stab your fellow soldiers. Stick to kill! If you're too close to stick straight out, turn the gun upside down, grab the top of the barrel and stick it up through his chin."—From Bayonet Instructions in Fort Snelling Training Camp.

Freedom of Speech and Democracy

By Theron P. Cooper

THE most serious and idealistic Russian revolutionists said, when the difference between "free speech" and "license" was explained to them, "Well, what we want is license." They understood how bad a thing it is for the possessor of foolish, wild, ignorant, or actually vicious ideas to keep lonely and resentful company with such thoughts. Like psychologists, they knew that the most terrifying theories have some human meaning. And lastly, they had that eager intellectual humility which craves knowledge from any source and is yet proudly confident of its ability to distinguish the true from the false.

This attitude is, in the end, the one thing which will produce a people fit for democracy and self-rule; no one of them incapable of independent judgment and none willing to accept an opinion, a social convention, an economic or political system, or a command upon the bare word of authority.

We are very far from the understanding which these simple peasants (and some of the world's greatest men who thought like them) have had of the nature of the human mind and the only means by which it can grow to power. Freedom of speech means that we must permit anyone, at any time or place, to express whatever opinion he holds and we must do so without either thought, desire or impulse to punish him for anything he says.

Like democracy, freedom of speech is three-fold—social, economic and political. We have political, economic, or social freedom of speech, but until the three come together we will not have complete freedom of opinion: nor until then will we have complete democracy. At present social institutions and economic maladjustment have an influence in curbing free opinion which so stultifies the minds of ninety-five out of a hundred men and women that before maturity they become actually incapable of forming sound judgments on public issues and have no desire to do so.

> FREEDOM of speech means that we must permit anybody, at any time and place, to express whatever opinion he holds and to use to the full such powers of persuasion as he may possess; and that we must do so without either thought, desire or impulse to punish him for anything he says.

In our social system suppression of free speech commences with the child, under parental authority. In our nurseries we begin the discouragement of intellectual curiosity and the substitution of ready-made opinions, which we, who do not know how to end wars or poverty or even to elect a good mayor, guarantee as true. Church, school, college and social conventions continue the process; and when we have dumped in enough class and racial prejudice and encouraged an earnest enthusiasm for the trivial, the young man or woman is unconscious except in rare moments of depression of the void left by the non-development of his powers of thought.

Our economic system controls opinion even more severely. In business and industry free expression of thought by any young woman or man would become an insurmountable barrier to success. Cruel, wasteful, dishonest, irrational and blundering as the economic system is, no one may say so publicly who has a job to lose and a family to feed. Labor leaders have had a keen consciousness of this for years before our political freedom of speech appeared to be threatened.

Actually in the mass of mankind very little eager and active intelligence survives the social and economic discipline to be applied to the momentous problems of mature life. Hence great ideas and inspiring thoughts have so little influence and get buried so deeply in public libraries. Hence, too, political freedom of speech is not by any means the boon to humanity which it might be.

Yet vast as is the sum of stupidity, dishonesty, cowardice, and apathy created by social and economic repression of thought, political freedom of speech, press and assembly have in so many instances routed tyranny, corruption and dishonesty that they are deeply endeared to the inactive mass of mankind. A wise ruler would not dare, would not wish, to suppress them, because he knows that the instant suppression starts, suspicion and distrust, however unjust in themselves, will awake.

Freedom of speech always depends either upon the absense of coercive power or upon conscious restraint in its use. Where you find a person speaking in undertones, or lying, or afraid to venture an opinion, you will not have far to look for some person or institution which would punish him in some tangible way for his opinion. On the other hand, where you do find freedom of speech you will find that the persons who would like to translate disapproval in terms of force are by some means held in check. As an instance, take the Australian ballot which is a singularly effective free speech measure because by complete secrecy it protects each man from the coercive displeasure of those of contrary opinion.

In friendship and in love there is always an implicit promise that nothing which is said will be conveyed to hostile ears. So here, too, opinion can be expressed without fear or favor. How often do we stop to reflect that the great value which these intimate relations have in the intellectual development and happiness of all of us is a direct result of the free expression of questions and beliefs which they allow?

But secrecy, which is so effective at the polling place and between friends, is not applicable to all the issues of life. Moreover, it evades the issue. Instead of hiding a man from coercive power, democracy must take from rulers and favored classes the power to withhold bread and freedom from others, before freedom of speech and intelligence can become general.

The inevitable conclusion which a study of freedom of speech brings us to, is the pity that men do not take it for themslves, and permit it for others. If we had intelligence we would scrupulously guarantee that we would never threaten or injure another for any expression of opinion, however what he says may pain or insult the things we hold dearest. If we had courage, we would never refrain from speech because ruin, imprisonment or death is threatened.

What is true of free speech in times of peace is true during war. Merely because the issues are greater the penalties are more severe. It remains true that the most honest government takes a long step towards misunderstanding, dissension, suspicion, and its own corruption when it will not trust its case to free discussion. And it is not true that because the tyranny is brief, it will do no harm. Is it no harm that more than twenty men in different parts of the country have been taken during the past month by masked cowards and flogged until

(Continued on Page 34)

Modern Religious Movements:

Latter Day Saint-ism—Its Essence and Purpose

By Elder Jos. E. Robinson, President California Mission (Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints).

[This article begins a series by a number of prominent authorities explaining the substance of modern systems of religion and ethical thought. The next article will be on Catholicism. Readers are invited to express their opinions to the editor.]

THE Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, "Mormonism," (so-called because of their belief in the Book of Mormon), is essentially a practical religion, being the revealed Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is founded not alone on the scriptures given to us by the Jews in the Old and New Testaments, but it is amplified by the American volume of scripture, the Book of Mormon, and revelations and authority from God to His prophets of the nineteenth century.

The principal mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is the salvation in the world to come, but here in this world TODAY and NOW. It is founded upon the same organization that existed in the primitive church, viz., apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, teachers, etc., and has all other officers named in the New Testament scripture such as patriarchs, high priests, seventies, elders, bishops, and deacons.

In its organization it has given ample opportunity for the initiative and executive capabilities of all its male members and a goodly number of its female. Every male upwards of twelve years, who shows an appreciation for his faith and integrity in observing the same, is clothed upon with some degree of priestly authority, and "without money or price" is called to service. Because of this and other helps in government, the entire membership of the Church is looked after individually and its condition, spiritually and temporally, husbanded, and where necessary, reported to the proper official for direction or help, spiritually and materially, as conditions warrant. It is so complete in its organization that it is often referred to as the most perfect in the world. This excellency has been obtained because of co-operation. Poverty stricken, without money or means of exchange (except the products of the soil) they built their roads, bridges, public buildings, schools, factories, and their great mercantile institutions by co-operative labor and investment. They were the first to introduce and husband the sugar beet industry which has become such an important factor in the commercial world of the intermountain district.

Its "helps in government" consist of a Woman's Relief society embracing 45,000 women of mature years who are affiliated with the National Council of Women and whose particular field of ministry is among the sick and poor. Their report for 1916 shows their resources as $608,750.12, with a liability of less than $3000. Long ago they were admonished to gather wheat for "a time of scarcity" and have 215,393 bushels in insured storage.. They spent 25,985 days with the sick, and made 88,140 special visits to the afflicted; gave aid to 6,803 families; prepared 2,193 bodies for burial and assisted missionaries' families in the sum of $2,735. 53. Theirs is a service without cost for it is voluntary. Every cent collected finds its legitimate end in charity work.

The Mutual Improvement association of young men and women looks after the activities of more than 75,000 young people, not only in a social and religious sense, but in an economic. "The making of a citizen" being one of the chief thoughts entertained, it teaches the principles of citizenship, banking, railroading, manufacturing, mining, agriculture, art, music and domestic science. Men and women who have specialized in these fields, travel at large among the people, teaching them, and books treating of these particular questions are to be found in all the libraries of the Mutual Improvement associations. In each little community a practical man has been chosen, aside from the officers of the local institution, who is looked upon as a "vocational director." His business is to win the regard and confidence of young men in particular and help determine for them their professional career and direct them in all vocational activities.

The Sabboth schools, Religion classes and Primary associations, each in turn take care of the youth and children of the Mormon families, according to their environment and years. In the Sabboth school is a particular class designed for and called the "Parent's class," in which men and women of experience teach those who are younger the art of home government, and discuss the social and civil problems of the hour in each community. Any question about public institutions, taxation, civic improvements, prohibition, etc., are discussed freely in these classes and instruction given, by competent and experienced members, to shape the destiny of the community.

As early as October, 1849, scarcely more than two years after the Saints entered the valley of the Great Salt Lake (July 24, 1847), the little handful of people in that valley, fighting the crickets, Indians, and hard conditions, organized what was termed a "Perpetual Emigration Fund" which obtained until the funds of the company were escheated by the United States government in 1887. During the period of its perpetuity, hundreds of select, courageous, God-fearing men, women and children were emigrated from the old world where they were the "prisoners of walled-up streets" and the slaves of the market or mine, and brought to the Great West and made free land owners in the open and "under the sun," no longer subject to the call of the whistle and bell. Those who lived, through good fortune, industry and frugality, reimbursed this fund to the amount advanced them for emigration, but some were unable to do this. An interesting item is found in the history of the Mormon Church, April 6, 1880, fifty years after its organization, when in consequence with the spirit of the old Hebrew law to forgive the debtor his debts on the year of Jubilee, the people voted to "remit $802,000 of indebtedness to this fund, in favor of the worthy poor, and to distribute 1,000 cows and 5,000 sheep among the needy." It is needless to say that such examples of care for the living proves conclusively that the Mormon Church is providing for the souls of men NOW, as well as preparing them for the future. In fact the work which is done in their Temple is an altruistic one, they firmly believing that they can "act for and in behalf of" those who are dead and stand for them in ordinances initiating them in the fold of Christ by proxy, a work the dead cannot do for themselves. This is a doctrine of the old scriptures as evidenced in Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians (1 Cor. 15:29), "Else what shall they do which are baptised for the dead if the dead rise not at all? Why are they then baptised for the dead?"

The renowned Dr. Milner, in his wonderful book, "The End of All Religious Controversy," admits that the Catholic church neither by the tradition of the fathers, nor their early writings, is able to make an exposition of this principle of vicarious work, which seems to have been so well understood by the Saints in the days of the Apostles. The making of prayers and doing of penance for the dead is an evidence today that some idea of freeing them from purgatory, still obtains. The Latter Day Saint believes that those who have died without a knowledge of Christ, from Adam until the last shall be born in the earth, as well as honest souls who have died without a

(Continued on Page 37)

Moonlight

By Marian Miller

A YELLOW evening glow covered the prairies with its mellow mystery. The old pond rippled its surface, primrose from the west, in the same breeze that lifted heavy brown curls on the girl's forehead. She drew in a full breath of the dewey air—rich with the cool, faint perfume of willows and of wild roses.

Wild roses always brought thoughts of Joe! They were his favorites. "I like 'em because they're like you," he had once said, and the simple sincerity of his compliment had left its glow in her heart, and it always warmed anew at the fragrance of that dainty flower.

She closed her eyes, breathing deeply for a while. The scented air was full of memories. She let her bosom fall naturally, and the sigh that followed seemed to express more than weariness. And then the moonlight on her uplifted face showed that she was smiling, a little faintly, a little whimsically.

"Old Moon," she half whispered, "how can you make me feel that way? Because you have practiced all these years and years on all the lovers of the world? Did they feel like this? Could you make their hearts hurt, too? Mine never felt quite like this before." She raised her arms in an unconscious gesture—she could not have told why—as to the moon, but it trailed on unheeding. Somehow, she could not bear its brightness longer, and turning her back to it, she leaned over the pasture gate, obscured by the shadows of the drooping elms, so that she could scarcely have been seen from the road. She hung over the wheezing old gate, moving it monotonously back and forth; its sleepy creaking seemed almost musical, and fitted into her mood.

What memories it revived! Recollections of happy hours with Joe, in the days before the responsibility of reasoning had been thrust upon her by the story of her mother's love—the story that had cast its heaviness over the last two years—two years of college and travel—to "forget." How slowly that time had passed—yet here she was, home again at last—home in the out-of-doors of her childhood! A week had passed—a week of exploring the once familiar creek, of picking wild strawberries, hunting for hens' nests in the weedy orchard, of climbing trees, of doing the hundred things of her tom-boy days.

But after the first enthusiasm passed, her explorations became restless and aimless. There seemed to be nothing to do. As for Joe—she had not dared to ask about him for the story of her mother had left its impress. Her eyes filled with the tears that the thought always brought. These two years had been shadowed by the resentment of that desertion. It was a subject her father never mentioned. Only once had he talked about it—that evening two years ago, just before he had sent her off to college. The memory of that evening was indelibly fixed on her mind. She had lived it over and over, and tonight she felt it coming again. At college she had thrust it back—but tonight, with that breeze now laughing, now wailing in the elms above her—tonight, with the alternate dark and moonlight, and the breath of the roses—Joe's wild roses!—she had to live it all over again. She could see it all—not a detail escaped her.

She remembered how she had crept out to the wide porch, where her father was having his evening smoke. It was a peaceful August evening with a sky of stars. She had gone to her father wistfully, shyly, with the intuition of the growing woman in her telling her not to disturb his reverie. But she was terribly, terribly lonely.

She had settled herself on the step beside him, and snuggled against his shoulder. For a long time she was quiet, and then, pulling his grizzly face down against her cool, smooth cheek, she had said, "Daddy—daddy, please don't send me away tomorrow." He had dropped his pipe with a clatter, and his arms tightened about her, holding her close, close for a while, crushing his face against her hair. At last he said:

"Jimmie, you're the only boy I've got, but you're gettin' to be almost a man now, so I reckon you're old enough to—to know."

His voice broke then, in spite of his attempt to be playful, and of his use of the old endearments.

Then he had straightened, thrusting her almost roughly from his arms, and after lighting his pipe with shaking fingers, he had puffed viciously for a while.

"Jimmie," he said, "I've called you Jimmie since you was a little tike, partly 'cause I wanted a boy then and I sorter got the habit before I learned to be glad you were a girl, and partly 'cause I haint cared much for wimmen folks since—since" he gulped, and started again.

"When it all happened, I moved out where nobuddy knowed me, and when you got big enough to ask questions, I told you your mother was dead. Well, Jim, she is dead as far as you and me is concerned, but, dead—she ain't!"

She still remembered the cold horror that had seized her then.

"I never told you, Jim, because your mother was a good woman—and for your sake— well, I couldn't. I guess I wouldn't be tellin' this now if it wasn't for you and Joe"—She could still feel how her already fluttering heart pounded at this, while breathlessly she waited.

"And I thought that, maybe, tellin' you this, would keep you from makin' the mistake we made."

He pulled his old blue handkerchief out, blew his nose vilently, and puffed meditatively for a while. His voice, when he spoke, had a far-away sound.

"The first time I seen your mother was one night when we was invited to a party at old man Brema's—that was in Pennsylvania, still. The party was a surprise on his girl, who had just come back from school. They had the biggest place in the litttle cove, and was pretty well fixed, but people them days was always neighborly and at any blow-out the whole neighborhood was asked. The whole family, from the baby to the grandmother, and the hired hands, too, went. I was a bashful hulin' feller, but when I saw that pretty girl in white, butted right in, and asked to take her to supper, and hung around all evening. After that, I waited on her steady. I don't know why she had anything to do with me—she was so little and dainty and lively-like, and all the dudes from the Seminary used to come out to see her. She liked them all, but somehow, when they'd begin to make fun of me, she'd flare up and say—"He's as good as you are, if he's not so stylish!" He had stopped smoking now. "Her folks didn't want her to go with me, much, because she was so much above me. She was a clever woman, your mother was."

"Well, one night we got married and run off to Ohio. I had borrowed some money, and we got a little farm. But in them early days we didn't have much. We lived away out from town, with the nearest neighbors two miles away. Your mother was a plucky little thing, but it was not life for her, when she was used to so much. She missed her piano, and we didn't have no books—nothin' but the country paper. I was gone a lot, and when I was there, I wasn't the kind of a man

for her, I guess. She was too fine for me." His voice had quavered again, but with sudden determination, he went on.

"Before you was born, she took gloomy spells, and would hardly talk for weeks at a time. When you come, that settled things for a while. But there was more hard times, and the winter you was two years old, you took sick, and we needed money for the doctor. And so we boarded the school-teacher. He was one of the fellers from the Seminary that your mother used to know in Pennsylvania." His form had grown tenser, and his hands opened and clenched. But he had forced himself to go on.

"That seemed to be what she needed—someone who could talk Dickens and Pope and all them. I never had time to read much. He had a fiddle, too, that he used to play. She would be absentminded-like, and sometimes I'd come in and find her cryin' over your cradle. I didn't think so much about it, till one night——" again he choked.

"Daddy—don't!" she had cried.

"I got to, Jimmie. Well, I knowed then she cared more for him than she did for me. She was always too good for me, anyhow. She was gritty and she said she'd see it out, for there was you. But I said—there was him, too. She said there would be a terrible scandal—for such things was uncommen them days—and she would stay for our sake and not ruin our lives. But I figured they was pretty well ruined already. It was hard to decide about you. I didn't want to take you away from your mother—and yet—I hated to give you up. So she settled it. She said she'd taken enough from me already—she'd leave you, and take what she wanted most. It wasn't that she didn't want you. I'll never forget that night she parted from you—but it was me——"

For a while it had seemed that he could not continue. At length he began more hastily.

"It took a good while to get a divorce—of course, I had to blacken myself to do it, but I didn't care then. Afterwards I took you, and come to Kansas—got a claim. It was hard work, with the droughts and grasshoppers, and lookin' after you. But I kept on, for I wanted you to grow up to be a fine lady, so's you could meet fine fellers and never marry a common plug like your mother did."

"Daddy!—dont say that! Your'e the best man in the world," she had cried between sobs.

"No, Jimmie, a man that haint got no education can't be the same to a woman as these college fellers. He's too rough, and he don't know what to do to a woman. He's li'ble to get careless-like, and he can't say such nice things as them dandies." A bitter twinge in his voice hurt her, and she could only put out her hand and say, "Daddy!" again.

"I done my best to raise you like a boy, so's you could see things a man's way. But I didn't notice you was growin' up so . . . even after you had been to High school and run around with the boys week-ends. I was glad you and Joe had grown up like brother and sister, for Joe's father was my pard—the only man who knew—and I wanted you to play with boys. But somehow I didn't notice you and Joe had—had—"

Her hand tightened on his and the thrill of her pulse filled her with something that softened tragedy.

"Well, Jimmie, you know what I mean—and that's why I told you. Joe's a good boy, and all that, but he's something like I was—he don't know much, or how to act—or—"

"But, Daddy—he's the best fellow! So big and good."

"I know, Jimmie, but that ain't it. You're young now, and in a couple of years, you won't think or talk the things Joe does. You'll live in a sort of a different world. He ain't good enough—"

"But he's as good as I am!" she had stormed. And he's polite, and does everything for me."

"But that ain't it, Jim! He says 'ain't,' and his clothes don't fit like them other fellers does, and—"

"But Joe is better than any of them! He reads a lot and sometime he wants to go to school, too. He likes the same things I do—and he's not like the other country fellows. He can understand things—everything—"

"Yes, Jim, I know he's good, but that's not enough for a woman forever, Jim. You'd get tired of his rough ways and forget him, and it ain't square to him, or you, either."

"I couldn't forget him, Daddy; he's too good, and he has such a nice laugh—and why, he—"

"I guess that was about the way your mother felt about me, Jim. No doubt her folks told her the things I'm a'tellin' you now. But she couldn't see it then. That's why I want you to go off to college this year before you do too much to yourself—and Joe. You'll see a lot of fine, smart fellers there more your kind. And remember it ain't fair to Joe to treat him like——"

He stopped suddenly. They sat in silence for a long time. Those few minutes had been an eternity, while her bosom heaved and her mind was whirling. Finally, she had bent near—

"I'll do it, Daddy, for Joe's sake."

The rest seemed confused. She could recall nothing, except that she had promised not to write to Joe, and her father had promised she could come back to him, if, after two years of college, she felt the same. Finally, she had stolen away, for they both had their sorrow—a sorrow that had to be borne alone. She had run to her room, stumbling up the stairs, and creeping into her bed, she had cried and cried, it seemed, all night. Finally her sobs died down and she slept from sheer exhaustion.

* * *

The gate gave a sudden creak, and the girl who had been swinging it, realized that she was again sobbing with the memory of that night. She had gone back two years, but now she had recovered them. All that had been, two years ago! And now Joe—what of Joe? She had heard of him only indirectly and occasionally, for she had kept her promise. She had met other boys—and more boys—at school, for they were always coming around. And she had welcomed them, seeking to drown that story of her mother, and the memory of Joe. She had made many friends, and sometimes one would be so absorbing that she was sure that she had forgotten Joe, some mannerism, some voice that reminded her of his, suddenly took her back to the old days, and she knew that the quickening of her heart, the sudden flooding warmth, was for Joe!

But she had tried to reason, and these two years had changed her viewpoint. At school she was given a senior room-mate, who was specializing in sociology, and who had guided her reading into serious channels. She had found herself changing from the careless, happy school girl to a student with an analytical mind, weighing everything she read or thought of. She became absorbed in the study of feminism; of the reasons for the relationship of man and woman. And her basis for concrete application had been herself and Joe.

As her father had prophesied, she had learned to see things differently. She had studied all the arguments "for and against" Joe. His mind, suited to solving the problems of everyday life, would never attempt abstract reasoning; he was humorous, patient, honest, kind, and a natural-born gentleman; but she would never find in him the wit, subtlety, reasoning power, and broad interests of the older men of the little circle in which her room-mate moved; indeed, these were lacking in the average college boy, and how could she expect to measuure Joe by such a standard?

And yet, Joe possessed much that the others had not. He

(Continued on Page 33)

In Funny Land

The Best of Humor Clipped Here and There

Hospitality.

"Will you allow me to sleep in the ten-acre lot back of the house?" pleaded the tramp who had been refused shelter in the barn.

"Certainly,' responded the kind-hearted woman, "and here are a couple of matches, in case you should feel chilled before morning."

Grown Up to Short Dresses

Hub (meeting wife down town)—"What makes you so late?"

Wife—"I stopt to shorten one of daughter's dresses for the party she's going to tonight. I can hardly realize that she's quite grown up now."—New York American.

A Nature Study

"What is that noise?" asked little James,
Out walking in the park;
"That noise you hear," his father said,
"Is but the dogwood's bark."

"And tell me why the dogwoods bark,"
He urged, "with such to-do!"
"I think," his father said, " they hear
The pussy-willows mew."

—Cleveland Leader.

Self Evident Fact

"Please lady," begged the very dirty tramp at the back door, "can you help a poor man that lost his job three weeks ago and ain't been able to find no work since?"

"What sort of a job was it?" asked the lady.

"I was working in a soap factory."

"Well, it is plain to be seen that you were not discharged for dishonesty."—New York World.

How He Helped

"I venture to assert," said the lecturer, "that there isn't a man in this audience who has ever done anything to prevent the destruction of our forests."

A modest-looking man in the back of the hall stood up.

"I—er—I've shot woodpeckers," he said.—Boston Transcript.

Foreign Lady in Pharmacy

"I vant some powder."

"Mennen's?"

"No, vimmen's."

"Scented?"

"No, I vill take it mit me."

The Noble Weaker Sex

The weaker sex
Is that portion
Of the human race
Who goes down town
In zero weather
In a half-masted lace waist
And pumps
To buy a muffler
And woolen socks
For her husband
So he can go to work.

—Arkansas Gazette.

At the Colored Cabaret

"Mandy, am yoah program full?"

"Lawdy, no, Mr. Applewhite, it takes mo' dan two sandwiches an' a cup ob tea to fill mah program."—Longhorn.

"Knocked" on Wood

"See here, waiter," exclaimed the indignant customer, "here's a piece of wood in my sausage!"

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter, "but I'm sure—er——"

"Sure nothing! I don't mind eating the dog, but I'll be hanged if I'm going to eat the kennel too!"

Ruth rode in my new cycle-car
In the seat in back of me;
I took a bump at fifty-five
And drove on Ruthlessly.—Ex.

A Futile Experiment

William Williams hated nicknames. He used to say that most fine given names were ruined by abbreviations, which was a sin and a shame. "I myself," he said, "am one of six brothers. We were all given good, old-fashioned Christian names, but all those names were shortened into meaningless or feeble monosyllables by our friends. I shall name my children so that it will be impracticable to curtail their names."

The Williams family, in the course of time, was blessed with five children, all boys. The eldest was named after the father—William. Of course, that would be shortened to "Will" or enfeebled o "Willie"—but wait! A second son came and was christened Willard. "Aha!" chuckled Mr. Williams. "Now everybody will have to speak the full names of each of these boys to distinguish them."

In pursuance of this scheme the next three sons were named Wilbert, Wilfred, and Wilmont.

They are all big boys nows. And they are respectively know to their intimates as Bill, Skinny, Butch, Chuck, and Kid.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Undoubtedly

Miss Wilcox had been giving the class an elementary talk on architecture.

"Now," said she, "can anyone in the class tell me what a buttress is?"

Little Walter arose, his face beaming with a quick flash of intelligence.

"I know," he shouted, "a buttress is a nanny goat."

On Time

Floorwalker.—"Hurry out, madam, the store's afire.

Mrs. Bargains.—"Oh, is it? Then I'll just wait for the fire sale."

Just Works

"Is your son engaged in any manual occupation?"

"Oh, no; nothing so high-brow as that. He jest works by the day."—"Baltimore American."

A Fairy Tale

Dear little Maudie awoke about 2 o'clock the other morning, and asked mama to tell her a fairy tale.

"It's too late, darling," mama replied. "Dada will be in shortly, and he'll tell us both one."—Life.

Eoded the Good Time.

"A general good time was had by all until about eleven o'clock when fruit salad and cake were served by the B. B. E. Club."—Prescott, Ia., paper

When will they teach cooking in the public schools?—St. Louis "Globe-Democrat."

The Wores Half Still

He had to quote Kipling to hold his own with this bright young lady. So he lightly did so:

"As Kipling says, my dear, 'Woman is a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair!"

"And man," she smiled sweetly, "is a jag, a drone, and a tank of air."

Which served very nicely to change the subject.

Disappointing.

He gazed into her lovely eyes
With some concern.
A love affair, so you surmise.
Read on and learn.

He gazed away, but not with bliss,
We heard him wheeze,
"You have astigmatism, miss,
Ten dollars, please."

—Kansas City Star.

Involved Vociferosity

"Gentlemen of the jury," declaimed the attorney for the plaintiff, addressing the twelve Missouri peers who were sitting in judgment and on their respective shoulder blades in a damage suit against a grasping corporation for killing a cow, "if the train had been running as slow as it should have been ran, if the bell had been rung as it should have been rang, or the whistle had been blowed as it ought to have been blew, none of which was did, the cow would not have been injured when she was killed."

Mark Twain's Prize Joke

The New York Bookman says that at a spiritualist demonstration held recently Mark Twain appeared and lictated a short story to a lady. After the dictation of the story was completed the typist remarked, "It's pretty short for a book," There came this reply:

"Did you ever know about my prize joke? One day I went to church heard a missionary sermon, was carried away—to the extent of a hundred dollars. The preacher kept talking. I reduced my ante to fifty dollars. He talked on. I came down to twenty-five, to ten, to five, and after he had said al he had in him, I stole a nickel from the basket. Reason for yourselves."

What Thinkers Think

Gems of Comment from Current Periodicals

Americans do not want life in their literature. In real life they hate the lies of convention. But in their novels they want a hero 100 per cent pure, and he must win out—or the book is a failure.—Abraham Cahan, "Kansan City Star."

Since the war began, the losses of Germany have been an average of more than 1200 men actually killed every day throughout the three years of war.—David Starr Jordan, "The Public."

When the program now under way is completed, we will have the largest number of modern destroyers of any nation in the world.—Edwin Wildman, "The Forum."

It has been estimated that in the period of thirty years between the twenty-fifth and fifty-fifth year of manhood, one individual will produce the prodigious number of 339,385,500,000 spermatozoa.—William J. Robinson, "Critic and Guide."

The diet of the average person in the United States is obtained from the following sources: 39 percent animal; 31 percent cereal; 25 percent fruits and vegetables; and 5 percent sugar and condiments.—Charles J. Brand, United States Food Bureau, "The Forum."

It is the irony of history that the official "pacifism" of Wilson, as well as the "oppositional pacifism" of Bryan, should be the chief instruments for the accomplishment of this task: THE EDUCATION OF THE MASSES TO MILITARY IDEALS.—Leon Trotzky, "Class Struggle."

No effort was ever made to discover whether the American people favored conscription. No nation ever made such an effort with the exception of Australia, and there it was twice overwhelmingly defeated.—Scott Nearing, "The Call Magazine."

This war threatens the very essence of the Russian revolution, its democracy. An early peace is, therefore, indispensable for the success of the Russian revolution.—Karl Kautsky, "Class Struggle."

Our working class is distrustful and suspicious of certain of the labor leaders who have come closest to the government.—Ordway Tead, "Century."

Our French cathedrals are superior to the English and German ones by the greater sculptural expression displayed in them. The German Gothic is characteristically hard.—August Rodin, "North American Review."

In this world strike against autocracy, the German is a scab. As a Socialist, my duty is to help defeat that scab.—Rose Pastor Stokes, "Century."

Statistics show that four-fifths of the greatest biological, sociological, psychological and physical scientists in the world do not believe in a God.—J. E. Remsberg, "Truth Seeker."

After the war, there will be much outspoken atheism and anti-religion —H. G. Wells, "London Guide."

The American censorship, which should be the fairest and best in existence, is actually the worst in existence.—Wythe Williams, "New York Times."

One million American working men have left their work for shorter or longer intervals on strike during the last six months.—Burton J. Hendrick, "Collier's."

If India is going to cease to be an international menace, she must obtain her independence, or at least, her autonomy, and enter the council of nations as an equal.—Lajpat Rai, "Intercollegiate Socialist."

After the war, Henry Ford hopes to sell for $250 a tractor that will plow an acre per hour.—Joseph Brinker, "Collier's."

The flesh of lizards, the iguana particularly, is delicious, the flavor resembling that of chicken.—Professor A. M. Reese, "Scientific Monthly."

Defects of vision have now been found to be associated with deviations from the normal in the shape of the eyeball, which ought to be a perfect sphere.—Mary Dudderidge, "Scientific American."

Daylight diplomacy is no more a reality in Washington than it is in Berlin.—Scott Nearing, "The Call Magazine."

He, who at this hour, wants to discuss the rightfulness or wrongfulness of this war, is an unwise, if not unpatriotic, citizen.—Vice-President Thomas H. Marshall, "The Forum."

The man who now works for peace, while Germany is unconquered, is the worst enemy of peace and harmony.—Theodore Roosevelt, "Kansas City Star."

The masses are convinced that the newspapers with heavy capital investments are "capitalistic" and opposed to their interests.—Oswald Garrison Villard, "Atlantic Monthly."

The Bolsheviki are not and never have been pro-German. I have been in Russia for four months, and I never saw better order in Petrograd for six months as I saw then.—Col. W. B. Thompson, "New Republic."

The decisive battle of the war will be fought in the air.—"Paris Matin."

Any hope that Russia will fight again has little basis in the facts.—Arthur Ruhl, "Collier's"

White women who have born a child to a black man are said, if they bear children afterwards to white men, to have retained enough impressions from the first mate to show an effect on the subsequent children.—Paul Bartels, "Critic and Guide."

The experiments of physiological chemists have shown that an average-sized adult can get along on 118 grams of protein, 500 grams of carbohydrate, and 50 grams of fat a day, which dietary yields approximately 3000 calories.—"Medical Record."

In time of war, the laborer who lays down his tools and walks out is quite like the soldier who throws down his gun and deserts.—John Bruce Mitchell, "The Forum."

Competent syphilologists maintain that there are twenty million cases of syphilis in the United States today.—John H. Quayle, "Physical Culture."

Pure communism was the economic and social gospel of Jesus Christ, and every act and utterance which may properly be ascribed to him, affirms it.—Eugene V. Debs, "Social Revolution."

A republic is nothing: the United States is a republic. We want a democracy.—Russian Council of Workmen and Soldiers, "Novy Mir."

The American plutocracy is magnified, deified and consecrated to the task of making the world safe for democracy.—Scott Nearing, "The Call Magazine."

Three percent of the population own all the land values in the United States.—Luke North, "Everyman."

Throughout the United States today, the school children are being militarized in as thoroughgoing a manner as the children of Germany were militarized before the war,—Scott Nearing, "The Call Magazine."

The same historical forces which have welded the thirteen colonies into the nation of the United States of America are welding the shattered fragments of the civilized world into the United States of the World.—Louis Boudin, "Class Struggle."

Thomas Paine said that every individual is mad once in twenty-four hours, for were he to act in the day as he dreams at night, he would be confined for a lunatic.—W. M. Van der Weyde, "The Truthseeker."

A meat, potato and white bread diet is one of the most constipating that can be had.—"What to Eat."

In India, more than one-fourth of the revenues are spent for military purposes and less than one-twentieth on education.—Lajpat Rai, "Intercollgiate Socialist."

We must be prapared to expect the day when the Englishman and the American can no longer freely converse, each speaking his native tongue. —C. Jefferson Weber, "North American Review."

Spaniards desire to remain neutral in the Great War because the majority of them are Germanophiles, or, rather, because they are thorough enemies of England and France as well as the United States.—T. H. Pardo De Tavera, "Century."

2,867 colored men have been lynched and burned and tortured during the last thirty years.—Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, "Intercollegiate Socialist."

The Swedish are blaming America for their food shortage; they think our altruistic talk is only a hypocritical method of starving them into the war.—Arthur Ruhl, "Collier's"

The Russian democracy showed Woodrow Wilson and other Allied statesmen how much better it is to talk democracy into a nation than to shoot it into a people.—Louis P. Lochner, "People's Council Bulletin."

I am surprised to hear the same people assure me that compulsory religion, such as required attendance at college chapel, is the foe to the spirit, but that compulsory military service is the sure and sufficient guarantee of patriotism, unselfishness and what not.—Norman M. Thomas, "Intercollegiate Socialist."

The plain people of all the warring countries were always opposed to this war.—Robert La Follette, "La Follete's Magazine."

Louisiana-ing un-de Luxe

By Robert K. Williams

(Concluded from the January-February Western Comrade)

JOHN VAN NULAND well described it when he said the first seven days' traveling could all be seen in any valley on any of the great deserts. What struck me was the wilderness of waste. Far, far away mountains shimmered in the sunlight, and between lay miles upon miles of level sage. Viewed from mountain sides, these vast valleys of 50 and 100 miles in width looked like floors of gray. The play of light and mirages appearing ever and anon, made these solitudes an abode of mystery possessing a wierdness awesome in magnitude.

We camped at Amboy. This place is remarkable. Not a spear of grass, not a drop of water, save that which was hauled fifty miles or so. The most impressive thing about Amboy was the hardness of the rock. I made a quick inspection for a place to make beds. There were 700,000 acres in this valley, and I am satisfied I picked the hardest spot of all. Babb, Bruel and Kenney dispute this. Enoc Irwin evidently tried to get the hardest for himself, and probably got a mound of volcanic slag, as he inquired long before of Dr. Jewett if the latter had anything good for bedsores.

Somebody must raise coyotes around Amboy. It seemed as if a phalanx had come down from the distant mountain to bark their welcome. A blood-curdling yell broke the pulsating quiet and out of the blackness came wails, yells, groans and screams. I am convinced that one of them came within three inches of my ear and yelled, although Babb said it was Bruel answering them. I know it was a coyote, for Bruel's voice is much louder and deeper.

Early in the evening we were entertained by a traveling man who said he had just been to Stables, Louisiana, and knew the land well. He said the finest watermelons grew there, not to mention the sweet potatoes and other vegetables. He waxed enthusiastic, and when he left, the delicious memory of the described edibles, mingled with Enoc's stew and our odoriferous bologna, tore us between conflicting emotions.

We left Amboy early in the morning and traveled over roads composed of volcanic slag and granite. Our cars would stretch apart like rubber string, come together again, and repeat the process. The even hum of the motors made us all feel secure and confident. We offered up thanks that Henry Ford's mechanical mind made it possible to penetrate wilds such as this.

We then thought of the early pioneers who trod these trackless wastes, inspired and led on by the lure of gold. In retrospect, we lived their lives and braved their perils and suffered their hardships. We thought of the long, long days, and cold, comfortless nights, and we dreamed with them their dreams of a roseate future when their journey's end was reached. We looked into haggard faces and saw gaunt forms wearily trudging beside the oxen or the mules and we saw them lie down never to rise. The ruminating mystery of these great stretches of hopeless and appalling solitudes mulls over the tragedies of countless hundreds who dared the forbidden wastes and the white bones of caravans are silently lying beneath shifting sands and gone down to the "tongueless silence of the dreamless dust," their dreams but memories in the heavens, which at times comes out of the heights and stirs the hopes again of a new age.

Marvelous was the energy and strong was the purpose that animated these trail-breakers who wended their way toward the setting sun. Their paths still wind but today the saucy little car travels these terror-stricken spaces with ease and safety.

Toward evening we arrived in a hilly country. We climbed for several hours, and as we descended, the gloom of night deepened. Imagine our delight when about 9 o'clock we beheld a cheerful fire! With a chorus of yells, we greeted the crowd around the blaze, and were immediately asked to join them. After eating supper, Fred Allen got out his violin and began playing. An impromptu concert was given our stranger friends, and after the vocal and string efforts were over, we conversed over the camp fire. The strangers said that they were musicians from Globe on their way to Los Angeles, where they hoped to find work in a cabaret. They said that business in Globe was slack, that a musician led a dog's life there.

There was one young man, handsome as a picture, enwrapped in music. He had a very lovely young wife who was enwrapped in him and together they were much enwrapped and happy. At least she said so. She said more nice things about Harry than I ever heard any woman say. She would say: "Now Harry, you are the best pianist in Globe, aren't you, Harry?" Harry would say he supposed he was but that there might be others. "No, no," she would say, "You are the best musician in the world," and patting his cheek with her dirty, little, symmetrical hand, she made a picture too nice for words in the flickering light of the camp fire. Harry, of course, finally succumbed and laid down on a pile of blankets at her feet. She leaned over toward me and said that Harry was really the best musician in Globe. When she saw that I was impressed, also John Suhre, who was in a receptive mood beside me, she gave us much domestic news. She said they left Globe with $30 in their pockets and were hoping to work their way to Los Angeles. Then, seeing that John and I were intensely interested, she began to give us an organ recital. She had been to a hospital where several doctors had toyed with this organ till now she didn't have an organ that was worth a "darn." They had all been meddled with and nicked here and there, so that she had the funniest feeling in the chest and thought she might have consumption. And finding out that we had doctors with us, asked: "Do you think I have consumption?"

Looking at her plump, rosy face, and perfectly delightful profile, we didn't have the hardihood or cruelty to confirm her suspicions. I was tender hearted and allowed John to answer. John, ever dealing with concrete things, he being a plasterer by trade, said: "Why, lady, you haven't the remotest sign of consumption." John couldn't see her any better than I, yet he spoke right up and gave her assurance. It made her feel much better. She then told us that in addition to a distressing organ, some of her bones were misplaced and she asked us what we thought was the cause of the big lump on the back of her neck. I was going to pass this by without an explanation when Suhre blurted out a lot of gratuitous information about me being the finest bone doctor in the country. In fact, he said, I was a much better bone doctor than Harry was a musician, and if she wanted to know anything about bones she was to ask me. John always did like me and I thanked him and turned toward this young lady, for she was charming and lisped enough to make her seem younger than she was. So we gave her a learned dissertation on bones, winding up with the information that, contrary to anatomy, it was discovered that there was but one bone in the heads of ninety per cent of the people. She was surprised at this and then the conversation became general.

The people who had not entered the conversation began to tell of miracles of bonesetters and the rapid recovery of many people. Then gila-monsters, centipedes, tarantulas, scorpions,

bugs, reptiles, and every known poisonous insect and serpent came in for discussion. Enoc said for us not to be worried as only blunt-headed reptiles were poisonous and we could easily distinguish the difference.

We left our good friends and rolled into bed with a feeling that Enoc's information about blunt-headed reptiles wasn't very consoling. Someone suggested putting a rope around our beds as no self-respecting snake would cross a rope because the fuzz on the rope would tickle his stomach. This seemed foolish to us but we kinked up a rope and encircled our beds.

A small rock came rolling down and made me open my eyes, and by the flickering camp fire queer shadows were thrown on the rock beside me. Someone had carelessly thrown a bed-rope on that rock. That fool rope curled around and twisted and swayed under the wavering light more than any snake you ever saw. I would close my eyes and then open them quickly, but still the rope kept moving. Being unable to stand the eerie sight, I got up and moved the rope.

At this moment someone was in the midst of choking to death. He would take in great gobs of air, saw it awhile in his sawmill arrangement, and then blow it out of an exhaust entirely too small. The noise was ferocious but protecting. It is a good thing the concert continued in our camp, for not one of us was bitten or disturbed by any sort of animal.

In the strangers' camp, however, where they had no such protection, a bug, ambling about in the dark, discovered our little friend of the nice complexion and disarranged bones, and crawled into her ear. With a scream that shook the shadows of the canyon, she jumped up and raced to John Van Nuland, who was making the breakfast fire. Every man jack of us raised up on our elbows and gave advice. John grasped her firmly and held her ear toward the fire, hoping the bug would come out. Then Enoc came along and said that was no way to do, but to get coal oil. Tearing the young lady from Van's strong arms, he nursed her for a while and directed John to call the doctor and get some oil. Dr. Jewett suggested sweet oil and warm water. With one shoe on, the young woman's husband appeared and assisted in holding her. The bug still refused to come out. He wasn't hurting much, but messing around in the center of her head and making all sorts of noises. She cried and kept saying the bug was killing her. Enoc insisted that she would live, and continued to fool with her ear. John Van Nuland noisily fell over rocks trying to find oil, and Anton Van Nuland spilled the water he was attempting to warm. Finally, through Enoc's mechanical skill, the bug was removed. And really the bug was a big one, almost as big as a pea. To have left that bug in her head would have disturbed her for a long time.

At Needles, we bought oil, gas and tires, and filled up with water. Enoc had been having amazing luck with his tires. So to fortify himself against future trouble, he bought two new tires, puting one on and reserving the other. We rolled out of the picturesque town and started over serpentine roads on the crest of a draw, Enoc leading, making fast time. We suddenly stopped—the new tire blew out!!! I never knew the inefficacy of the English language before. He repeated the words over and over again. It was astonishing to note his limitaton. However, with all his handicap he got the tire off and a new one on. .

Much of the country we passed through contained mines. We saw evidences of prospecting here and there, and a good sized mining village some twelve miles west of Wendon, where we camped. The country is barren of anything green, save the giant cactus, towering twenty and forty feet in the air. I've often heard how the faint and wearied traveler, staggering up to this life-saving plant and gashing a hole in its thorny hide, thrust his face in it and revived under the influence of the gushing waters. I tried it and recommend it only to the extremely thirsty. I chewed a portion of the thing and even now can taste it. We ate breakfast and left the town so early that we couldn't see it—Enoc and Monahan taking one road, Babb and Jess Morris taking the other, both roads leading to Phoenix.

On the way, Babb had me snap a picture of him as he leaned his sturdy hand on one of those cacti trees. It was a fake picture. He protected his hand with a lot of sage brush twigs—no man with impunity can fondle one of these thorny vegetables.

We camped at Buckeye and arrived at Phoenix before noon. At the Ford agency we found Enoc and Monahan. Monahan's car was in distress and it was reported he would be ready at one o'clock.

After replacing a truss rod which had been broken by the violent wrenching of the car, we felt free to look about the town. We found a delightful, up-to-date city of 30,000, which was bustling with people.

Leaving Phoenix late, the afternoon quickly passed. Fields of alfalfa were passed and great irrigation systems crossed. Droves of cattle on the roads held us up while grazing herds filled fields. Cottonwood trees lined the roads and the country showed signs of prosperity. After traveling hundreds of miles through wastes of sage and mountain country, the bit of green and water and trees thoroughly rested the soul.

We halted for the night at Chandler. After a supper of mulligan stew, Fred Allen got his violin and soon the warm air was pulsating with strains of Llano's old favorites. He struck up "Shadowland" which seemed so appropriate. All joined in and made the night musical.

Camp was broken early and we struck a fast clip. About nine o'clock we came to Agua Fria, river. A problem confronted us. Evidences of struggle showed all about the crossing. The river was 100 feet wide, swift and cold, as its name would indicate. An Indian, with his family, was on the opposite side, pulling and tugging at his wagon which was half-buried in the sand and water.

We all got out at the top of the descent and started Babb on his plunge. He struck the water with a splash, and rushed ahead, water shooting up on either side of the car as from a geiser. Midway he sank into a hole, the engine coughed asthmatically a time or two and then died.

The prospect of taking a bath in that cold water caused gooseflesh to rise on us. However, there was nothing to do but to wade in and help him out. We pushed and pulled, to no purpose, while the water was chilling us to the bone.

Finally the Indian was induced to pull us out on promise to help him. By this time Jess drove up and De Boer, Allen and Ginsberg aided materially. Soon we had the Indian over and he went on his way happily. Jess got over without mishap. We helped several cars across.

We soon saw that if we didn't hurry our job would be a continuous one. Putting on our shoes, we rushed away towards Tucson, arriving there at 4:20 in the afternoon.

The ninth day from Llano, Nov. 24th, saw us on our way to Deming. We passed through a vast grazing country. The roads were excellent. Rodeo, N. M., was reached early in the morning. Here we saw the first saloon since leaving California. Whiskey was $3 a pint which was not conducive to copius consumption. Rodeo is an ancient looking place. The many adobe buildings gave it an aged appearance. The day was delightful and the country beautiful. Hills rounded and covered with dry grass gave the appearance of an ocean. There was not much variety to the scenery. The roads were good and we rolled in Deming, N. M., after dusk. We went to the Ford agency and inquired for the others; they had not appeared, but as we were talking, Enoc drove in. After his

(Continued on Page 36)

Mad!

By Job Harriman

THE "North American Review" is the champion of autocracy in America.

The editor and his staff possess all the instincts of real capitalists without knowing the source of their thoughts. They are linguists but not scholars. With the most brilliant language, they persuade themselves that they are students of the hour, while, as a matter of fact, they are only uncovering the crimes and debaucheries of their own minds.

They evince no understanding of the processes at work in this world war, but finendishly cry for the wholesale murder of all who disapprove their blind and vicious impulses.

Listen:

"If we went to war to make the world safe for democracy, then clearly in the long catalog of immoral and wanton wars that blackens the page of history, there would be no war more immoral or more wanton than this. We are NOT FIGHTING TO MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY, BUT TO MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FOR US."

And again:

"The wickedness of the German people is in their blood; it is the corruption and poison of their blood that have made the German people a nation of savages. You can no more separate the German government from the German people than you can separate the bite of a mad dog from his blood."

Continuing:

"IT IS OUR DUTY TO KILL GERMANS."

"Lenine and Trotzky looted the government;" "Lenine and Trotzky are Hunish puppets;" "International Socialists are the predestined betrayers of nations."

All this and more in face of the fact that this most terrible of all wars broke out between the capitalist governments of the world, while the international Socialists were crying peace to all the people of the world! The Socialists are now chanting the songs of brotherhood. They are calling to the working men and soldiers to retreat, while crowns fall and thrones decay. They see the downfall and dissolution of capitalist governments and the rise of a world parliament. They are leading in the formation of a new world federation. They see the world of capitalism dissolving and a new image of brotherhood forming on the panoramic screen of nations. They see that the sword and the spear must be beaten into plowshares and pruning hooks. They see that the literal fulfillment of the vision must be; that implements of war must be converted into agricultural implements, or the people will starve. They see that Lenine and Trotzky are but the voices of millions crying in a world wilderness.

The see the wiping out of national debts; the fall of colossal fortunes; thet passing away of ambition, tyranny and greed; the coming of peace and plenty for those who work.

If this be the betrayal of nations, THEN BLESSED BE HE WHO BETRAYS!

Pierre

By Paul Eldridge

PIERRE was the scape-goat of R——, in the south of France, for every town, particularly small ones, must have scape-goats. People, like tiny godlets, will have some one to mock, to laugh over, to sermonize about, to spit upon. And Pierre was a fine specimen: He was a hunchback, he dragged one leg after him as though it had been a strange limb badly attached to his body, and his face was pockmarked. Besides, his life depended upon their charity. From day to day, the people of R—— could say, "Pierre shall continue to live tomorrow, or he shall die!" With the quick cynicism of one who has seen the depths of the hearts of men, Pierre understood, and thought: "Let them feed me. They need me." And he never attempted to do the slightest labor. Like some animated and mutilated sphinx, he looked upon the world, expecting her scorn as well as her tribute.

Pierre had no definite age. He lived, one might say, in eternity. Everybody at R—— seemed to have always known him. In prehistoric days, he might have been considered the founder, the patron-saint, of the town. Even now, there was something like a sub-conscious awe about his presence.

Pierre had achieved the pinnacle of fame. He could boast were he a gentle poetaster or a pompous politician, that never a minute passed in the town of R—— but his name was pronounced, and his personality discussed. Mothers would threaten their little children, "If you don't stop crying, Pierre shall eat you!' And immediately the children would hush, while their bodies continued to convulse in dumb protest. The older children were threatened with Pierre's leg, or Pierre's face, if they would not study, and the greatest laggard would not hazard such a challenge. To emphasize their lover's beauty, the young women would say, "Look at my own Pierre!" And all would laugh, and the lovers would exult in their vanity. Whenever any citizen would die in his youth, all would shake their heads, and lament,—"And Pierre still here!"

Wherever Pierre walked, wherever he sat, a crowd was about him, laughing at him, nodding their heads in sorrow and pity, turning their faces in disgust. The people never tired of this, and Pierre like some hideous Chinese divinity, heard and saw and was silent. Only the pregnant women would shun him and hide their faces at his sight, and talk of a hundred incoherent things, that they might not conceive a child resembling him.

War was declared, and all the men of R—— that could bear arms or be of service to the government, were called away. The town became still, save for the sudden piercing cry of some woman who had received evil news, or the stifled sobbings of old men who hid their bearded faces on their chests. Pierre saw and understood, and he thought, "They shall feed me. They need me!" And he was fed, and the eyes of the women were more tender as they looked at him, for, they thought, "Who knows what they have done to mine," or, "If mine should come back at least this way."

Every month the crippled returned to R——, hideous remnants, faceless, legless, armless, blind, deaf, insane. It seemed the earth was getting peopled with monstrous beings. And Pierre was becoming indistinct in this new humanity. No one would dare mention his name as a warning, as a rebuke, as a jest, while always was staring the multitude of mutilated ones.

The town became accustomed to the new mankind, and learned to laugh again. And those who were still able to work, re-taught themselves their trades, or learned new ones which suited their present bodies.

The people forgot Pierre. He wandered about as a stranger. He who was accustomed to receive the tribute of food and clothes upon stretching out his hand, now implored in vain.

(Continued on Page 37)

The Vice of Eating Meat

By Emil Edward Kusel

WHEN one evolves to the plane of humanitarianism (not faddism, not crankism, not cynicism, not extemism, if you please, but HUMANITARIANISM) the one awful defect in Nature's handiwork that can be seen is His masterpiece, man. When viewed from the heights man is only above the beast in craft, graft, theology, science and art. Man is verily an insignificant false alarm, so to speak, when it comes to spiritual things. With all his advancement, fully realizing that spirituality is dependent upon clean hands, clean heart and clean conscience, he has wrongfully retained the selfish idea that nothing has its place in the world save for him to utilize and that he has a right to demolish whatever he desires. Man, the intellectual masterpiece, professing to have a God, heartlessly destroys all lower sentient life, contending that the economy of Nature and civilization necessitates man's inhumanity.

After having seen the wounding of wild and domestic animals and birds, and their subsequent suffering, fear and pleading, one can rightly estimate the small calibre of the religionist standing behind his Bible telling of the saving power of his imaginary Saviour when he (this deity) stands in the background with no mercy to protect an innocent dumb creature from the brutality of a host of bloodthirsty, enlightened and civilized humans, or the cruelty of one beast preying upon the other.

Slaying a sentient sensitive creature for food, like the slaying of the intelligent seal for furs, or the heron for aigrettes, or the death penalty in reparation for human murder, or the cruel steel-trapping of wild animals, or the inhuman pastime of bull-fighting or vivisection in any form is ethically and esthetically indefensible, because conscience allows no man a license to injure, or to kill and devour a sentient, life - loving creature. Conscience prompts us to live according to the Golden Rule, thereby treating every creature as we ourselves want to be treated. Conscience will not allow an honest man to hold to the paganistic piffle contained throughout the scriptures, nor will conscience allow an honest man to respect the so-called religion of the flesh-eating Bible-believer. As the Rev. Porteous has said: "Unless we are as hypocrites we had better give up our foolish talk and Christian prayers about gentleness and love while we lay blood-stained hands and ravenous lips upon God's creatures."

BUTCHERY is positive evidence of man's depravity, because it proves beyond question the inhumanity of the human family. All killing causes horror and suffering and could not possibly be allowable in the sight of a humane Creator. The poor dumb brute we slaughter is helpless to defend itself, and man takes its life-blood and feeds upon its carcass.

Butchery is positive evidence of man's depravity, because it proves beyond question the inhumanity of the human family. All killing causes horror and suffering and could not possibly be allowable in the sight of a humane Creator. The poor dumb brute we slaughter is helpless to defend itself, and man takes its life-blood and feeds upon its carcass.

The butcher cuts the throat of the lamb (what horrible inhumanity) and delivers its little body to the cafeterias of the Bible Institute, the Y. M. C. A., the Trinity Church and the Y. W. C. A., and every hallucinated pharisee connected with these Babylonian institutions devours a portion of these carcasses as a vulture would devour carrion. And then, after having committed their cannibalistic inhumanity, they have the effrontery to prate about the works of the devil and the sin of Adam. This pharisaical element advise better people than themselves (the infidel, the atheist, the agnostic) to come to the Nazarene and "get saved!" The very fact that their anthropomorphic god has no feeling for his creatures proves to anyone but a hypocrite that there is no LOVE, no HUMANITY, no TRUTH in their religion.

It is an utter impossibility to find a human being who can conscientiously contend in favor of slaying animals; he may "bluff" to please his lower nature, but he cannot pull the blinds over the eyes of conscience to satisfy a perverted palate. He full well knows that pain, suffering and death inflicted upon a brother creature is not a part of man's evolution to a higher life. He may ask for what purpose were they created, but the thought of his own purpose in life will answer the question.

The adherents of Christian Science, Roman Catholicism, Judaism, Protestantism, Theosophy, Spiritualism, New Thought, Esoteric Christianity and all other so-called religions, scientific religions, or religious sciences, are minus the very essence of God principle, from the very fact that they do not consider the lower life-loving creatures under God's mercy. All these religionists are fraudulent.

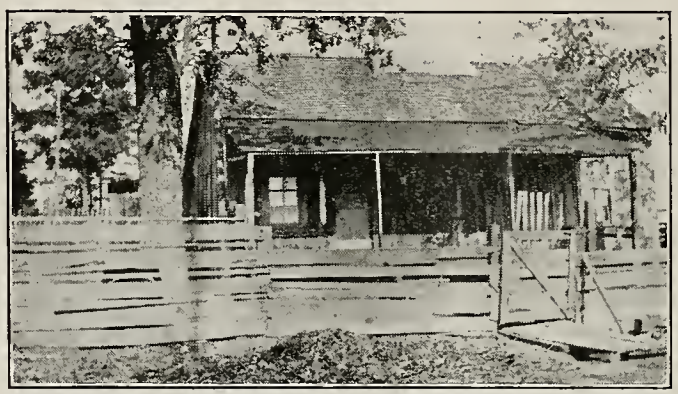
You will find may individuals who profess to be inveterate readers and scientific students confronting the Vegetarian with the apparent loophole that vegetation has life when they positively know there is a vast difference between cellular life and sentient life; they know of no discovery that vegetation has a nervous system; they know the plant life does not move about, nor quiver, nor shriek, nor groan with pain when broken from the body, and they know the line should be drawn at the destruction of life wherever such an act is repellant to higher self, and they know the animal unlike the plant, would defend itself were it not powerless while under the dominion of the human carnivora. Whenever mankind upholds slaughter by comparing animal life with cellular plant life, owing to the fact that both require air and water, rest assured that that man relishes flesh food and his lower nature, like the lower nature of the carnivorous religionist, is controlled through a perverted (inhuman) palate, thus accounting for his selfish, unscientific hypothesis.

For the high principle of ethical vegetarianism there should be no stone left unturned; there should be a veritable Waterloo against old-time carnivorous piety, and every man should have the courage of his convictions in all advanced thought movements. Every individual should prove himself an indispensable warrior in this great and noble cause, and yet the Humanitarian should recognize all men according to their intelligence and moral development, and consider that each individual is as he is because he cannot or will not be otherwise at this time (a temporary condition-. With a few application of TRUTH, the uninformed, deluded masses (slow of growth) will eventually evolve out of external religion to a sublime heretodox philosophy that shall stand the test of REASON, paving the way to the grandest, noblest and most beautiful life upon earth as well as hypothetically beyond the grave.

Co-operation and Efficiency Assure

Children in their morning calisthenics. This is the first order of the school day and begins at 8:45.

Another view of the same children. These exercises are given by an experienced physical director.



One of the small houses which came with the purchase of the Llano Plantation used for temporary housing.

This great 300x130 feet shed
There is another

The immense amount of old lumber is of great value to the Colony, and is worth many thousands of dollars.

These high plank walks contain hundreds of thousands of feet of lumber, much of it still good for building purposes.

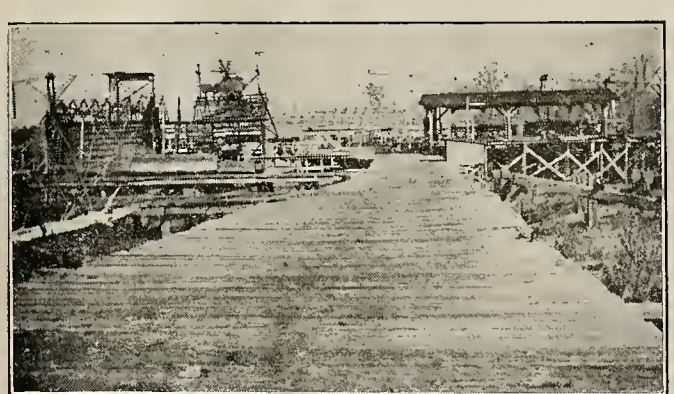
Success of Llano Colonists In Louisiana

Looking across some of the newly turned ground where the men are clearing for this year's crops.

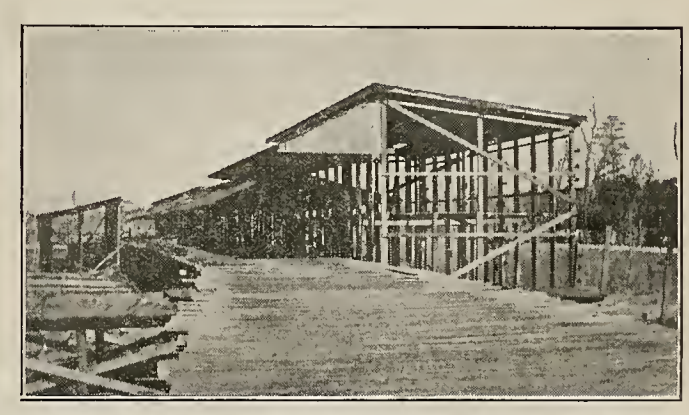
One of the placid creeks near Stables. This is on the edge of the Llano Plantation

being remodeled for industrial uses.
ned almost as large.

Another little cabin. There are perhaps fifty or sixty of about this type. New temporary houses are now being built.



The foreground shows a platform which extended from the old saw-mill to a shed. There are many such platforms.



One of the great lumber sheds which has been dismantled and the lumber used for other construction.

Are Socialists Anarchists?

By Alanson Sessions

DID YOU favor the war?

If not, you are an anarchist, no matter what political creed you profess to follow.

At least, that is what we Socialists are told during these troublesome times. It is said that true Socialism presupposes the right of majority rule, and that if the Socialists oppose this war and refuse to take part in it, they are not Socialists, but anarchists.

It is assured in this criticism, first, that the American people clamored for this war; and second, that only declared anarchists have the right to protest against the misrule of the majority. Let us investigate.

What is anarchy?

Anarchy is that philosophy that consists of a disrespect for law—law which places the preservation of the State paramount to the preservation of the individual, and of an opposition to centralization of government control. The ideal of the most radical school of anarchy is the absence of compulsory law, and, in the case of collective effort, the substitution of voluntary association.

The ideal of the Socialist is the existing system of government of representative control, shorn of many of its archaically cumbersome and undemocratic appendages. In addition, he would utilize the same system—with essential alterations—in the realm of industry.

The Socialist sympathizes with the idyllic dreams of the anarchist but realizes that a system of law must be continued many generations yet in order to obviate industrial and political chaos and indecision.

Again, although believing that minorities are entitled to a much fairer representation in the councils of government that they now possess, the Socialist heartily concurs in the elements of majority rule.

However, the Socialist is no crank on the subject of state management, per se. He believes in government operation and control, only in so far as it promotes the happiness of the greatest number and safeguards the liberties of men. Socialism has enlisted the forces of progress on the side of the State, and the rigors of war are completing what the inevitability of industrial evolution and the ceaseless agitation of the Socialists, began. The Socialist is fundamentally as individualistic as the philosophical anarchist, but he believes that only by public ownership of the government and industry can an environment be so arranged whereby every person may be enabled rationally and naturally to express his individuality. So when the state arrogates to itself the prerogative of telling men and women what to eat and drink, and, far more important, what opinions to profess and express, the Socialist is not contradicting his philosophy by registering vigorous public disapproval.

Says Woodrow Wilson: "We have forgotten the very principle of our origin, if we have forgotten how to object, how to resist, how to agitate, how to pull down and build up, even to the extent of revolutionary practices, if it be necessary to readjust matters." (School Review, Vol. 7, p. 604).

The Socialist also recognizes the fact that were it not for the rebel and the right of the people to kick and protest, society must of necessity become stagnant. The church for centuries tried to stamp out the freedom of the individual, and thousands of cases of rebellion and martyrdom were necessary in order that the world might be made free for expression. And among the most revered and venerated men whose names now gleam in the galaxy of the immortals, are those who fought and suffered for that principle.

At the present moment, it is not the church, but the STATE, whose tyranny threatens to destroy individuality and progress. The church used dogma; the State uses modern militarism. To scoff at the methods of the church was to be burnt at the stake; to scoff at the methods of the State is to invite more humane treatment—to be shot.

Bertrand Russell, unquestionably the clearest thinker on social problems in the world today, says that the "state" in an autocracy or in a "democracy" is not an impersonal institution as many sincere but deluded people suppose. Certain elderly gentlemen, of "ripe" judgment, are in control, whether elected or appointed. Nearly all of these men are below the average level of the community, says Russell, as the habit of power tends to make men autocratic and tyrannous, and, as a rule, this power is secured by means not wholly creditable. As James Bryce pointed out in his excellent and popular work on "The American Commonwealth," the most valuable and greatest men in our republic have not held the political offices. These gentlemen—elderly and mature—naturally do not view war as it is viewed by those who do the fighting. The pugnacious instinct, asserts Russell, is by no means extinct in our great statesmen. It crops out frequently, although it is invariably clothed in such lofty phraseology as a "fight for right" or "to make the world safe for Democracy."

Continues Russell: "Victory is always highly desired by those who share the least burdens and who receive the most glory. And these are always the statesmen and the generals. It is largely for these reasons that the people who hand themselves over to the unlimited control of the State are directing their power toward ends more bloodthirsty than they would otherwise have chosen themselves."

Socialists realize this. And it is one of the more important reasons why they are demanding—not inconsistently—the right of the individual to judge for himself whether he will engage in destruction "at the command of men less humane than himself, or whether he will preserve inviolate the claim that a man's own estimate of right and wrong should be the ultimate arbiter of his own conduct."

Socialists favor democracy in government and in industry.

Is conscription, in its present form, democratic? Is it the will of the majority? Do a majority of the people want it? Does conscription—which is and must be arbitrary and compulsory—contain the elements of majority decision? Does the fact that at the time all the men in our country were asked to register for military service—does the fact that four out of every five claim exemption prove that conscription was desired? If not, were Socialists inconsistent in opposing conscription? Has conscription been submitted to referendum vote? Have the common people expressed a desire that our officials shall take the reigns in their own hands and drive the chariot of militarism in any direction they wish?

Another thing: As only those between the ages of 21 and 31 were affected by the draft law, is it democratic to allow others to decide whether those affected shall be compelled to serve in the war?

Was the war democratically declared?

Says Max Eastman: "The entrance of the United States into the European War was not decided by majority rule. The people in this country have felt secure in their geographical location, and, divided in their reminiscent patriotisms, have abhorred the idea of carrying war into Europe. So universal was this abhorrence that every tradition and prediction of political history was overthrown last fall, and WOODROW WILSON ELECTED TO THE WHITE HOUSE AS A PEACE

PRESIDENT IN THE FACE OF STALWART REPUBLICANISM, ROOSEVELTISM, AND WALL STREET UNITED IN SOLID COMPACT TO BEAT HIM." The universal Wilson slogan—the one which elected Woodrow Wilson, was, "HE KEPT US OUT OF WAR."

President Wilson, failing to secure a volunteer army of 500,000, forced on Congress the principle of the draft. Is it not a historical fact that when this principle of military service was adopted within the boundaries of the United States, and for the very defense of the Union, and by ABRAHAM LINCOLN, it was met with violent resistance? And in the present war, has the principle of the draft not been forced on the people for a war of offense, to be fought entirely on the continent of Europe and on the high seas?

In the light of these facts, is the Socialist undergoing an anarchist conversion because he strenuously objects to what he believes constitutes a violation of his elementary liberties?

President Wilson uttered the following in an address a year ago, which was reported in the "New York World":

"It has been our pride and our boast that, unlike the monarchies of the old world, our government has never been compelled to resort to a conscription of its citizens or the employment of foreign mercenaries. It is an hereditary, and, therefore, HONORED TRADITION OF THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE THAT EXEMPTION FROM EXTORTED MILITARY SERVICE IS ONE OF THE PECULIAR PRIVILEGES OF FREEMEN."

Socialists agree with Wilson, yet they have not revolted.

In 1916, President Wilson said: "This war was brought on by rulers, not by peoples, and I THANK GOD THERE IS NO MAN IN AMERICA WHO HAS THE AUTHORITY TO BRING ON WAR WITHOUT THE **ABSOLUTE** CONSENT OF THE PEOPLE."

Socialists are asking, with Art Young, this question: Is ONE capitalist government or country so much worse than other capitalist countries that the laboring classes and Socialists must join with the capitalists to defeat that one?

Socialists find it difficult to believe that the entrance of the United States into the European war is the most efficient way of abolishing Prussian autocracy. It has been said that every American pacifist is worth a whole company of American soldiers in France. The supporters of this theory offer the following argument:

"There is a pacifist force in Germany, which, once or twice, has come close to compelling a German peace without victory.

"The one weapon which the German autocrat holds against this force is the cry that Germany's enemies seek her destruction. The one weapon which the German pacifist holds against the autocrat is the realization that liberal forces in enemy countries will not permit her destruction. If the German people know they can have a peace without victory, they will not fight another week. If they believe that it is "victory or annihilation" they will fight like a beast to the death.

"The Allied 'peace terms' of last winter, combined with the Lloyd George 'knock-out' interview, did more to re-rally the German people than all of Hindenburg's victories.

"The German autocrat desires nothing so much as the power to convince the German people of the 'annihilation' bugaboo. An aggressive United States might give aid and comfort to him. He fears nothing so much as the knowledge on the part of the German people that forces across the sea will unite with them in demanding a reasonable peace. A liberal America robs him of his chief weapon.

"If the German pacifists can know that their fight for international understanding is not hopeless, they will detach all liberal Germany from the support of the autocrats.

"Thus the pacifist concludes that the American Socialist or pacifist is a howitzer shell fired against German autocracy."

The official organ of the Navy League, "The Seven Seas Magazine," a magazine read and maintained by those who fathered the preparedness movement, by special privilege, printed this statement shortly before the war was declared: "While the United States is in no danger of becoming a militaristic nation like Germany, **still an execellent lesson can be taken from her...** While her policies are to be deplored, HER METHODS ARE TO BE COMMENDED. THE FACT REMAINS THAT WORLD-EMPIRE, AND THE AVAILABILITY OF MARKETS THE WORLD OVER, MUST BE THE GOAL OF THE UNITED STATES."

Achille Loria, the Italian economist, shows that since ancient history, of the 286 most prominent wars that have been fought, 258 of them were attributed to the common desire for trade monopolies.

General Ulysses S. Grant asserted in emphatic and indignant language that Mexico, in 1848, was grossly mistreated by the United States, and that that miserable war was started by the cupidity of Southern property holders.

Many of the most respectable citizens of our country—disclaiming any socialist connections whatever—declare that the Spanish-American war was the culmination of the trade-desires of a handful of powerful men.

In the light of these revelations, must we term the socialists undesirable citizens when they inquire why those interested in world trade opposed Wilson's peace policy and forced the country into the war?

The charge that Socialists who disapprove the war policy of our government are pro-German is fatuous. Socialists are anti-capitalistic and anti-national. They oppose autocracy everywhere—in any form in which it may exist. They oppose it in Germany as they oppose it in every other country. The accusation that the majority socialists are tools of enemy governments is ridiculously false and stupid.

We hear a lot these days about the Germanization of the Socialist party, and, as a matter of fact, most of this talk is a result of our strained relations with the Kaiser. It is to be expected, and we Socialists have expected it. John Spargo rants very amusingly about the Germanization of the Socialist party. But his prejudice is easily explained by his ineradicable Anglicization. In other words, Mr. Spargo has not been thoroughly Americanized.

While the father of scientific socialism—Karl Marx—was a German, and while his theories were very materially influenced by the German philosophers, Hegel and Kant, he nevertheless was no German patriot. Marx spent several years in prison for his furious opposition to the policies of the German Imperialistic government. His famous work "Das Kapital," was written and the data for that famous work was largely gathered from British libraries and authorities.

It is interesting to note that so bitter was Marx's hatred of Prussianism and the Imperialistic policies of the German Empire that he was driven into England, when he desired the quiet and rest necessary to write the three volumes that have fixed his immortality.

While American Socialism is greatly influenced by the theories of Marx—the class struggle, surplus value, the economic interpretation of history, the labor theory of value, etc.—still the socialism of America is essentially opportunistic, as one can readily see by observing any of the Socialist political platforms. There is nothing in our national or state platforms that can be interpreted as "un-American." All the planks are based on actual social and industrial conditions, and that, in my estimation, is the acid test of the Americanism of any political movement. We favor public ownership, old age pensions, woman suffrage, social insurance, mothers pensions, etc., not only because they are good for the world, but be-

(Continued on Page 30)

The Painted Pigeon

By Rob Wagner

TWO beautiful Belgian guards carried Andrew Carnegie into his private boudoir and laid him on a blue velour ostermoor, where he dissolved in tears. Congressman Berthold threw his hat so high in the air that it went through the skylight and never came down. The Kaiser kissed the President of the French Republic and Teddy clinched with Taft. The great Temple of Peace shook with the hurrahs, banzias, and hochs of the assembled multitude. Bands played, whistles blew and newsboys shouted the glad tidings that universal peace had come.

It was a picture no artist can paint, but I've done my best to post-impress you with its symbolism. Peace! Real peace! After all those red years of struggle! But it all goes to show what money can do when intelligently directed. For it was all the fruit of Andrew's endowments of temples and peace propaganda. At last the world had been educated to the horrible effects of war. And now his patient years of waiting were to see the culmination of his hopes and aspirations. Do you wonder that Andrew dissolved in tears? It was some triumph, I tell you. From the profits of the armor plate he had made he had so ordained events that now there should be no more use for armor plate. Such self-abnegation was bound to result in dissolution.

The day of this great event opened auspiciously. The sun shone, the bands played, and the streets were alive with the picturesque presence of international diplomats, attaches, and newspaper men. The Hague had had many peace conferences, but this one was pregnant with a great meaning, for everybody believed that a notable event in the epoc of human progress was about to be enacted. The great war started in the Balkans, had left Europe prostrate and the world was sick of war. Yes, the time had arrived for lasting peace. So, Nicholas, William, George and Andrew had called this parliament together.

Because of his unique position and his noble peace medals, T. R. was elected president. He presided with a large stick that made the rafters rattle. His dental personality immediately dominated the great assembly. They were all given evidence that the best way to obtain peace was to be prepared for war, and T. R. was prepared. He told them all where to head in.

He began by forbidding England to build more Dreadnaughts; Germany, Zepplelins; France, submarines, and America, aeroplanes. He told Germany she must get out of Alsace, Japan out of Manchuria, England out of Egypt and America out of the Philippines. He promised Greece the return of the Elgin marbles; Paris, the return of the bronze horses from the Arc de Triumph and said that France must send back the Venus de Milo and Madam Toussand return Napoleon's hat and coat. He promised Venezuela that America would return her asphalt, though it meant tearing up half the streets in that country. The Morgan group was given sixty days in which to re-distribute among the rightful owners the plunderings of its naughty trusts. (The good trusts were to be left undisturbed.) Each nation arose in turn and amid great applause agreed to return its thefts.

And though, he said, he preached the soft heart, he did not preach the soft head. He told them that now that they had squared off the causes of most of their quarrels and jealousies they would go forth and do battle with the instruments of civilization. From now on it was to be a war of wits instead of Winchesters. He forced them to settle boundaries, pay old debts and clear the slate generally—so that the world would begin all over again and go forth in peace and concord. It was all accomplished very quickly amid stupendous applause, and as the last nation signed the compact a vast roar of approval went up from the assemblage. Strong men with beards wept like women.

They sang and cried and whooped and yelled very much as I described in the first paragraph.

But in the midst of their pandemonium and before the signature of the last delegate was dry, a curious thing happened.

Directly over the head of the speaker was a large allegorical mural painting by Wilhelm II representing the nations of the world with arms uplifted to a white dove of peacee, and to the amazement of the crowd the dove began to move.

It had come to life and was trying to free itself from the canvas. Finally, with a tremendous coo it burst forth—flew three times about the great hall, and with noisy flapping alighted on the end of the Speaker's stick.

The Congress, awed by such a phenomenon, sat spellbound, and in the great silence that fell, the bird spoke.

"Gentlemen," it said (it spoke a sort of pigeon English), "I thank you for what you have done. For years I have been aborning. Up to today I have been nothing but a painted pigeon decorating the halls and letter heads of peace societies, appearing stuffed at weddings or lowly reliefed on tomb-stones. But now I live!

"My mother was a wish, and you, gentlemen, have from that wish brought forth my living presence. Therefore, you are my father. I shall do my utmost to honor you—for it is not every bird that has such a large and distinguished father. You shall never regret your fatherhood, and now let's give three cheers for me!"

The noise was deafening and for a moment the poor bird was frightened, but her attention was arrested by the Swedish delegate who was asking the Speaker if he did not think the Carnegie Temple in which they had met and brought forth their child would be a fitting abode for the dove.

But the bird interrupted him and holding up her claw for silence, thus delivered herself:

"I thank you, father, but I ask you not to confine me to this or any other temple. I've been here long enough in that old picture. Besides, I have a mission to fulfill. Through you, fathers, I have the blood of messenger-boys in my veins. I must carry this message of peace to all the world. I feel that I am a natural-born carrier. Call me Carrie—Carrie Pax!"

In the confusion that followed the wonderful pun that this opportunity afforded the British delegate the bird up and flew out of the high window and was soon lost to view.

After their amazement had subsided a permanent organization was effected with Teddy as its president. The Hague was neutralized and Teddy was to make it his permanent home. A palace was ordered built for him and his large family to be surrounded by an immense park in which he could keep pogsnoggles, cheetahs, dik diks, and others of his jungle favorites.

* * *

The world basked in the Pax Carnegieism—

But:

One day a huge steamer called the Biggeranania was thirty miles of Cherburg when the heat at noon became most uncomfortable—an unusual thing at this time of the year.

Aft, under a large awning, sat a group of delegates returning from The Hague. They were exulting in the triumphs of international one moment and cursing the uniced drinks of the

British bartender the next.

With the setting of the sun came no respite, for at 7 p. m. the thermometer stod at 89. At midnight it had risen to 93. No one could sleep and everyone's nerves were on edge. A great storm seemed impending—except that the barometer showed no such indication.

Toward morning the vessel ran into a hot fog—almost like steam. Thermometer readings of the water ran nearly to the boiling point.

The condition of the passengers had become alarming, but it was difficult to know in what direction to turn as there was no way of telling where the disturbance was.

Fortunately at sunset a red glow was observed far to the south. Though it was uncomfortably hot everyone was immensely relieved that danger had been averted.

There was now no doubt that a submarine eruption had occurred. Because of such an unusual phenomenon the captain felt warranted in "laying to" for the night and taking observations. The next day was spent in circling the disturbance and its volcanic origin was clearly indicated by the dead fish, seaweed and cinders.

No other vessels were reported and at 5 p. m. the big leviathan proceeded on her course. The greatest excitement and interest prevailed and the wireless was busy reporting to both shores.

A New York newspaper correspondent returning from the peace conference had been aloft all day with a pair of powerful glasses. After the boat was well on its course he descended and sent twenty-two words in cipher to his paper. He had seen something no one else had noticed and he would scoop the world on the biggest story yet.

Next morning there appeared on the streets of New York a most sensational newspaper splash of a great submarine earthquake that had thrown up an island in mid-Atlantic.

As soon as other vessels reported the truth the boats were dispatched from all directions to make scientific reports on the seismic phenomenon.

While most of the world was interested only in the scientific aspect of this amazing occurrence, a few hard-headed old anarchs sitting around the mahogany in a directors' room on lower Wall street, turned loose their brains on how to make even an earthquake profitable. Now, when brains like these are scrambled the omelet is liable to pay twenty percent—and of course, that's worth cherishing. So they come to a magnificent conclusion and it was this: When that island cooled off, standing as it did midway between four continents, it would dominate the trade of the world. And the first nation to get a flag on it would be its possessor. They immediately got the Admiralty on long distance and had a real little heart-to-heart talk with the High Boys there. Their argument was an economic one and it convinced the department that its usefulness would no doubt be discontinued if it had nothing to do and the ranks of the unemployed would be largely augmented by former admirals. The argument rang the bell and pretty soon there were great stirrings in the navy yards.

Now you may think that these industrial captains were amazingly shrewd, but bless your heart, they were not so stupendously original, for all over the world twenty percenters think in the same terms. Thus it happened that similar schemes hatched around many foreign mahoganies.

* * *

When the Bunkton, Captain Spevans commanding, arrived several days after the above-mentioned conference, he found that he could not approach within six miles of the island, so he decided to circumnavigate the whole disturbed area, but was very much chagrined to find an English and a German cruiser doing the same thing. It now became a waiting game—waiting for the island to cool off enough to get a flag on it.

Spevans, however, was resourceful and had no intention of waiting. He wired the situation to Washington and immediately they dispatched the June Bug 32, carrying two men besides Lieutenant Glenwright. Their mission was to fly over the island and drop an anchor with an asbestos flag attached right on the highest point of the molten mass. Then would the place belong to America by right of discovery. The June Bug arrived early the next morning and to the amazement of the intrepid pilot he discovered high to the east the approach of two huge dirigibles, one flying the English and the other the German flag. He suspected this motive and hurried straight for the island, but the hot air rising from the lava caused the air currents to whirl in all kinds of eccentric circles and, to the horror of all, the biplane turned turtle and shot straight for the water and he was soon lost to view. The captains of the big airships witnessed this with their binoculars and were chuckling over the fiasco of their aeroplatonic friend when two fearful explosions rent the air and both the huge dirigibles succumbed to the strange gases.

At almost the same instant a shot was heard and an immense projectile flew over the ship. It seemed to come from the direction of the German cruiser and landed too accurately close to be accidental.

In a few minutes the Bunkton was under full steam, headed for an explanation. As the vessel turned toward the south it passed between the British ship Inevitable and the island. With the glass could be seen much agitation aboard the English vessel, and no wonder, for with a loud report a great hole was torn in the bow of the Bunkton by a British torpedo.

Explanations were not needed now. It was too obvious. Spevans let go both batteries—one at the Germans and the other at the English. The Germans returned their fire to the English ship—which was puzzling.

Pretty soon there was the prettiest three-cornered fight you ever saw. Toward evening the three vessels were still afloat, but badly used up. They were all glad of a chance to eat and rest and send news back home.

This incident shows how easy it is to start trouble, for had Captain Spevans known the truth a terrible catastrophe would have been averted.

Like M. and M.'s, captains usually think in the same terms. Each had determined to outwit the others and get his flag up first.

Captain Schmitsberger of the armored cruiser Whosahollerin had rigged up a flag fastened to a projectile that he fired at the top of the hot mountain. Unfortunately it went high, just missed the U. S . S. Bunkton, and was most uncharitably interpreted.

Aboard H. M. S. Inevitable, Captain John Stoke-Pogis, V. C., was equally alert and had had made an asbestos Union Jack that he determined to send ashore in a slow-going torpedo.

The only trouble was that in the excitement of dispatching it they forgot to pull the war plug from the cap in its nose and the American ship accidentally intercepted it on its triumphant trip to the hot shore.

When the facts were known many hoped that each nation would see the futility of the brawl and call off the dogs of war, but the percenters called in their newspaper publishers and told them to whoop it up for patriotism and play up the flag stuff strong. National honor! the Stars and Stripes! and all that. Of course, they obeyed. One great publisher admitted that he had made fortunes off of wars and earthquakes. And so the conflict waxed.

As the news of the terrible losses to the three countries became known, nations that had suffered for centuries in silence became bold, and pretty soon in Europe and Asia the lesser

(Continued on Page 35)

Does Co-operation Pay?

By **Ralph E. Cheney**, Co-operative League of America.

DOES consumer's co-operation pay?

The other day, a Scotchman stepped into the office of the Co-operative League of America in order to obtain assistance and advice from the league in starting a new co-operative store. In the course of the conversation, he told how he had not long ago had to return to Scotland to settle up the estate of his parents. When he had first come to America, many years past, he had left his family in almost utter destitution and he had since found it almost impossible to send them over more than a very little money indeed. Consequently he expected to find a sad state of affairs. But he had one ground for hope; thirty years before his mother had joined the local co-operative society. Imagine his surprise, then, when he discovered on his return that his mother had $5000 invested in the cooperative store on which she drew an interest of about 5 percent! This sum represented the dividends on purchases which she had thriftily and shrewdly refused to withdraw, but had always left in the store to accumulate. This is but one of hundreds of tales we might tell, all answering pretty plainly the question: Does Co-operation Pay?

"Co-operation," says Holyoake, "is an invention for acquiring money without saving it, or working for it, or stealing it, or borrowing it, or begging it." Such an invention must surely be as welcome as it is unusual! "The ways to enrich are many, and most of them foul," Lord Verulam says succinctly and truly enough. And the great Italian poet, Dante, in his "The Convivio," writes, "I affirm that gain is precisely that which comes oftener to the bad than to the good; for illegitimate gains never come to the good at all, because they reject them. And lawful gains rarely come to the good, because, since much anxious care is needful thereto, and the anxious care of the good man is directed to weightier matters, rarely does the good man give sufficient attention thereto."

> CO-OPERATION as a means of acquiring gain, consists chiefly in not allowing yourself or your associates to be robbed by tradesmen. Certainly no heavy moral guilt rests upon the traveler who robs his own watch back from the footpad. Co-operators resolutely refuse to let themselves be robbed.

But co-operation as a means of acquiring gain, is not foul, nor does it require undue attention. It consists chiefly in not allowing yourself or your associates to be robbed by tradesmen. Certainly no heavy moral guilt rests upon the traveler who robs his own watch back from the footpad. Co-operators do not even do that much. They merely resolutely refuse to let themselves be robbed. Nor is the attention that co-operation demands burdensome. It is not so much work, as it is the cheapest and most genuine education.

The census of 1911 showed that state and municipal appropriations for higher education in the United States for that year amounted to $14,707,243. Devoting all or the best part of their time to instruction in our colleges and universities are over 21,813 men and 2,854 women. But the vast majority of the American people cannot afford to indulge in higher education. And we confidently state, without fear of successful contradiction, that a great deal more genuine and necessary education and training for the average man or woman is furnished by co-operation in the conduct of a store than by any amount of studying higher mathematics, dead languages, economics from a capitalist viewpoint, or any other course or combination of courses in any college. Yet, far from costing the community or the individual a cent, consumer's co-operation pays.

Consumer's co-operation does not, financially, merely consist of diverting money from the pockets of exploiters into the pockets of the exploited. It does not merely abolish profit. It does abolish profit, and it would be a great movement if it did that and that alone. But it does more. The co-operative store realizes many economies of business organization which are impossible to the non-co-operative store. A less expensive site is possible. Window dressings need not be so elaborate. The delivery system can be much simpler or can be done away with altogether. In fact, all the varied forms of show and advertisement that are so tremendously influential in the success or failure of a private capitalist store and that form so gigantic a part of its expenses, can be largely or wholly dispensed with in a co-operative store. Consider the millons of dollars spent monthly in the United States on advertisments of stores in newspapers, magazines, street cars, wooden signs along railroad tracks, and handbills alone! Consider, then, the count less other direct and indirect forms of advertising! If one begins to realize the amount of energy and money spent on advertising, one is swept by a sense of the saving which co-operation, without need of advertisement, means.

When one has a glimpse of how expensive a commodity "the good will of the trade" is, and how much private dealers are willing to pay for it, one perceives how great an advantage it is to start business with an unlimited supply of it and to be able to draw upon this supply at all times with but little fear of depleting it. The private dealer can only hazard a guess at the wants of his customers. He cannot guarantee to himself the keeping of their custom, unless he manages to get them into his debt. If he does succeed in getting them into his debt by extending credit to them, it means booking expenses, risk of loss, and a lack of ready money for the market. And an uncertain custom means the necessity of a margin for the risk of goods sold at a loss or not sold at all. The whole crux of the situation of the private store is this: All the custom of a private store is voluntary; and voluntary custom cannot be counted on, but must be cheated or coaxed. A co-operative store can rely upon voluntary custom and to some extent it should, but it need not. Co-operators come to the co-operative store because it is their own store, because it is to their interest that they should patronize it. No advertisements are needed to tickle their fancies and inform or remind them of the existence of their store. Consumers' co-operation means a near approach to the scientific ascertainment of the wants of needs of a community. In other words, it means less waste, less risk of unsold goods, an implicit guarantee that a certain amount of certain goods will be required and purchased. There will be no need of credit in a co-operative store; custom will not need to be cheated into staying. No credit means less booking expenses, and no risk of loss and plenty of ready money for more advantageous buying. The whole of the situation of the co-operative store is this: The co-operative store is based upon good will, good will means commanded,

(Continued on Page 39)

Comment and Criticism

By Alec Watkins

A QUESTION OF HONOR

Those who, previous to our entrance into the European war, urged us to attack Mexico, and who will probably renew their efforts when times are more propitious, declared that our government should protect American lives wherever they might be. The strange feature about this tender concern for the safety of Americans abroad is that those who are most deeply stirred by it usually manifest but little practical interest in the welfare of Americans at home.

England, more than any other country, has prided herself that Englishmen all over the world were secure in the protection afforded by the Home government. Even now we hear retold the story of the Englishman who was imprisoned by the king of Abysynnia, a half-century ago. The British government demanded his release. The demand was ignored. After a delay of two years, 12,000 British troops marched across the desert, met and defeated the Abysynnians in battle, set the captive free, and drove the native king to suicide. It is an inspiring story. It makes a vivid appeal to the imagination.

But reflection tends to mitigate our enthusiasm. In normal times, there are hundreds of thousands of Englishmen within walking distance of the Houses of Parliament who are serving life-sentences in the prison house of poverty. Yet, as Sidney Webb points out, even great liberal statesmen like Harcourt and Gladstone were in the habit of telling the nation that "it could not afford to give its children decent schooling, that to house its laborers as well as its horses was quite beyond its means, that the cost of sanitation which would keep its children from needless disease was a burden impossible to be borne." We are further reminded that, as we learn from the life of Sir Chas. Dilke "on the preparation of each successive budget it was quite the customary thing for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whoever he was, to threaten to resign merely because the estimates would go up." And yet, the British government could afford to arm and equip ready for battle 12,000 men, and send them to a far-off land to rescue a captive Englishman whose predicament was due either to the carelessnesss of the government or to his own wrong-doing.

It is a peculiar state of mind that conceives the nation's honor to be basely attacked when an American in Mexico on his own business or in pursuit of his own pleasure finds himself in danger, but regards its honor as in no wise touched when innocent American workingmen are condemned to the gallows within our own borders. Our Roosevelts and our Hearsts must be taught that our workers at home are entitled to at least as much consideration as our adventurers abroad.

THE NEW PARTY

A matter of some interest is the formation of a new political party. Its prime mover, apparently, is John Spargo, and it is composed of the socialists who withdrew from the regular socialist party last Spring, and various other unhitched political elements.

Its platform, in many respects, is an excellent document. It declares the purpose of the party to be the attainment of democracy in government, in industry, and in international relations, and it proceeds to specify the measures believed to be necessary in order to make its attainment possible. It urges many drastic changes in both domestic and international political procedure. Few socialists, however, would be willing to endorse all that is said as to democracy in industry. It reads like a hazy epitome of Woodrow Wilson's "New Freedom," tinged with socialism. The sureness of touch with which the subject of political democracy is treated is not in evidence in the treatment of the subject of industrial democracy. There is too great an effort to disclaim any revolutionary intent. The measures proposed fall far short of being socialism, undoubtedly out of regard for the non-socialist members of the party.

But the real weakness of the new party lies not in making its creed to broad, but in making its creed the foundation upon which the organization is built. In this particular, it is merely repeating the mistake of the American Socialist Party. It is largely a waste of time to gather together into a political party people whose only bond is the similarity of their respective political faiths. Not identity of opinion, but identity of economic interest should be the basis of our organized activity.

RESPONSIBLE MINISTRIES

The desire of President Wilson to deal with a ministry responsible to the people of Germany rather than with the present autocratic government raises a question that has an interest for Americans aside from the war.

In both France and England the national administration is more directly responsible to the people and more closely in touch with their representatives than in the United States. In England, for instance, the chief executive, and each member of the cabinet has a seat in parliament. And day by day there is an alloted time during which members of Parliament may question cabinet officers as to the work of their various departments. In addition to this every member of the cabinet having a seat in the House of Commons must first be elected to parliament directly by the people.

In our own country, however, there is no such direct touch between the people and the administration.

The executive department of our government is supposed to exist for the purpose of putting into effect the decisions of the legislative department. But often the legislature is quite in the dark as to what the executive is doing. Often, indeed, the executive instead of performing the will of the people as expressed through the law-making body, assumes the role of dictator. Instead of taking orders, the executive issues them.

Naturally, this tendency is more evident in war times than in peace time. La Follette's famous speech in the Senate last October was largely a protest against the assumption by the president of functions that rightfully belong to Congress regarding the declaration of the purposes of the war. It is true that the president, personally, is vastly better able to pronounce war aims and to work out peace terms than the average congressman. The intellectual stature of most legislators is notoriously small. A discussion on any vital subject in Congress amply demonstrates the pitiful lack of vision of most of its members. Yet La Follette was plainly right; in fact, no one has yet attempted to reply to his contention. And if the members of congress, in accordance with the constitution, were compelled to shoulder their proper responsibility in the matter of war aims and peace terms, their lack of understanding would be largely overcome by the pressure of their more enlightened constituents.

The gulf between the people and their government is widening. In no adequate sense have we a responsible ministry. It is not the president's fault. It is the fault of the system. Our governmental structure is such that a president, particularly at a crisis, is almost compelled to choose between being either a useless appendage or a dictator.

Was Schmidt Guilty?

[This is the conclusion of Job Harriman's address before the jury which tried Schmidt. Back numbers, 10c.]

BUT, you ask, how about the wall that was blown in? Ah, this is a figment of his imagination. That never happened. You will remember that Mr—— testified that he ran from the east end of the basement and looked through the door, which Mr. Mulholland thought was blown down. The door casement was intact. You must remember that Mr. Mulholland only gave his opinion, but unfortunately his opinion is contradicted by the facts.

Listen, Mr. Mulholland said that the beams to which he referred supported about twenty eight feet of the alley floor, and that in his opinion, the entire twenty eight feet of the alley floor must have fallen instantly. He supported his opinion by saying that this alley floor fell and was lying upon the clean basement floor below.

Again the facts, and also witnesses, contradict Mr. Mulholland. Directly under this floor, and within eight feet of where the dynamite was supposed to have been, there were standing three men. Two of those men got out of the building without a scratch. They both testified that the ceiling was intact when they left, and that it did not fall at the time of the explosion. Bauee and Doughterty both stood under the supposed point of explosion, and escaped. The Scott brothers both testify that the ceiling was intact, and that the North wall of the alley still stood.

Hagherty, the man who was killed, was found eight feet South of the South wall of the alley. When the explosion ocurred he was standing under the alley with Mr. Dougherty. Mr. Dougherty had his hand on Haggerty's shoulder. They both ran away. Hagerty was found more than twelve feet from where he stood when the explosion occurred.

If the ceiling had been blown instantly, or if there had been a charge of dynamite almost directly over these men, only eight feet from their heads, all of them would have been found dead in their tracks, with the alley floor upon them.

The fact is, the explosion was caused by gas. It shot up through the building and roof, as gas always does, and for the time being the floor of Ink Alley was left practically intact. The men in the basement under the alley escaped and later the falling machinery and cornice crushed it in. This is the gist of the testimony given by the State to prove that the explosion was caused by dynamite. They have fallen short of this duty, and it therefore becomes your bounden duty to acquit.

Now let me direct your attention to the dynamite planted at the houses of Messrs. Otis, and Zeehandelar.

They found a valise containing dynamite at about one or two o'clock p. m. on the first of October. It was not concealed. It sat by some bushes near the house. It is supposed to have sat there during a part of the night, and all the forenoon. It was in the open so that any one could see it. Immediately after the explosion at about 1 a. m., a watchman was sent to the Otis residence and remained there until the crowd of investigators arrived at one o'clock p. m. Then they found this valise. The watchman had walked around the house and through the yard, time and again, from the time of his arrival, looking for suspicious looking objects. Yet he did not discover this valise, which was near the house, in full view of all comers. Finally the hour came. The stage was set. The autos filled with special witnesses drove up, and beheld the suitcase. Rico grabbed it, took it hurriedly to the street, cut one side out, and ran away. Mr. Adams swore that he saw smoke come out of the valise as Rico ran. Smoke? Does an electric battery smoke? There is no more smoke in an electric battery than there is in an iceberg. The fact that it was smoking proves beyond a doubt that the dynamite was not ignited by an electric spark and a clock. It was exploded by a fuse. A fuse will smoke precisely as Adams described. But no fuse had been burning in that valise for more than twelve hours. It did not burn and smoke for all these hours. There is but one reasonable explanation, and that is that the watchman knew when the witnesses were to arrive, and as they drove up, he lighted the fuse, and closed the valise. Rico grabbed the valise and immediately ran with it to the street, cut it open and found his safety in flight, while the fuse burned on until it reached the dynamite.

But what did Rico say? He tells us that he cut the side of the valise open. Is such a proceedure likely with an infernal machine? He tells you that as soon as he cut it open he heard the buzz and ran; that he got a hundred and fifty yards away before the explosion came. Mr. Adams testified that when he saw the smoke he ran to the machine, cranked it, and jumped in and drove a block away before it exploded. The statement of Adams is true. The statement of Rico is false. If dynamite had been detonated by an electric battery and clock, Rico would not have been here to tell the story. It would not take two seconds for the clock to turn one quarter around and Rico could not have jumped up and got out of the range of the blow. This infernal machine was planted there by some one known to those who found it. This is another example of the fairness of the prosecution. To hang a man with the facts is a terrible thing. To hang him with perjury is a dastardly crime.

But there was another plant at Zeehandelar's. It was in a valise this time. It was wrapped in Los Angeles papers. It sat out in front of the house in full view. It was found about ten oclock by the girl. Mr. Henderson also saw it. Do you remember Mr. Henderson? He is the man who says he saw the man in the basement of the Times building, trying to escape at the North window. The flames were roaring and gradually engulfing him. Henderson made no effort to assist the man from this burning tomb, but told him to go back into the flames while he (Henderson) went around to the fire department and watched them put out the fire. He did nothing and said nothing to release the unfortunate man from his terrible position. It was this man Henderson, who unwrapped the Zeehandelar infernal machine. He had seen them "just before in Chicago." Doubtless he had made them. He was familiar with them, and knew how to put them together. Perhaps he had prepared this one. The clock was wound too tight. Yet they turned it while they were there. They tinkered with it, and examined it, and fixed it, and then turned it over to the police. The dynamite had no stamp upon it. Not one of all the witnesses saw the eighty percent stamp upon it until after it was taken to the jail. Everyone was asked the question, "Did you see the eight percent dynamite stamp there?" Every one answered, "No." One is found to believe that the dynamite was shifted and that the stuff they claimed was dynamite was placed in the package with eighty percent wrappers upon it.

Come, let us see how far one could run while the clock is turning round. One—two seconds. Could Rico run half a block in two seconds? Was he on his knees when the clock began to turn? Did he get a block away in two seconds? Or is that a lie? They would have you believe that there were sixteen pounds of eighty percent dynamite in that valise, and that it would blow twelve inch steel beams out of their sockets

twenty-eight feet away and that he escaped without injury.

The fact is that no clock was in the Otis valise. That package was exploded by a fuse.

The fact is that the wrappers in the Zeehandelar package were exchanged for other wrappers marked eighty percent.

The fact is that the Times building was not exploded by dynamite, but by gas.

The fact is that the six inch beam was not broken by dynamite, but by the falling machinery.

The fact is that the south end of the tank was not caved in by a blow from dynamite, but by a falling lathe.

The fact is that the twelve-inch iron beams were not driven from their sockets by dynamite, but by the falling cornice from the top of the five-story brick wall on the south side of the alley.

The fact is that the hole was not driven through the wall nor the arch blown down.

The fact is that Mr. Haggerty looked through the door and the arch and wall were intact.

The fact is that the floor of the alley was not blown down into the cellar by the explosion.

The fact is that the men under the floor were not injured by the falling floor nor by the explosion.

The fact is that Haggerty moved eighteen feet and was then struck by some object and killed.

The fact is that dynamite will not ignite oil, and will not shoot upwards, but strikes a blow with equal force in every direction.

The fact is that gas exploded and shot upthrough the roof and burned the building.

The fact is that the stuff in San Francisco was never brought to Los Angeles, and played no part in this calamity.

Now listen! O'Brian, the man who found the dynamite in San Francisco, states that it was marked Giant powder. Mr. Ryan, who doubtless would likewise have testified, having been brought by the prosecution, was not put on the stand. He is an officer of the San Francisco police courts. We brought him, and when put on the stand, he said that the box was full of eighty percent Giant powder. Remember the box was full. During that night only one man was there. The next time the box was examined the eighty percent Giant powder had been removed and replaced by forty percent powder.

The stuff in Los Angeles was in the police station. It was under guard acording to the testimony of the officers. It was taken to the Grand Jury, under guard, and examined. Thence it was taken back to the police station. Thence it was taken in a box out to a quarry and there it has been kept ever since. Mr. Davidson swore that he knew absolutely that it was not exchanged for other material.

Where is this stuff? Where is the stuff that was found in San Francisco? All the boxes in San Francisco were taken back to the Giant Powder company for safe keeping.

After this defendant was arrested, Mr. Keyes, and others, went to San Francisco and caused the powder to be destroyed. They knew it was not the same stuff that had been brought from Zeehandelar's.

They sent one stick to the Giant Powder company for analysis. The chemist testified before the Grand Jury that one of the sticks examined was Dupont powder.

All the stuff that they so carefully guarded before and after it was submitted to the Grand Jury, was taken to Mr. Home, as he swore, and put under the care of Mr. Davidson in the magazine at the quarry.

What has become of this dynamite? Have they saved it for evidence? Did they save the San Francisco stuff for evidence? No. All the San Francisco stuff was destroyed. They said it was too dangerous to keep. They had kept it five years, but now it was too dangerous to hold longer. Schmidt was arrested. In a few months he would come to trial. But the dynamite was too dangerous to keep. It was not dangerous as dynamite, but it was dangerous as evidence.

They did not dare to compare it with the dynamite at the quarry. It was not the same stuff. If it were shown to be different it would let the innocent go free and convict the guilty.

What was done with the stuff at the quarry? It, too, was destroyed. It, too, was dangerous. Terribly dangerous, this stuff.

Every man who took the stand and swore that they destroyed it because it was dangerous, perjured himself to hang an innocent man. It was not dangerous. They knew it was not dangerous. Davidson and Ford knew it was no more dangerous than a lump of mud. They knew it was not dynamite. They knew it would not explode. They knew it could not be exploded. They were hiding evidence that would free the innocent and expose the guilty. Davidson let the cat out of the bag when he testified that, "We took ten sticks, divided them into blocks of two sticks each, and then put a fresh stick of forty percent with each two sticks to detonate the (dangerous) eighty percent dynamite."

What an explosion of dangerous dynamite! Why divide it into five piles of two sticks each? Why five explosions? Why put one forty percent stick with two eighty percent sticks? If the eighty percent stuff was dangerous, could it not be exploded? Would it be less dangerous by adding a stick of forty percent stuff?

Is the criminal lie not glaring in every statement of these men? One stick of forty percent stuff was placed there to deceive the witnesses. Ten sticks in a pile would do great havoc, but two sticks would not do much, and the witnesses were deceived by dividing the stuff into small lots and exploding it with one forty percent stick.

The fact is that the two sticks of eighty percent were not eighty percent. They were not dynamite at all. They were a "plant" placed at Zeehandelar's. They knew what it was. They knew it looked like dynamite but they knew it was not dynamite. They thought it could be concealed. They undertook to deceive you and to hang this man with a lie. Ford knew it was a lie. Davidson knew it was a lie. Woolwine knew it was a lie. You may hang a man with a rope, but do not hang him with a lie.

Listen! Mr. Miller the city chemist was taken to the quarry to examine this dangerous stuff. He reported to the District Attorney that is was not dynamite.

Woolwine had this same chemist in his office just before these men testified and Mr. Miller said it was not dynamite and would not explode. Mr. Miller was able to produce his tests, but Mr. Woolwine turned his back upon the truth and brought forth perjured testimony.

He would not put Mr. Miller on the stand. By a strange coincidence we found Mr. Miller. We put him on the stand. He produced his tests. He is a competent chemist. He is good enough for this great city when the health of its citizens is at stake, but not mean enough to conceal the crimes of its District Attorney. He is the city chemist of Los Angeles.

What did Miller say? He said there was no dynamite in this stuff. He said it would not explode. This is the stuff found at Zeehandelar's. This is the stuff that was dangerous. This is the lie that is to disgrace union labor and hang an innocent man.

Will you hang him with this lie? No, you will not do it. But you will believe this defendant.

You will know he told the truth when he said he met J. B.

(Continued on Page 38)

Humanism

By Dr. Franz Marne

"HUMANISM," the new and rapidly-prevailing philosophy, started about a generation ago by Professor Pierce of Harvard, as "Pragmatism," left undeveloped by him, and given to the world by Professor William James, of Harvard, not many years ago, in "Pragmatism," "The Will to Believe," "Varieties of Religious Experience," and a host of articles in technical magazines, is now, as for ten or more years since Professor James' death, propounded, explained and defended by E. C. S. Schiller, of Oxford University. It is winning its way very swiftly in all civilized nations.

Humanism denies any value whatever to the ancient and present philosophies as in any way sources of truth and demands a radically new logic in philosophy. The old philosophies are all built upon certain alleged "intuitions," "postulates," or assumed "universal truths," differing with each philosophy, all of which Humanism denies to be more than guesses and of no value as foundation for a system of "truth." They—the old systems—pretend to be results of "pure reason," human "reason" divorced entirely from other parts of human nature, and working strictly according to the old "formal logic;" as Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." Humanism says that "pure reason" is pure nonsense, human reasoning being always guided chiefly by human emotions and wills; and the "formal logic" of "pure reason" is formal nonsense, our reason never working in accordance with its "laws," but always swayed by desires, hatreds, fears, and wills.

Humanism denies that there are any universal, intuitive, or revealed "truths," humanity slowly working out all such notions in its slow evolution. "Truth is that which works"—hence "Pragmatism" as the method of the new Humanism; "Practicalism" it means; truth recognized and proved out only by testing, experimenting; as in modern science, so in every region of human thought and effort. Hence "truth" is never more than a working hypothesis to be tested by experiment, to be dropped the moment it is replaced by truer "truth." All long-cherished beliefs are to be received not as 'truths" enduring, but as human attempts to find out truth, and to be tested each in turn. Modern science must be the firmest basis we can yet find for foundation "truths," because its pragmatic method is the only sound one. It is basal only in so far as it confines its statements of "truth" to its own physical sphere; and then Metaphysics may come in to build on science foundations such probable "truths" about invisible things or beings as human desires, thinking and will-to-believe make probable enough to lead one to active faith. So that "religion is betting one's life that there is a God," and the religion of Jesus is betting one's life that God is the loving Father of Jesus, and acting as nearly as possible accordingly, just as Buddhism is betting one's life on the divine inspiration of Mohammed, Christian Science betting one's life on the divine inspiration of Mrs. Eddy, etc., etc.

In a study of Humanism for practical purposes—which every thinking person should make—one may read first Professor Schiller's "Humanism." One should give a first rapid reading, not trying to work it all out critically, to understand everything, but just to get the run and feel of it; for Schiller is a lineal successor to William James in his incomparable lucidity, freedom from technical terms (to an extent unknown by other philosophers), and engaging and illuminating humor, and his drift and argument can mostly be thus appreciated by the unaccustomed lay reader. HE HAS WON OXFORD, the ancient stronghold of the old philosophies and formal logic, so that William James had a great hearing there and its rigidity of centuries is now breaking up to let in this new light—upon which indeed the whole world, excepting professional philosophers, has heretofore moved—of Humanism.

Schiller's latest book is "Studies In Humanism," being replies to critics of "Humanism," and might be taken next.

His earliest book, published anonymously years ago, "Riddles of the Sphinx," is two-thirds a refutation of the older philosophies by their own impossible inconsistencies and errors and differences, and one-third the outline of Humanism.

His "Axioms As Postulates" is a single article in Henry Sturt's "Personal Idealism," and shows the foolishness of building on any other assumed "truth" but that of modern science.

His "Formal Logic" riddles the old formal logic of "Pure Reason," and shows the way to the real human laws and ways of thought.

The books are expensive—now $3.25 each—but will have to be in libraries of the future until they may be replaced by better later expositions by disciples of Humanism. Dr. John Dewey is a thorough-going Humanist, but his writings are too technical for any but specialists who read up to the hour in technical philosophical writings.

The final chapter of "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" is confessedly built on the basis of Pragmatism, as is, of course, also the whole of Mr. Wells' "God, The Invisible King"; but it must be remembered in reading those pages that Mr. Wells is a new disciple, an amateur, a tyro in philosophy, and the real significance of Humanism must not be judged from his writings.

Are Socialists Anarchists?

(Continued from Page 23)

cause the United States needs them. We opposed preparedness because we believed that it was un-American and opposed to the dictum of that unquestionable patriot—George Washington—who, in his famous Farewell Address, solemnly warned the American people never to become involved in the diplomatic entanglements of European countries.

All of the candidates for president and vice-president of the Socialist party have been thorough Americans. Gene Debs, born in Indiana; Job Harriman, born in Indiana; Ben Hanford, Allan L. Benson, who traces his parentage to the "May flower"—these men, while internationalists and social revolutionists, are at heart thorough Americans, and have every national interest of America at heart.

The absurd charges of anarchism hurled at Socialists who opposed the war have no foundation in fact. Most of them have been the result of the insanity of patriotism to which most of our critics are now subject .

Patriotism most often, as somebody has aptly said, is the negation of the results of mental processes. It is the result of the instinct of herd-union—an inheritance of all gregarious animals. There is a natural craving for the expression of this instinct. And war provides an opportunity for men to flock together for a drink of this nectar of emotional patriotism. Men are then perfectly willing to be dead, provided they may be dead in a pile.

There are a few of us who believe that the grave national and international problems that press upon us for solution can be solved only by an unadulterated application of reason and commonsense. We have a deep distrust of the instinct of patriotism as a means of arriving at logical conclusions, and I do not believe that such a procedure proves that we are anarchists.

Do you?

Co-operation the World Over

Notes About the Chief Co-operatives Gleaned from Many Sources

The Strength of British Co-operation

The co-operative societies of Great Britain distribute nearly $1,000,000,000 worth of commodities to their members annually. The "profit," or more properly speaking, the savings to their members amount to $100,000,000 a year. Of this amount $65,000,000 are returned in cash to the members in the form of "dividends." The British Wholesale society supplies 1200 societies. It owns its own steamships. It has thirteen great warehouses. It gave $100,000 toward the construction of the Manchester Ship canal along which are its great flour mills. It is the largest purchaser of Canadian wheat. Its eight flour mills are the largest in Great Britain. These mills turn out 35 tons of flour every hour for the people who own the mills.—James Peter Warbasse

* * *

Co-operation—The Ideal

Who is so blind that he cannot see the establishment of "a state within a state", as Lord Rosebery has defined consumer's co-operation, a state without boundaries except the limits of the earth itself, without trade wars, without industrial autocracy, without hunger or poverty?

—E. Ralph Cheyney.

* * *

The California Fruit Exchange

Up to within a few years ago, fruit-marketing conditions in the state of California were wretched and the income of the fruit-grower an exceedingly precarious one. "Trimmed" by the questionable tactics of Eastern dealers, and driven to desperation by the dropping of selling prices to the lowest possible limits, a group of eighty growers assembled in January, 1901, in the city of Sacramento, and organized the "California Fresh Fruit Exchange." In 1907, a reorganization was affected and the name "California Fruit Exchange" was adopted.

The California Fruit Exchange is an organization controlled, operated and owned exclusively by friut growers. At the present time it is marketing for 1800 fruit growers. of California about 3000 carloads of fruit per year. By eliminating the wastes of competitive marketing, the highest possible net returns have been secured for the growers. The Traffic department of the Exchange has collected from transportation and refrigerating companies over $350,000 damages for its members. The Exchange also acts as a purchasing agent for the growers, buying at the lowest possible cost practically everything a grower needs to grow fruit.

So successful and so powerful has the Exchange become that it now considers the whole of America its selling field, and is extending its marketing facilities to Cuba and South America.

—GEORGE H. CUTTERN, President.

* * *

"I look upon co-operators as the salt of the working men."—Charles Kingsley.

"Of all the agencies which are at work to elevate those who labor with their hands, there is none so promising as the present co-operative movement."—John Stuart Mill.

* * *

Kalamazoo Co-operative Society

Our organization was started early in the Spring by a few people who have given the matter much thought and study for several years, and after acquainting themselves thoroughly with the plans which proved most successful in England. It seemed a psychological time for starting such an enterprise when all the necessities of life were steadily advancing.

Subscription cards were circulated calling for payment only when 300 shares had been subscribed (at $10 per share) and 200 members secured, the desire being to secure a membership large and loyal enough to support the store from the start by their purchases, so that we should not depend very largely upon transient trade.

A store was secured centrally located in the up-town district and a progressive manager hired who was experienced in the retail grocery business. The store was opened for business on April 16th, and for the balance of the month did a business of a little less than $2000. The total business for the first quarter or ten weeks (not counting the first two weeks in April) was in excess of $17,000, the June sales alone being more than $9000, and the stock of goods being turned over about five times in that period of ten weeks.

Our present membership is something over 300 and we are adding about seven to ten new ones each week, practically all of the soliciting being done in the store. We are doing a business of about $2000 a week.

Our plan of selling at the regular market prices, and then returning dividends on the purchases, is adopted from the English rules which have proven wonderfully successful in that and other European countries, and which rules we have followed very closely in formulating our organization. We pay 5 percent on our share capital or stock, which is 2 percent better than the local banks are paying.

Our dividends for the first quarter were 5 percent on purchases to members, and 2½ percent to non-members. We expect this will be considerably increased the second quarter ending September 30th.

Other co-operative stores are being organized in neighboring cities, and we believe our organization is founded upon such sound principles, with a working plan so complete that we shall become a nucleous around which will gather many successful organizations, whose growth will develop wholesale possibilities, as well as manufacturing and farming enterprises and distribution systems that will lift many of the burdens carried with so much difficulty by those who live by their labor.

Thanking you for the opportunity to have expression through your publication, and with very kind regards, I am, sincerely yours,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Manager.

* * *

Co-operatives Save Russia from Anarchy

The co-operative movement which has played the role of a decisive factor in the latest crisis wil be felt as the most powerful constructive force in all the further developments of the Russian revolution. This is force in al the further developments of the Russian revolution. This is the only social movement which reaches almost every Russian village and represents the real spirit of the country. Not long ago the Russian co-operative movement celebrated its fifty years anniversary, and it was calculated that at that moment there were over 35,000 co-operative organizations in Russia, with a membership of almost 12,000,000.

Co-operation is most prevalent among the peasants and every member of a co-operative organization represents a whole family.

We cannot but accept the estimate offered by the present Secretary of Supplies, Mr. Prokopovitch, who is a recognized authority on the Russian co-operative movement, that the total actual membership of the Russian co-operative organizations approaches 60,000,000. Modern armies, which are numerically much smaller than the above figure, are often, and quite justly, spoken of as an "armed people." What shall we say then about the army of the Russian co-operative movement, which numbers in its ranks about one-third of the great country's total population!

The recent Russian elections resulted in practically complete victory for the liberal Socialist element, with the elimination of radicals of both reactionary and revolutionary tendencies. One phenomenon of the election, however, was the selection of a vast number of officials wtihout any party affiliation and their influence will be great in shaping affairs in the new republic.—Seattle "Union Record."

Upton Sinclair's

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE:

For a Clean Peace and the Internation.

Price Ten Cents a Copy. $1 a Year

Ten Yearly Subscriptions for $5.

¶ Because this is the greatest crisis in human history, and because I have something of importance to say about it, I have begun the publication of a magazine.

¶ If in the past anything that I have written has brought pleasure or enlightenment to you, I ask you now to read what I have to say in this magazine.

¶ If you can't risk a subscription, drop me a card for a sample copy free.

UPTON SINCLAIR

1497 Sunset Avenue, Pasadena, California

BOOKS and READING

By D. Bobspa

TEN COMMANDMENTS OF SOCIALISM

By Robert Addison Dague

I. Thou shalt not own for profit the crude or raw materials provided by Nature such as lands, water, fuel, minerals, air, sunlight, electricity, and other public necessities and utilities, which all the people must use to live. These should be owned by the people collectively.

II. Six days shalt thou labor at some useful occupation, with head or hands, and receive the full value of thy toil; and thou shalt not steal from others the rewards of their labor by means of speculation, monopoly, stock-watering, interest, rent, or profits.

III. Thou shalt not worship PROFITS as thy God (because profits is the getting of values from others without rendering an equivalent therefor). Thy God shall be Infinite Intelligence, whose attributes are justice, wisdom and love.

IV. Thou shalt keep seven days of each week holy by dealing justly with thy fellowmen and doing unto all others as thou wouldst that they should do unto thee.

V. Thou shalt honor thy father and mother, also all men and women and shall provide pensions for all whose age exceeds sixty years, sufficient for their support the remaining years of their life.

VI. Thou shalt provide maternity homes for all prospective mothers. . . . . .

VII. Thou shalt not require children to work in shops, mines, or mills, or other industries, but shall send them to school, where they may be educated free of expense to themselves.

VIII. Thou shalt promote and maintain the equal social, political, and religious rights and privileges of men and women alike.

IX. Thou shalt have unrestricted liberty to enjoy such religion as thy conscience approves (if it is not detrimental to the public welfare) and thou shalt defend the right of all others to the same privilege; and thou shalt at all times defend the people's right to freedom of speech, free assemblage, a free press, free public schools, and religious liberty.

X. Thou shalt by thy ballot and by all other legal means at thy command, do all thou canst do to abolish the competitive system of industrialism, under which, for profit, men compete, contend, cheat, fight, rob, and kill . . . . .

THIS GOOD COMRADE DAGUE

The above commandments are a part of the newest book from that grand old fighter for Socialism and Spiritualism, R. A. Dague. Comrade Dague, for ten years hopelessly bed-ridden, shut-in, is as optimistic and enthusiastic at seventy-seven as he was forty years ago, when he began a national career as a Spiritualist writer.

These Ten Commandments of Socialism are from his vital book, "The Twentieth Century Bible." Get it, comrades. It is published by The Progressive Thinker Publishing House, 106 Loomis Street, Chicago, Ill. The price is 75 cents, postpaid. The little book can be carried in the pocket, and it will pay all comrades to have it close at hand to study often.

There have been many bibles, none of them final or infallible. Dr. Dague, scholar, lawyer, writer, lawmaker, editor, and comrade, standing at the apex of a long, active and useful career, has felt the fires of inspiration in writing this Twentieth Century Bible. It is one of the truly significant books of the age.

Senator Dague is one of the rarest comrades of our times, like Debs and Phifer, a forerunner of he better day. For the past few years I have been trying to bring before the Socialist, labor and radical forces the spiritual message of the new era of Humanism. This is the work these men have been doing. Comrades will do well to examine the stirring appeals of Eugene V. Debs in this light; to get in touch with the work of Lincoln Phifer in his magazine, "The New World"; and by all means to study, to own and cherish, R. A. Dague's Twentieth Century Bible.

Comrade Dague writes me that his religion is Socialism; that Spiritualism is a science. Many of the world's clearest thinkers have felt and freely expressed this idea—Lincoln, Wallace, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Greeley, William Lloyd Garrison, and hundreds upon hundreds more of their type. His Twentieth Century Bible gives the ten commandments of Spiritualism; contains the modern beatitudes of the twin forces of Socialism and Spiritualism.

There is a lofty, inspired tone to the chapters of this volume; a beauty and simplicity of language; and the sincerity of a noble soul. The writer has produced his masterpiece here. It is distinctly a book for ALL people. None but would profit by its study. The simple faith—knowledge based upon scientific demonstration, the result of a life of service for humanity; the cumulative knowledge of a figure cast in heroic mold is here condensed into inspired paragraphs of a message devotional, practical and prophetic.

MAGAZINE TALK

"The Dead Line" for January begins the second lap of its career with a bang-up style that is most satisfying to the newspaper profession and the writing fraternity in general. But it is worth while for general circulation as an educative journal. If you want an intimate view of the men who write your papers, magazines and books—views penned by themselves—you can get it nowhere outside ot "The Dead Line."

De Lysle Ferree Cass is big chief of the enterprise and without him we who write would be without this friendly organ. Cass is 100 percent there. There with both feet, willing to live an ideal and with the grit and brains to make good at it. I have been asked to accept a place on the advisory board of this magazine. Glad to accept, for a man like Cass and a magazine like "The Dead Line" is worthy of any man's most earnest support. It is a magazine deluxe. But it's on solid earth. (189 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.)

* * *

Two suppressed essays of David Hume, to be found only in a small edition of 1773, are reprinted in the December number of "The Open Court." Dr. Paul Carus, editor, secured a book from the Yale University Library to copy these long-suppressed essays on "Suicide" and "On the Immortality of the Soul." Another interesting contribution along similar lines is General Von Moltke's dissertation, "Consoling Thoughts on Earthly Existence and Confidence in an Eternal Life." The religious views of this stern old German officer are somewhat of a surprise. Taken with Hume's essay, we have the opposing sides of an important topic, as viewed by the past generation. The same issue of "The Open Court" contains an illustrated article on the rubber industry, showing the gathering of the rubber from the trees; also a valuable paper, "Speculation in Science and Philosophy," by John Wright Buckham. The magazine sells at ten cents a copy.

* * *

"The Little Review" for December lies on my desk. I have read all of it. It "isn't always so bad as it sometimes is" and the absence of pictures is a welcome relief. Even my benighed brain is able to extract some pleasure from some of the selections, but, as low in the scale of intelligence to me. But I'll not knock any more. I like to read the magazine, for there is more than enough stimulation in it to pay for it. Some original as it may brand me, I have yet to see anything in Ezra Pound that appeals musical criticisms by Margaret Anderson, contributions from Ezra Pound, May Sinclair, Wyndham Lewis, Louis Gilmore, Hart Crane and Israel Solon; and some translations from the Chinese poet, Po Chu I, are included inside the brilliant covers. I have no quarrel with those who like the esoteric in modern art.

MORE "KIDBOOKS"

Bob has had me read his "Kidbooks" this week; has listened to them from his mother; called upon his auntie to read them, and still demands a rehearing of the case. These two little books are really splendid stories for children—"Nixie Bunny in Faraway Lands" and "The Teenie Weenies."

In "Nixie Bunny" many interesting facts are learned of foreign peoples and other lands. The Bunny gentleman and his following of rabbits catch and hold the attention of the child. As supplementary readers in school or for individual children in the home, the "Nixie Bunny" series are among the best to be found. They are written by Joseph C. Sindelar.

A close second in interest is William Donahey's "The Teenie Weenies." Seventy color pictures and a few verses help to make the doings of the wee bit folks of interest. The Teenies do what most children do.

Both these books sell for 45 cents each. They are clean, wholesome, educational and entertaining material. (Beckley-Cardy Co., 312 Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill.)

Moonlight

(Continued from Page 13)

had an open honesty, and his kindness permitted no satire. His humor and spontaneity were always bubbling up and sparking in grey-blue eyes that had a clean, young look. His voice was free and firm, of the out-doors, with a freshness untouched by cynicism; a happy voice always—and sometimes so tender! His whole face was good to look upon. There was not a line in it to tell of an unclean deed or thought. His skin had a glow that proclaimed regular habits, and his hair was crisp and virile, and yet boyishly soft. And he was tall, broad, well-knit, powerful—his tenderness being the more tender because it came from strength.

But looking it all over dispassionately, she saw that her father was right. Joe was as good as far as he went—only he didn't go far enough. At school, she had learned to require more depth in a man. Yet, no one else she had met could supply the thrill that Joe's presence had always given. No one else by his absence could give her that sense of emptiness, nor could the approach of anybody else send the blood to her creeks, the gladness through her veins. Must she admit to herself, that what she had considered "love" two years before, was only physical attraction? She shuddered. The thought was disgusting. Such an emotion was henceforth to be ruled out of her life—so she had decreed after she had understood the matter from her reading.

And yet, as she stood there in the wonder of the evening, in her was surging the world-old call of love. Was it physical love? Or the esthetic love of the nature-world about her? She could not know. She looked about her again at the dewey beauty of a night, glorified by the rising moon. The same moon that had given her the same feeling two years before! In the magic of that moon, she could surrender as gladly as she had surrendered, in those days before she had gained the knowledge that left her knowing as little as she had before.

The sweetness of those days came rushing back to her. How much meant the old pasture gate with its overhanging elms? How often she had met him there in the summer evenings on a Sunday, when he came down from his home a mile away! Sometimes he would be walking—sometimes riding. She liked the riding best. It was romantic to hear the clope, clope of horses' hoofs, pounding at a dead run for a long way up the road. She could tell just when he would slow down, dismount, come over to the gate. She would always be hiding behind the tree, and he would always pretend to wait for her, as though he did not know she was there!

But the dearest secret had been the letters, in the crack of the old weathered gate post. Every evening he would leave a note there, and every morning, gathering fresh flowers for the house she would pass, get it, and hide a letter there for him. No matter how hard he worked all day, how late at night he had to come, she never failed to find a message. How faithful he had been then! Was he now? And did he think of her—of her "love that would never die?"

The moon swam out of a cloud, and the golden light gave more reality to the scene. The hedges opposite, along the road, shimmered in silver, and the gray fence posts glowed until they were lost in the distance. The breeze stirred uneasily in the elms. It had been just like this the last night they were together here—the night before her father told her the story. They had talked of her leaving for college next year, and even the thought of losing him then had filled her with a strange foreboding. She lived over that scene again, and she clung to the old gate, just as she had clung to him that night. She seemed to feel again the tender strength of his arms—the warmth of his cheek. "Joe—Joe" she murmured again and again.

A sound in the distance roused her. She smiled at her own foolishness at a sudden fancy, but she permitted her fingers to stray down the crack of the old post. She felt something stiff. She started, hastily withdrawing her hand. Then, feeling again, her incredulous fingers produceed to view in the moonlight—an envelope.

She burned, and her heart pounded away—it seemed as loud as horses' hoofs in the distance. She paused, listening, her fingers crushing the paper nervously.

It was the sound of hoofs!

Nearer and nearer it came. She slipped behind the trunk of the old elm. Nearer, faster—as fast as Joe used to come. She almost expected the rider to slow up, just behind the curve in the road as Joe had. He was slowing up. Again she felt her pulses pounding. She shrank back further in terror, as she heard the horse fall into a trot, then walk, then stop in front of the gate. Someone was getting off.

Cold fear held her breath. At night—out of call of the house! Footsteps approached the gate and stopped. She heard a fumbling.

A suppressed voice muttered, "Fool! Someone might find that."

A moment of silence. Then the voice: "Gone!" The expression was one of dismayed surprise, repeated blankly, almost a question.

She heard the gate creak. The chain was being unfastened. A man's figure came inside and leaned over the post She could see the outlines in the moonlight.

Her heart had quite stopped now. The man stood still with bowed head. At last he said in scarcely audible tones:

"Jim, you don't know you're here to night, but you are."

Suddenly he wheeled around, for a cry had escaped the girl. She came out of the shadow and stood before him. He head whirled, and the words he heard seemed unreal:

"Joe! Joe! You didn't know I was here tonight, but I am."

For a moment they stood, trying to believe their senses. For a moment the moon seemed to shine more brightly on their faces, lighting them beyond doubt. The shadows of the leaves wavered uncertainly.

And the light faded, as the shadows of the figures blended into each other.

—o—

To Our Readers

WHAT FEATURES IN THE WESTERN COMRADE AND IN THE LLANO COLONIST DO YOU LIKE TO READ BEST?

What one thing in each of the Llano Publications appeals to you most? Which do you first wish to read when you pick up the magazine or the newspaper? Is it fiction? Is it the articles on some phase of the Socialist movement? Is it the contributions of general and non-Socialist interest? Is it the monthly article describing the activities of the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony? Is it the notes on co-operation, the reviews of books, or Comrade Harriman's editorials?

Write at once. Tell us the three kinds of matter which you like most in the WESTERN COMRADE, in the order of what you consider their importance.

While we have, we believe, a fair idea of what our readers like, we wish to proceed upon more definite and accurate information.

Let us hear from you as soon as possible.

—THE LLANO PUBLICATIONS.

—o—

A Possible Exception

Teacher.—"Now children, if you want to learn anything well you must begin at the bottom.

Boy (at the foot of class)—"How about swimming, teacher?"

Towards Autocracy

Consider these quotations:

"There are men in all countries who get their living by war and by keeping up the quarrels of nations, is as shocking as it is true; but when those who are concerned in the government of a country make it their study to sow discord and cultivate prejudices between nations, it becomes the more unpardonable.

"There are thousands who live by war; it is their harvest, and the clamor which these people keep up in the newspapers and conversation passes unsuspiciously for the voice of the people, and it is not until the mischief is done that the deception is discovered."

The above statements are not culled from current Socialist literature. The were written more than a century ago by the man who was the first to urge American independence, who was later banished from England for his defence of the Rights of Man, and who was then elected a member of the French Convention in recognition of his services to humanity—Thomas Paine. His wide experience in international affairs invests his utterances on such a matter with authority.

Though written upwards of a hundred years ago, Paine's observations apply with even greater force today. The hope had been nurtured that the present war would produce so strong a feeling of revulsion among the people's of Europe and America that in the future they would utterly reject everything that made for war. But instead, here in America military schemes so reactionary that three years ago no man in public life could afford frankly to espouse them, are being gravely discussed by our great newspapers and pompous statesmen as the future law of the land.

We already have war-time conscription. We now have the prospective introduction into Congress of a bill designed to establish a comprehensive system of compulsory military service. In a land that we are credibly informed was "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the propostion that all men are credited equal," we are in danger of being stampeded ito adopting a system that would make liberty a distant hope, and would transform the semblance of democracy that we enjoy into something more than a semblance of oligarchy.

The creation of tremendous armies perpetually training to destroy each other! The pyschological effect of such a condition in engendering national antagonisms would be difficult to over-estimate.

Conscription is the friend of princes, not people's. It is the natural enemy of liberty. Its songs are the songs of hate. It plays into the hands of the forces of reaction. Its end is not peace, but war.

Fervently praying for peace, we feverishly work for war.

It is like longing for a sight of the pastures of peace, yet insisting on boarding a train that is bound for the city of strife.

—ALEC W. WATKINS

* * *

Some Hat—At That

With a wild sweep the wind torearound a sudden corner and removed the hat rrom the head of a respectable and nera-sighted citizen who chanced to be passing.

Peering wildly round, the man thouhgt he saw his hat in a yard, behind a high fence. Hastily climbing over, he started to chase it, but each time he thaught he had caught it, it got yet another move on.

Then a woman's angry voice broke on his ears.

"What are you doing there?" she demanded shrilly.

He explained mildly that he was only trying to retrieve his hat. Whereupon the woman said, in wonder:

"Your hat? Well, I don't know where it is, but that's our little black hen your'e chasing."—"Woman's Journal."

Freedom of Speech

(Continued from page 10)

their blood ran? Is it no permanent harm that tens of thousand of people have bent to coercion and so lost a part of that pride in their own strength which is essential to good citizenship? Is it no harm that the temporary differences between a great leader and some of the most liberal elements in the country has already been made permanent? And finally, in the conduct of the war itself, is it no harm that the man who cries for the extermination of every German strengthens the morale of the Kaiser's armies with each word; while those who could most readily convince the Germans that not all the United States is fighting for territorial or industrial conquest because they would not have warred at all are treated as criminals, both by our government and our people?

* * *

Co-operation promotes independence, prevents pauperism and helps people to rise above the demoralizing influence of charitable gifts. Its constant aim is to give hopefulness to workingmen, lessen the inequalities that exist, and to diffuse more evenly and more humanely the luxuries and wealth of he world.—British-Canadian Co-operative Society.

Can I Afford It?

How many times a day do you have to stop and ask that question? You would like a nice house to live in; you would like good clothes to wear; you would like good food to eat; you would like to travel; you would like to have some pleasure in life. You want all these things, but continually we of the working class who produce all these things must stop and ask: "Can we afford it?"

And ninety-nine times out of a hundred the answer is, "No, we cannot afford it." So we either go without or we live in a hovel, wear shoddy clothes, eat cheap food, travel on foot, and sneak an occasional dime for a picture show. And why? The workers made it all. We build the houses, grow the wheat, feed the cattle, weave the cloth. We have made all of the things which we cannot afford to buy. Did you ever stop and ask why? Why don't you stop and ask why? Wouldn't you like to know? It is because we have power and don't know how to use it.

Never was a wiser word said than J. A. Wayland's statement: "To remain ignorant is to remain a slave." There is just one thing you cannot afford to do without, and that is an education. When the workers KNOW and realize their power, they will live in the houses they have built, wear the clothes they have woven, eat the food they have prepared. If you want to help yourself to all of these things, begin today to complete your education. The People's College belongs to the working class. Let us help you get that education. Clip the coupon below and mail it to us today. Put a cross before the course you are interested in.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY.

PEOPLE'S COLLEGE,
FORT SCCOTT, KANSAS

Dear Comrades:—Please send me full information concerning the Course which I have marked with a cross.

.....Law	.....Elementary Arithmetic
.....Plain English	.....Advanced Arithmetic
.....Advanced English	.....Elementary Bookkeeping
.....Public Speaking	.....Complete Bookkeeping
.....Commercial Law	.....Shorthand
.....Penmanship	.....Algebra

Name.....

Address.....

The Painted Pigeon

(Continued from Page 25)

ones began to assert themselves. Small irritations grew to great ones; old scores were remembered; and, being armed to the teeth it was easy to guess the answer. And, sure enough, trouble broke out in all directions. Red war was ablaze all over the world in less than two weeks. The sight was sublime. The English at the time had a greater fleet of Dreadnaughts than the Germans and utterly annihilated the latter, and the great fleet of Zeppelins was torn to pieces in a storm while trying to invade the British Isles.

The Agragarians of Mexico took advantage of the withdrawal of foreign money from military despotism and easily won back their lands, which they were about to divide, when some planted Mexicans on the border raided an American town, and of course, the government had to send troops into that country to show the rebels their places.

By the end of December every country in the world was prostrate from exhaustion except Great Britain and America, while America put all her eggs into a new type called the Fearnit class. It was exactly opposite to the British Dreadnaughts. Though quite as large, it had thousands of small guns of tremendous energy. Everything vital to the ship was submerged—even the guns being worked from below. The superstructure was built of pines, like their military masts. Thus they could run close to the cumbersome big vessels and pour in a fire as from a thousand hoses—at the same time present a skeleton battle front to the enemy. They claimed that even though the big guns should strike them, the projectile would pass right through, and at its worst, carry away only twenty or thirty small guns.

These fleets did not meet until January tenth. The battle was fought off the New Atlantic and lasted two days. The din and roar was awful. Ship after ship on both sides sank with all on board. The end of the first day found the Union Jack floating over the island—now cool enough to land on.

However, the victory was temporary, for the next morning the Americans, in a splendid exhibition of seamanship and marksmanship, managed to send the last of the British vessels to its doom.

At the end of the battle only one American ship remained afloat, and it immediately raised the Stars and Strips over the conquered island.

No sooner had the small boat returned from its patriotic labor and the news flashed to America than the great ship began to settle—and almost before they knew what was happening the huge creature pitched forward and with one tremendous plunk sank to the bottom of the sea.

This battle was the closing scene of the war. America was acknowledged the victor in the greatest war of all time, and though the sacrifice had been great the prize was worth it.

A new Peace Conference was called at The Hague to negotiate a treaty. It was a very different gathering than the one held only six short months ago. Bent and broken in spirit, the delegates filed up to the Speaker's desk and signed the covenant for their respective countries that gave to America the prize. They knew now that the Great Republic was supreme and would arrogantly dominate the trade of the world.

But as the last name was signed to the treaty a wonderful commotion arose, for it was noticed that Carrie Pax was flapping violently against a large stained glass window of Andrew Carnegie. In his excitement an Irish member hurled a book right through the Tiffany features of the great Peace Maker, and Carrie staggered into the hallowed temple.

Bewildered and weak, she flapped aimlessly about, trying to find a mural painting with a hole in it. Finally she flopped fainting onto the Speaker's desk. Her features were burned and one leg was broken. Occasionally she would raise her head as though to speak.

A great silence fell over the august gathering. No one dared to move.

At last, with a supreme effort, Carrie raised herself up on one leg, and clearing her throat, began:

"Father," she gasped, "something has gone wrong. When I left here I was full of your wonderful message. I started out to deliver it, but I seemed to be speaking out of turn, for I found few who cared to listen.

"And then came the great struggle for that fool island—it was awful, though even I, a sentimental woman, could understand the importance of it; but now that it's all over I've hurried back to you with a sad tale—the island has disappeared again!"

"Gone!" shrieked the American delegate. "My God! Carrie, what do you mean?"

But Carrie had begun to giggle hysterically and she found it difficult to go on.

However, between laughs she managed to tell them that when she was hurrying back to the conference and was about half way across the Atlantic she heard a terrible noise below her. Looking down she saw Atlantis disappearing again into the Atlantic.

"As I passed over the spot," she said, "where once the proud flag of America floated from the top of the battle-scarred mountain, I saw rising to the surface, bubbles some red, some white, and some blue. I'd never seen any bubbles before—oh, they were beautiful! But when I began to think about that island I began to laugh, and say, I thought I'd die before I got here. I could'nt hold my sides and fly, too. To think——"

But she went off into peals of laughter she couldn't control.

Finally, she just rolled over and died.

Did they bury her?

They did not. They just put her back in the pictures, on the tombstones, and on the letterheads of the Peace societies.

The Twentieth Century Bible

By R. A. Dague

"Every page of it holds spiritual refreshment for the thirsty soul."—Eugene V. Debs.

Price 75c

Address: THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER
106 Loomis Street, Chicago, Ill.

NOW IS THE TIME TO TAKE
INSTALMENT MEMBERSHIP

WHY?

¶ Write a letter to the Membership Department, and learn what your support means at this time.

Membership Department:
LLANO DEL RIO COLONY
Stables, Louisiana

Louisiana-ing un-de Luxe

(Continued from Page 17)

crew had supper we decided to go out a short distance and camp for the night, and get an early start for El Paso.

Leaving Deming with its lights, music and gaiety after nine o'clock, we crossed the bridge which was guarded by soldiers. We were stopped. When they saw our banners they volunteered the information that a similar car passed a few minutes ahead of us, which left word that El Paso was the next objective point, nearly one hundred miles ahead. We had already traveled 150 miles, but we felt fresh and strong. After a consultation we decided to go on. We then started over unknown roads, with very poor lights. Our lights were execrable. It was impossible to distinguish anything fifty feet ahead. Ten miles from Deming, Enoc decided to go to the left. We refused to follow, and bore to the right. We could see his light zigzagging back and forth as we gained the track and began paralleling it.

In a few minutes we overtook a broken down car and was about to pass when we thought we recognized Abe's red cap in the faint glare of the headlight. We halted and found they had attempted to fix a tire until they were exhausted. We gave them a tire. Soon they were ready and we decided to travel all night, if necessary, to reach El Paso.

A light to the left glaring steadily proved to be Enoc's car which raced toward us and crossed the track a half mile ahead.. We quickly overtook him and told him our intention. With approving yells from Suhre and the Van Nulands, we set out pell-mell on one of the wildest and most eerie rides of the trip.

Shadows and shapes of things crossed the road. Bushes suddenly appeared right in front of us and then disappeared. Occasionally yuccas leaned toward us as if to bar our progress, then suddenly swung back and let us pass. Imaginary animals ran into the road and openings appeared only to disappear when we were on them.

On we went, up grades, down gulches, over ruts and around bends. The shadows still bothered and caused us to slow down for imaginary horses and steers. Winding down a perfect road at 2 a.m., we crossed the Rio Grande on a steel bridge, and then began picking our way through tall rushes, jet darkness everywhere. We could hear the water rushing but could not see—the black road only intensified the impenetrable gloom. At 2:30 we arrived at a place we thought was the suburbs of El Paso. It proved to be Las Cruces, New Mexico. We fumbled a bit in getting out of Las Cruces, which got us all in a disagreeable state of mind. Each wanted to take a different road. At last we got on the Borderland highway which leads to El Paso.

The road seemed to rush, as a wall, toward us. It seemed upgrade, yet the road was perfectly level. Trees on the side loomed large and menacing; sentinels crossed and recrossed; fantastical bands of sheep got in the way; droves of cattle barred progress, and continually came and went. The road appeared to be ever turning to the right just beyond the range of the fitful light. Places so narrow it seemed impossible to wedge through, opened up when we got there and the same wide roads stretched on. The lights were getting lower and dimmer. Wavering from side to side, Babb would suddenly waken, straighten up, mutter something, then relapse into silence and sleep again.

At last he confessed he couldn't stay awake and I got over in his place. The car speeded up. Almost immediately we were in total darkness, the engine died, and the silence of the night settled down and the mist dropped dismally from the damp trees. Jess whizzed past and disappeared in the inky blackness. We were left alone, miserable, tired, nerves frayed and irritable, and ready to fight our nearest and dearest.

After several sullen attempts to start, we abandoned the effort. Babb and I curled up in the blankets and immediately fell asleep. Bruel and Kenney refused, and walked the highway till daylight, expressing unmentionable things in the meantime.

At daybreak we again attempted to start the engine, but it was eleven o'clock before we succeeded in making it run on two cylinders. Thus we got to El Paso at 3 p. m., breakfastless, dinnerless, and quite exhausted.

We stayed two days in El Paso, enjoying the southern sights, and left late on Monday afternoon, leaving Enoc and Monahan behind. We camped that night at Fabens, twenty-nine miles east.

We passed through the pretty and up-to-date Abilene and after many experiences of one sort and another, arrived at Fort Worth, the great soldier city of the southwest. Thousands of soldiers could be seen. After getting a comprehensive view of the place, we started for Dallas, thirty-five miles beyond. We stayed overnight at Dallas. Enoc and Jess were ahead, Monahan behind.

In the morning we left for Shreveport, La., 215 miles eastward. In the afternoon we overtook Jess who had broken down. We ate supper together, and decided to leave him and travel as far as the good roads lasted. The roads got better, the weather pleasant. We traveled on through the night and at midnight decided to reach Shreveport. The ride was delightful, as fine roads run through the great forests.

Leaving Shreveport next morning, we got directions to Stables, from our good friend the Ford man, and setting out on the Jefferson highway, began the last part of the journey.

Magnificent pine forests appeared and we understood why Louisiana is famous for her lumber industry.

Imagine our delight when we met Job Harriman and George Deutsch, some forty miles from the colony, on their way to Shreveport!

The way was through forests and over dim trails. But we managed it safely, and arrived at the colony after dark on December 4th, and were cordially and vociferously greeted by the big crowd on the hotel porch.

Thus ended our epoch-making and ever-to-be-remembered trip of 2305 miles from Llano, California, to Stables, Louisiana.

"Shall J. P. Morgan Own The Earth?"

—a booklet which PROVES, by photographed extracts from an official U. S. Government Report, that the Morgan wealth and power are twenty times greater than realized. How Morgan (after the war) can manipulate a "panic"; then buy cheaply control of all vital industries; dispossess YOU of wealth; reduce MILLIONS to abject slavery. How he keeps knowledge of this power suppressed; how newspapers are controlled; governments and legislatures corrupted. Price 50 cents—and your money back if not satisfied that the information given is well worth the price. Descriptive circular, testimonials, etc., free. Agents wanted. Address:

JACK PANSY, Publisher, P.O. Box LC-307, Grand Rapids, Mich.

M

..CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

WANTED.—BOOKS for the Colony Library; Fiction, Scientific Books, Books for Children, etc., Address: Editor, Western Comrade, Stables, La.

Pierre

(Continued from Page 18)

intact, and you can see. You are much better off than most fellows here."

"I am Pierre!" he explained. But the doors closed in his face.

Pierre felt the tragedy of being a man, for formerly he was a god, though a hideous, a mocked god. He was hungry, and he begged for work, but there were even now too many workers, and Pierre's hands, old and soft, could do nothing of value. Pierre grew thin and aged, and he could no longer drag his leg. He sat at the cross-roads, his hand outstretched, and whined. Nobody paid attention to him. Some murmured, "the lazy one!" others, "the shamless one, to beg of poor people."

And Pierre stretched out his hand less and less, and whined more and more feebly. And one day he lay down, at full length, and he seemed to have grown much taller, and much straighter, and he died of starvation and loneliness. He was buried among the heroes of the war, for they had forgotten who he was, and the priest made a long sermon on heroism and sacrifice.

Latter Day Saint-ism

(Continued from Page 11)

relative to Christ and His mission and led away from the truth, will have an opportunity in the world to come of accepting Christ as their Lord and King and becoming members of His church by approving the proxy work done by friends and relatives who are living, whose "hearts have been turned to their father's," etc. (Malachi, Chapter 4, verses 5:6). This is in line with 1 Peter, 4:6, "For this cause was the Gospel preached also to them that are dead that they might be **judged according to men in the flesh** but live according to God in the spirit."

Latter Day Saints believe "in the literal gathering of Israel and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes; that Zion will be built upon this continent, that Christ will reign personally upon the earth, and that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisiacal glory." To the end that this shall be accomplished, they lend their sympathy and moral aid to the Hebrew in his endeavors to regain the promised land of Palestine; to make of themselves a nation of free men. Thus it is self-evident that "Mormonism" so-called, has not been instituted for selfish purposes wherein a few men shall exploit the whole for their own aggrandizement, but it is for the good of all men, rich and poor, bound and free, living and dead.

This, in brief, tells something of the organization, doctrines, and inner workings of the Church. Its purpose is not only to make converts to its theology, but to establish brotherhood among the sons of men. It teaches that Amercia is the land of Zion and the land of promise spoken of in the old scriptures. That the law which shall eventually govern the whole earth will go forth from America; that the Constitution was God-inspired and the spirit of that act has gone abroad in all the world, modifying, shaping, and directing the governments thereof. When the spirit of "Mormonism" is fully understood and lived, there will be no more war, no more oppression of the hireling in his wage, no more robbing the widow of her rights. Then men will find a brother and a friend in all lands and have equal rights out on the seas and "under the sun." In achieving this, Mormonism expects to play its full part, maintaining and believing that aside from the **Gospel** of the Lord Jesus Christ there can be nothing that is desirable, praiseworthy or of good report; that it circumscribes all good and eschews all evil; that in order for the innate selfishness of men to be overcome, so when clothed upon with a little brief authority he will not exercise unjust dominion over his fellows, as manifested in bewildered Russia and bleeding Europe today, there must be a deep-seated religious conviction that Jesus is the Christ and that men must serve him if true peace and brotherhood obtains. It is this conviction in the past that has made martyrs of men for freedom's cause and that will weld nations into one homogeneous whole, thus ushering in the Messianic dispensation, a Theocratic Government, with Christ as King and the people sovereign.

"The Truth About The Medical Profession"

By John A. Bevan, M. D.
Columbia University
(Inventor of the Œsophagoscope)

Paper Bound, Postpaid **Price Fifty Cents**

The result of clinical and pathological researches at Guy's Hospital, London, and the Bellevue Hospital, New York.

BENEDICT LUST, N. D., D. O., D. C., M. D., writes: "The book is splendid and will help to enlighten many skeptics who still believe in medical superstition."

Prof. DAVID STARR JORDAN, M. D., writes: "I have looked over the book called 'The Truth About the Medical Profession.' There are a great many things that are forceful and truthfully said."

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW writes: "There are some quite interesting and important things in the book."

LLANO PUBLICATIONS, STABLES, LOUISIANA

"Something for nothing is the curse of the age."—Job Harriman

The Equitist

discusses the Source of the Power to get something for nothing, and shows how to destroy that power. It will interest you whether you agree or not.

Weekly, $1 a year; $1.50 to foreign countries. Sample on request. Edited and published by W. E. Brokaw, Longbranch, Washington.

ABSENT MEMBERS
INSTALMENT MEMBERS
WHERE ARE YOU?

We want to get the address of every instalment member and every absent member of the Llano del Rio Colony.

Many have not kept us informed of their whereabouts. We have information of importance for every instalment member. and absent member.

Readers of this notice are asked to assist us in getting in touch with these persons. We want to communicate with them at once.

Membership Department:
LLANO DEL RIO COLONY
Stables, Louisiana

Direct Mail Advertiser's Reference Book

Just from the press. A practical business encyclopedia for the direct mail advertiser. Covers entire field in its relation to your business.

The following partial table of contents shows some of the reasons why you should send for a complimentary copy of this valuable reference book:

"The economical efficiency of Direct Mail Advertising."
"How I found my livest prospects in five minutes."
"How to multiply your ability, experience and energy."
"Art, lithographing, and color printing club plan."
"How Purchasing Departments use Mailing Lists."
"The comparative value of 1c and 2c postage."
"Map graphic charts: population, agriculture, live stock, etc."
"Testing new plans and policies."
"Analytical advertising and sales promotion."
"Picture gallery of reasons why."
"Dealer help suggestions."
"Helping your salesmen."

The above is also a complete Mailing List encyclopedia, showing number of firms engaged in over 6000 different lines of Mfg., Jobbing and Retail Business; also Lists of Individuals. Counts by States given on many classifications. Our Lists are guaranteed 99% correct.

Send for your complimentary copy

Ross-Gould: *Creators and Producers of Direct Mail Advertising "From the Idea to the Mails." Sales analysis and advertising counsel on sales letters, booklets, folders, etc.*

Ross-Gould Mailing Lists St. Louis

Name
Firm
Ross-Gould 1045 Olive St. St. Louis

West. Com.

$1 And One NEW SUBSCRIPTION or RENEWAL to THE LLANO PUBLICATIONS (both, a year, for $1.00) will bring the BEAUTIFUL——————

Colony View Book

OF CALIFORNIA VIEWS—ALL REAL PHOTOGRAPHS (not reproductions) mounted in a substantial way in a handsome Album.

¶ This Colony View Book sells for $1.50. There is only a limited number.

THE LLANO PUBLICATIONS
Stables, Louisiana

Was Schmidt Guilty?

(Continued from Page 29)

Brice for the first time at Mrs. Lovin's house. That Brice came there with Mrs. Ingersoll and the doctor. That he did not telephone Brice. before that day. That he was never at the Argonaut hotel. That he was never in the office of the Giant Powder company. That he did not hire the boats "Pastmie" nor "Peerless." That he did not buy the letters. That he did not visit the Miramar cafe. That he did not go to the Giant Powder works. That he did not land at any of the wharfs with the "Peerless." That he did not place the powder in the O'Brian cottage. That he did not write the name Bryson, nor the advertisements. That he did not blow up the Times building, nor have any connection, directly or indirectly, with the explosion.

He denied every charge that they laid at his door. He took the stand like the man that he is. He made a statement without equivocation. Why did they not entangle him? They knew he was armed with the truth, and that his statement could not be successfully assailed.

They submitted the case, and we submit the case to you, with every confidence that you will acquit.

Your Prospective Customers

are listed in our Catalog of 99% guaranteed Mailing Lists. It also contains vital suggestions how to advertise and sell profitably by mail. Counts and prices given on 6000 different national Lists, covering all classes; for instance, Farmers, Noodle Mfrs., Hardware Dlrs., Zinc Mines, etc. *This valuable Reference Book free.* Write for it.

Strengthen Your Advertising Literature

Our Advertising Counsel and Sales Promotion Service will improve both your plan and copy, thus insuring maximum profits. Submit your literature for preliminary analysis and quotation—no obligation.

Ross-Gould Mailing Lists St. Louis

West. Com.

JOHN REED'S Stories of the

Bolsheviki Revolution

will appear exclusively in

The Liberator

A New Monthly Magazine published by

Max Eastman

Send in your subscription today! $1.50 a year

LIBERATOR PUBLISHING CO., Inc.
34 Union Square, New York City

FIRST NUMBER JUST OUT!

Does Co-operation Pay?

(Continued from Page 26)

[illegible] custom and that means real success.

The co-operative store is more scientific and businesslike than a private store because of the difference between their customs. But there are other factors which make for the economic superiority of the co-operative store over the non-co-operative. Two of these, perhaps, shine predominant over [illegible]. One of the factors is summed up in the phrase, "The consumers become their own shopkeepers." In most co-operative stores, members do some of the work. In some co-operative stores members do most of the work. In almost all [illegible], members do all of the work. And in almost all co-operative stores, members usually, at least, carry their own purchases home. How much money this saves the poor can readily be appreciated—and, as "Mr. Dooley" sagely remarks, "Wan iv th' sthrangest things about life is that th' poor who need th' money th' most, ar-re th' very wans that [illegible] it."

Another factor in making the co-operative store the most businesslike sort of store is that the co-operative store system largely combines the advantages of small and large scale retail distribution. The co-operative store system is not concerned with keeping its unit of distribution "smaller," as Fay puts it, "than the density of its area of membership allows." Consequently, it is in much the same position as the department store. Holyoake states that a co-operative store of modern dimensions will do the business of one hundred shops. Therefore, reckoning the relative numbers of fittings, rents, taxes, clerks, lighting and heating apparatuses, and advertisements needed, there will be a saving of 590 charges to the co-operative store, figured Holoake. Statistics undoubtedly demonstrate that in both Great Britain and Germany while the trade of the societies is consistently increasing, the number of stores is almost at a standstill.

"Three helping one another will do as much as six singly," runs an old Spanish saying; and there is an Indian saying that should accompany it, "For one man to do good to another is good for both; for one to do ill to another is bad for both." There is probably no truer application of these principles than to the conduct of a store. For certainly the larger the custom the larger the gain. And where this gain is returned to the members, the more members there are the more does each individual member receive. It is indeed a case of "the more the merrier." Holyoake once made an examination into the relative status throughout a year of 100 co-operators and 300 purchasers at private dealers. He found that out of the 300, 150 were not the penny the richer at the end of the year because of their purchases, and 150 were actually in debt; while the 100, averaging a weekly expenditure of $5.00, had had $2500 returned to them in dividends. Does co-operation pay?

"In the world's history," Professor Marshall, the great English economist, said at the Ipswich congress, "there has been one waste product so much more important that all the others that it has a right to be called THE waste product. It is the higher ability of the working classes, the latent and undeveloped, the choked-up and wasted faculties for higher work, that for lack of opportunity have come to nothing." Professor Marshall continued that co-operation was the greatest, if not the only, eliminator of this waste product. If he is right, this and this alone would make co-operation amply pay.

Another consideration in favor of consumers' co-operation is that it leads to that love of excellence in work and purity in food which conduces to taste and health that result in economy.

George Bernard Shaw speaks of "the stupid levity with which we tolerate poverty as if it were either wholesome tonic for lazy people or else a virtue to be embraced as St. Francis embraced it." He points out that poverty means ignorance, disease, dirt, slums, "scabs," prostitution, and hell on earth, and that all these are highly contagious. He suggests that "every adult with less than £365 a year shall be painlessly but inexorably killed, and every hungry half-naked child forcibly fattened and clothed. Would not that," he asks, "be an enormous improvement on our existing system, which has already destroyed so many civilizations, and is visibly destroying ours in the same way?"

We cannot help answering this question with a sad, but definite "Yes!" But we know a better way of doing away with poverty. Perhaps the final answer to the question, "Does consumers' co-operation pay?" lies in the fact that co-operation will go far toward abolishing poverty altogether.

The final argument for the co-operative movement is that it is the least bloody and expensive and the most peaceful and efficient of revolutions.

Pebbles From Parnassus

By William J. Fielding

DAZZLING, DELIGHTFUL, DIDACTIC

This little volume of poems by one of the most brilliant of America's poets, is crammed with gems of rythmic thought and expression. "Rymes of Revolt" will thrill the heart of every true revolutionist.

Price $1.00

Address: THE LLANO PUBLICATIONS,
Stables, Louisiana

Colony Representatives Wanted

Trustworthy, responsible, competent agents are desired in different communities to represent the colony and to interest desirable persons in this enterprise.

Only men and women of constructive minds, self-sacrificing disposition, and energy are wanted. If you are willing to work for the good of a great cause in a wholly constructive way, you are invited to correspond with the Membership Department and to get the Representatives Proposition. Persons actuated only by self-interest need not apply.

Membership Department
LLANO DEL RIO COLONY

The International Language

Esperanto

simplifies the language problems, opens up a new world of literature, gives one a much better understanding of his mother-tongue, enables him to correspond with people all over the world, and all this at a comparatively small outlay of time or money.

Send for a FREE sample copy of **AMERIKA ESPERANTISTO**, the official organ of the Esperanto Association of North America, and receive also a catalog of Books, etc., and full information on how to learn this wonderful language.

Please mention the Llano Publications.

THE AMERICAN ESPERANTIST CO., INC.
Watertown, Waltham and Washington Streets
WEST NEWTON STATION, BOSTON, MASS.

Do You Want to Sell Your Property?

HAVE YOU A HOUSE TO SELL ?
Have you City Lots ?

Have you Farm Lands, unimproved or improved that you wish to dispose of ?

LIST THEM WITH OUR LAND BUREAU. Perhaps we can secure you a buyer, or a trade!

Do you wish to make an investment? Have you some money you would like to put out where it would be safe?

Perhaps we can direct you to some comrade who wants assistance and who can give you perfect security?

The Llano Land Bureau is established because of the many requests that have come asking about selling land, soliciting advice regarding land, investments, etc.

This Bureau will be maintained primarily for the benefit of those expecting to become members of the Colony, but it will also offer its services to any who wish to make use of it.

No commissions will be charged those who expect to take out memberships in the Colony; the Land Bureau will be purely a matter of service to them; a small fee may be asked, covering actual expenses of listing, advertising, and handling.

Those who have property are invited to communicate with this department.

Llano Land Bureau

of the

LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY OF NEVADA

Stables, Louisiana

The Western Comrade

March-April, 1918 Last issue - Price Ten Cents

Now called "The International"

Peace and Its Meaning
by Upton Sinclair

The Menace of Militarism
by Norman Thomas

Poverty and The Single Tax
by Samuel Danziger

Boudin's War Analysis
by Ida Crouch -- Hazlett

Socialism Triumphant
by R. A. Dague

Editorials by Job Harriman

The Most Constructive Magazine for Socialism in America

Your Gateway to Freedom

LLANO'S 16,000 ACRE PLANTATION IN THE HIGHLANDS OF WESTERN LOUISIANA

THE Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony was established at Llano, Los Angeles County, California, in May, 1914. It attracted attention throughout the country because of the calibre of the men who were conducting it. Hundreds joined the colony and during the three years hundreds of acres of orchards and alfalfa were planted, a community garden was grown, and many industries were established.

From the first, the intention was to form other colonies, extending the work as rapidly as possible. The first extension has been organized.

16,000 FERTILE ACRES

After a nation-wide search, it was finally decided to purchase 16,000 acres in the healthful highlands of Vernon Parish in Western Louisiana, at Stables, one mile from Leesville, the parish seat of Vernon Parish, This is about 15 miles from the Sabine river, about 40 miles from the Red river, (both navigable), forty miles from Alexandria, 100 miles from Shreveport, and about 200 miles from New Orleans. The highlands of this district are fertile, high, well-drained, healthful. There are no swamps, no malaria, no mosquitoes, no fevers more than are found in other states. Health reports show that this portion of Louisiana can compare favorably with any other section of the United States. There is an abundance of drinking water of excellent quality.

A most careful investigation was made regarding health conditions. Reports compiled by the Health Department of Louisiana were studied. Inhabitants of this district were interviewed. All agreed on the healthfulness of this portion of the State, and those who have heard discouraging reports from Louisiana are invited to make further and more careful investigation before arriving at conclusions.

The huge tract lies southwest of Leesville and has had most of the timber cut off. Remaining along the creeks,however, are scattered pines of the long leaf variety to supply the Colony with building material for many years to come. About 1200 acres of hardwood timber worth many thousands of dollars are also on the land and offer opportunities for the establishing of many industries. The timber is, beech, magnolia, white oak, cypress, walnut, post oak, red oak, sweet gum, and hickory. The trees are splendid ones, and this body of timber is not to be surpassed in quality.

A TOWN CAME WITH IT

When the purchase was first contemplated, and it was finally decided to buy the 16,000 acres near Leesville, it was found that the lumber hamlet of Stables stood on the property. This was acquired with the land. A hotel of 18 rooms, 27 habitable houses, 100 other small houses, one shed 130x300 feet, one shed 130x200 feet, one shed 80x100 feet, one store 30x90, one office 40x50, eight other sheds and structures. The lumber in these buildings, together with other lumber on the place, amounts to about 2 million feet. Ties for a railroad extend across the land. A concrete power house and 5 concrete drying kilns (cost to erect them, $12,000) each kiln about 20x70 by 20 feet high, are also included. Stables is on the main line of the Kansas City Southern Railroad. This town will be occupied for a while, but later a more systematically laid out town will be built.

WHAT CAN BE PRODUCED ?

This is the first question asked. A careful investigation has been made. No chances of mistake were taken. It is found that a great variety of products do well here. Peaunts, sweet potatoes, melons of all kinds, corn, cotton, and sugar cane, will be the best producers and the best income-bringers. Vegetables of all kinds do well, and berries will yield great returns. This region is not sufficiently well developed for fruit to make detailed statements possible, but from a number of sources of undoubted reliability, assurance is given that figs, peaches, prunes, cherries, and similar fruits can be profitably grown. Cattle and sheep and goats can find forage during nearly the entire year, while the raising of hogs is profitable because of the abundance of corn that may be grown here.

PLAN OF DEVELOPMENT

Farming comes first. The Colony thoroughly realizes the responsibilities and the necessities put upon it. Efficiency is insisted on, and once each week foremen are required to attend efficiency classes. The remaining workers are also given instruction. Records are kept showing use of time, achievement, results, costs. There is a systematic and orderly organization being perfected. Land is being cleared and plowed as rapidly as possible. With a complete understanding of the needs of agricultural production, every available man is put on the farm. This work takes precedence over all else. Every avenue of waste is being closed as fast as discovered. Elimination of useless work and reduction of only partly necessary tasks is insisted on. The aim of the Colony is not only to support itself the very first year, but to have an ample margin left over. This will take careful and systematic planning. Through this care and foresight, the new Colony will be able to take care of all of its residents, including increase. Housing is simplified by the number of houses acquired with the property.

TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES

Because the new property is on the railroad, the hauling of goods and materials is much simplified. Lumber for whatever building is now required is found in abundance on the property, even without touching the timber that is growing there. Cars may be unloaded on the platform of the Colony's warehouse.

COLONY INDUSTRIES

The establshment of industries goes forward as rapidly as this can be achieved. These are at present secondary to food production. Land must be cleared, plowed, fenced, tilled. Later industries will be given attention. At present the hotel, dairy, printing department, livestock, etc., are the industries. Some machinery is on the ground which has not been set up and will not be until circumstances justify.

HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER

The Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony is organized as a stock company in order to secure the protection of the law to the fullest extent. Each member purchases two thousand shares at the par value of $1 a share. One thousand is to be paid in cash or equivalent before the member becomes a resident of the colony. This furnishes the capital for financing until the colony lands are producing. The remaining thousand shares is worked out at the rate of $1 a day credited on stock. In addition the member is paid a small cash wage, and credited with a bonus which brings the total amount to $4 a day. Each member is furnished with a place to live and is guaranteed steady employment.

There is also the Instalment Member plan by which those who cannot make payments in full at once may take out a membership on which they may pay $10 or more each month. Those interested in this plan are invited to write specially concerning it.

A change in the initial payments of memberships is soon to be made. Other changes are contemplated, and the statements herein made concerning memberships may not be in force after May 1, 1918.

AGENTS WANTED

Trustworthy agents are desired in different communities, and those who can furnish first-rate references are invited to correspond with the Membership Department concerning becoming our representative.

LAND FOR SALE

Many have inquired about buying land. The Llano Land Bureau will offer land close to the Colony for sale at reasonable prices and on reasonable terms.

FOR MORE INFORMATION

More detailed information is given in the "Gateway to Freedom" which outlines the idea of co-operative colonization, the reasons for it, and what is hoped may be achieved, together with the methods to be used. The folder "Llano's Plantation in the Highlands of Louisiana" goes into more detail concerning the new 16,000 acre tract.

The new colony in Louisiana can support a population of perhaps several thousand persons. It offers wonderful opportunities to all who join. You are invited to write to the Membership Department for full information about any point not made clear, and answers to questions you ask. Address

Membership Department

LLANO DEL RIO COLONY

Stables, Louisiana

Political Action Co-operation Socialism

The Western Comrade

"The Most Constructive Magazine for Socialism in America."

Entered as second-class matter November 4th, 1916. at the postoffice at Llano, Cal., under Act of March 3, 1879.
Application for entry as second-class matter at the postoffice at Leesville, La., pending.

JOB HARRIMAN.....Managiog Editor ALANSON SESSIONS.....Associate Editor ERNEST S. WOOSTER....Business Manager

Subscription Rate—75c a year; Canada $1; Single copies 10c; clubs of 4 or more (in U. S.) 50c. Combination with Llano Colonist, $1.
Publishers and others are invited to copy at will from the WESTERN COMRADE, but are asked to give credit.
In making change of address always give your former one so that the mailing department may be certain that the right name is changed.
Please do not send subscriptions, changes of address, complaints, etc., to individuals. Address ALL communications to the Llano Publications, Stables, La. This paper will not assume responsibility unless this rule is followed.
The Western Comrade neither approves nor disapproves the sentiments expressed in contributions not signed by one of the editors.

Vol. V. LEESVILLE, LA., MARCH - APRIL, 1918. No. 11-12.

EDITORIAL

By Job Harriman

EVERY political contingency depends upon the conditions prevailing at the hour the policy is adopted.

Lenine insists upon peace at all cost. He thinks life is dearer than property or territory. He hates such peace as reigned at Warsaw. He prefers peace that leads to the living, to war that leads to the dead.

He knows that in this day of reading men cannot long be held in subjection. He knows that peace will bring greater rewards to living Russia than any war can bring to her dead. He knows that an intelligent peaceful man is more honorable than any brute that ever lived, however powerful. He knows that this war is worthy only of the disgust of thoughtful men, and he refuses to enter the mire.

He knows that compulsory military training is the open sesame to a still more terrible war.

He knows that Russia will not fight.

He knows that pacifism is right.

—o—

ALMOST all the conservative papers are maligning President Wilson ostensibly because he has not performed the impossible, but in reality because he does not believe in compulsory military training.

What is the impossible that he has not performed?

He has not caused sufficient ships to be built to land sufficient forces and munitions across the sea to crush the Kaiser.

Fighting such an enemy three thousand miles from one's seat of supplies is an impossible task and President Wilson should not be held entirely responsible for it. Especially should we sympathize with him when we see him being condemned by the very element that opposed his election and forced this government into the war.

Now we are in and now the same element is still against this government on one vital point.

Secretary Baker is opposed to compulsory military training. Up to this point he speaks the sentiment of President Wilson. The capitalist papers of this country are practically all in favor of compulsory military training.

This is the real issue, and let none forget it.

Whatever may be the popular sentiment concerning this war, at least one thing is sure: every loyal American citizen should stand solidly against compulsory military training.

It is upon this rock that the Kaiser has built his kingdom.

It is upon this rock that capitalism hopes to build its government.

Compulsory military training is the devil's gateway to hell!

—o—

ALL EUROPE is in a tremendous civil turmoil. The Labor movement of England is laying hold of the powers of government. Already it has put forth the most constructive and far-reaching proclamation ever issued by any body of living men.

It is blazing the pathway for all modern civilization. The labor movement of the world is accepting it as its own.

Everywhere, all over the world, labor is recoiling from the war.

MASSES of human beings will not change their course either because of pain or reason.

The prevailing institutions impress themselves so indelibly upon, and weave themselves so intricately into, the mass psychology, that the vast majority of mankind accepts those institutions without question, and acts on blind impulse in line with them.

Reason unifies only the few, while it develops numberless isms among the many.

While under the complex and heterogeneous influences of a vast industrial and commercial system, it is impossible for the public mind to visualize, or unify upon, any undeveloped system.

One answerable reason for this fact is that no untried system can be forecasted with sufficient detail to be practicable. Just ahead are unforeseen mountains and chasms, pitfalls and precipices, forming sufficient obstacles to require new and other adaptabilities.

In the forecast, some see one, some another obstacle, all weaving themselves into an entangled web, from which the psychology of the mass cannot be extricated.

Is there, then, no hope?

No hope without suffering?

No reorganization without pain and distress?

Reorganization of the masses without thought on the part of the masses seems an impossible contradiction, and yet this is precisely what always takes place and what is taking place in the world at this hour.

A world famine, vampire-like, is creeping stealthily over the earth. Wherever its deadening blight reaches the masses of any people, it unifies them.

It does not unify their thought, but it does unify their action.

Create certain conditions, and a herd of cattle, without thought, will stampede in a given direction.

Create a certain condition about human beings—let that condition be hunger, and they will all stampede in the same direction, with one purpose, and without thought.

Whatsoever institution is adequate to provide food while the stampede is on will be the institution that will hold and shape the destiny of the stampeding force, in conformity with such institution.

Thus new social organisms are born, and new industrial systems are formed without thought on the part of the masses.

—o—

SOCIAL revolutions and their development are substantially like the development and the hatching of the fetus.

The forces impelling them move blindly and by impulse rather than by rational calculation.

THE moral standards of humanity vary with the character of its economic institutions. When these institutions are subjects of conquest, the easiest way to gain an existence, however heartless and brutal, even though it ravishes the tender lives of children, will be legalized and supported by judges, priests and laymen.

In terms of "justice," "equity" and "law," the judges will understand; in terms of "God's Will," the priests will explain; in terms of wealth and power the laymen will act; and in points of advantage the vast majority will live and have its being.

Dark and gloomy as is this legalized moral debauchery, in the midst of it all there are those who always give more than they receive—yet the streams of their lives flow ever fuller and sweeter.

They give their best thought and reap a harvest of growth.

They give their strength to help the weak and reap a thrill of keenest joy.

They think in terms of love and affection and are rewarded with increasing health.

They weep and mourn for the weak and weary and their very despair ripens into hope, and hope into profound happiness.

Their lives are shining lights in a benighted world. Follow them, and though the path seems thorny, it will be of roses.

—o—

DEMOCRACY means CONTROL BY THE PEOPLE, by the use of such measures as the initiative, the referendum, and the recall.

It does NOT mean MANAGEMENT by the people. The MANAGEMENT of a political or industrial enterprise must be performed by a competent EXECUTIVE, with the aid of competent SUBORDINATES selected by him.

Management by the people means that ALL the people pass upon ALL the details of an enterprise. This is impossible because conflicting opinions of the different people prevent an early and satisfactory decision on any matter. This does not mean that only one person is capable of so managing; it simply means that only one person at a time is capable of efficiently effecting a plan.

It is not a question of intelligence; it is a question of expedition—of efficiency. As long as the people have the CONTROL, they need not fear autocracy on the part of the executive. At any time that his inefficiency or corruption of management necessitates his dismissal, the people have the power to recall him.

THE Republican United States Senators voted against granting authority to President Wilson to take legal title to the German steamship piers at Hoboken, New Jersey.

These doughty, treasonable Senators had rather that German big business should own such sources of wealth than that the people of this country shall own them.

They feared that it would lead to public ownership of water transportation and for this reason they said they refused to vote such authority.

The people are paying for our new ships. They are financing them during the war and sustaining all losses. Why should they not own and operate them after the war and receive all benefits?

There is one reason and that is that big business in this country used these senators for the purpose of preventing such sources of wealth and power from passing from their grasp.

We have often said, and now repeat, that the patriotism of big business ends when its profits end.

Here is a case where these senators became traitors to this country and allies to the Central Powers, simply for the money there is in it.

The President should be supported in this step. Every senator that voted against that measure should be hurled from power for his diabolical treason and treachery. If it is treason to betray this government to the enemy, it is certainly high-treason to betray the people who make this government possible.

—o—

FROM all portions of the country, and more particularly from the West, have come press clippings and editorials which tell of the "failure of a Socialistic colony."

This is not a conspiracy, perhaps, but merely the reprinting of news which came from a common source. Learned editorials have been written on the failure of co-operation. These are sometimes set alongside a column of matter urging greater co-operation. The incongruity of it passes unnoticed.

For four years the press has hammered the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony. Persons believed to be spies have worked from within. Others, urged by the most selfish and grasping motives, have tried to break the colony to take the spoils for their own individual purposes. Untruths have been spread broadcast. Few stones have been left unturned that might work injury to the Colony.

The latest attacks have been swift and hard. Timid persons are being frightened. Impatient people are being made discouraged. Unthinking persons are being made to believe untrue things. It will not occur to those who do not carefully analyze, that the reported failure of a colony is being given undue prominence.

But the colony has not failed. It stands today invincible because its members are firmly determined to make it succeed.

Greater shocks have been withstood in the past and Llano's wealth is the strength of its members, and the tested band who are pushing forward dauntlessly will not give up. The plots of self-seekers, the sneers of enemies, the hard circumstances imposed by Nature are not enough to make these pioneers give up.

The Llano Colonists are in the organization for a principle. They will not turn back on the path they have elected to tread. They foresaw that dissension would be sowed if possible, that their credit would be undermined when the opportunity offered, that the capitalistic press would herald their misfortunes but would never chronicle a success. They looked clear-eyed into the future then and they look into it now. They have given up good positions, security, and ease for a principle. It will take more than the obstacles imposed by an unfair press to deter them.

Today the colonists at Stables, Louisiana, are calling on their friends throughout the nation to stand firmly by them, not to be misled by the tales that are told, not to falter. The gibes and sneers, the downright falsehoods, the insinuations that are spread—these are circulated for a purpose. There is a menace in the triumph of co-operation, a menace that every capitalist sees and it is worth their while to atempt to stifle this menace.

If you are a friend of the Colony, now is the time to show it in as substantial manner as you can. Now is the time for actions, for deeds, for adherence to a purpose and a principle. If you are truly a friend of the Colony, show it today.

The Llano Colony is going on. It is making greater preparations than ever before, and greater progress. Your help is asked for the good of a cause. If you are willing to do your part, do it NOW! Circulate this magazine widely and help us to get the truth before the people.

—o—

"There shall be no more war" is the message of New Russia—the greatest nation in western civilization in point of population. "There shall be no more exploitation, nor more dying for the profits of the profiteers!" That, too, is the message of the workers of England, of the workers of Germany, of the democratic forces of France and Italy.

As Others See Us

"LLANO stands for a band of hardy pioneers who are ready to battle with the elements, delighting in hardships in the knowledge that they are leading the way to a better, cleaner life. Tell the comrades not to talk about the outside world as if they were an exclusive set. They are the center upon which we who are in the maelstrom of capitalism depend to prove the application of co-operative principles. Tell them that the workers on the outside are losing out. I tell you, comrades, the crust of capitalism is wearing very thin. Already there is a flux on the labor market. . . Stick to it. There never was a movement of such vital importance to the workers as the Colony. Now is the appointed time. Measure up to your responsibilities, for they are great."

This is an excerpt from a letter written by a member who has been away for about a year. He left us without malice, but with some dissatisfaction with colony life. The call of the outside became once more strong within him, and its harassments dimmed in his mind. He forgot, in a measure, the annoyances and unpleasant things. Others have done the same. His is but one of many such letters received from those who have for one reason or another been compelled to leave the Colony. Community life where there are no conflicting private interests is a pleasant life, and though many come who bring with them the worries of the place they have left, and take on cares that are wholly unnecessary, yet none can gainsay the advantages of living in the Colony.

How the Colony impresses the visitor who comes to appraise, to criticise in a fair manner ,and to go out expecting to advise those who ask questions is well presented in the report that Walter Huggins made of his February visit to the Llano Colony in Louisiana. Comrade Walter Huggins is known to every co-operative association within a radius of many miles of Chicago, and his home at 936 Le Clare Avenue, Chicago, is visited by scores of co-operators in quest of advice. His interest in co-operative colonization was demonstrated first by his visit to Llano, California, nearly two years ago. His thirty-six years of experience gives his views the authority of the expert in co-operative enterprises. Walter Huggins writes:

"I believe that the Llano Plantation in the Highlands of Western Louisiana is one of the greatest things ever attempted by any co-operative, and certainly the greatest any group of socialists ever attempted. I arrived at Stables, Louisiana, February 23 and stepped off the train directly on the Colony property. The weather was warm and pleasant. When I left Chicago the streets and alleys were covered to a depth of nearly four feet with snow, and had been for many weeks. During my stay at the Llano Plantation I went without my coat. Peach trees were in blossom and the ground was green with young grass. New leaves were putting out on the trees of the surrounding forests.

"When I stepped from the train I saw a large warehouse, near a railroad switch, an office building, and a store, with some other buildings not far off. I asked whose they were, and was surprised to learn that these buildings were a part of the colony property. The commissary was fairly well stocked and no doubt it will not be long before a big stock of articles suitable for a country store will be on the shelves. There are good prospects for a large trade with nearby neighbors. Goods are sold on a cost basis to colonists; outsiders must pay more.

"Back from the railroad about 200 yards and west of the small railroad station, is another great building. This is being remodeled into an industrial building to shelter a number of colony industries such as blacksmith shop, machine shop, planing mill, and others as they are required. This structure is 300 feet long and 130 feet wide. The warehouse nearest the railroad houses the colony print shop. Offices have been built adjoining the printshop in which are the membership department and the real estate bureau.

"I was commissioned by a number of comrades from the north to examine the soil and to make inquiries concerning its productivity. I made investigation among nearby farmers who have been there for many years. I learned from them that the land is good. These men have raised large families and I was surprised at the show of thrift, which is above the usual average of the South. These farmers told me that their gardens produce for them every month of the year. They especially mentioned the fact that chickens and poultry have returned them good cash benefits during the past few years.

"I was pleasantly surprised at the work done on the plantation. Clearing, plowing, and fencing have gone steadily forward. In five days posts were set for four miles of fence.

"The land is slightly rolling. This is the highest region of Louisiana, and is known as the Highlands, even though the highest point is only a few hundred feet above sea level. However, this elevation is sufficient to make this an extremely healthful region. This point is of supreme importance to persons expecting to make the colony their home.

"The colony has a tract of almost 20,000 acres. It is covered with brush in some places and stumps over the most of it, though there is quite an acreage of good timber land. The principal crops to be grown are sweet potatoes, peanuts, melons, corn, and cotton, with garden truck. The premium crops are melons, peanuts, and sweet potatoes. The yield is almost incredibly large. There are vast possibilities for fruit growing, particularly in fig production. Rice produces well enough to pay to grow it. Ribbon cane brings good profits. Oats, tobacco, velvet beans, and virtually all vegetables yield satisfactorily. Velvet beans, especially, thrive in a manner beyond belief. It is a standard stock feed and soil builder in the south.

"One of the things that particularly impressed me was the character of meals served at the hotel. The price, when I was there, was 12½c. They have been lower, but it is unlikely that the price will go higher. The meals are substantial, the quantity is sufficient, and the preparation of the food makes it palatable. Ribbon cane, which could not be bought in Chicago markets at any price when I left there, is served each meal, except on sweetless days. One of the greatest prospects the colony has is in the production of ribbon cane syrup for the northern markets.

"One of the colonists, who does not live at the hotel, told me his meals cost him 8½ cents each. He lives well and believes meals will cost less when the garden stuff begins to come in, which will be in March. I also understood that it was quite likely that meals would be reduced at the hotel at that time to ten cents.

"On Sunday, February 24, I stood in my shirt sleeves in the open air in front of the colony hotel and addressed a large audience of colonists. I was told I could have done that same thing a month previous. I sat up till two o'clock on Saturday night (or Sunday morning) without a fire. We sat with our coats off. Coming from Chicago where the thermometer had been hovering close to zero for many weeks, this was very pleasant to me.

"Co-operatives are not new to me and I went thoroughly

into the plans of the Llano Plantation. I find that a system of cost-accounting is in operation that fixes the prices of all inter-departmental work, and also fixes the prices of meals and services and commodities. Colonists are being paid a small wage. This is not large, but ample within the colony to sustain the workers. Children are paid on an eight-hour basis, permitting them to earn an education, the hours of pay including school time. They must come up to certain standards to be entitled to this wage. As soon as possible they will commence to prepare meals in their own clubhouse.

"The prospects for raising livestock are limitless. Feed is abundant during most of the year. Corn and hay are cheaply grown. Garden truck thrives and because of the long growing season will cut down living expense wonderfully. Producing its own meat and vegetables, as well as many other foods and food-products, the colony should be able to sustain its population with a minimum of outside purchases.

"Industries will be established, no doubt, as rapidly as circumstances permit and conditions justify. A cotton gin will be profitable. A small cane mill, a small grist mill, and other minor industries will take care of the colony needs. There is now a small hand laundry. Later machinery will be installed and outside business solicited. There is a splendid opportunity for the dairy. Abundant standing timber for colony uses suggests the manufacture of many articles; 1200 acres of hardwood timber are believed to be profitable for sawing.

"I cannot sum up what I saw and what I learned in a few words, but I can sum up my impression and the result of my investigation. I believe the Llano Plantation has magnificent opportunities, and it is my advice to every genuine co-operator and socialist to investigate it and to get in touch with the membership department for additional information with a view to becoming a member of the Llano community and enjoying the many advantages of co-operation at the Llano Plantation."

These are only a few of the good things that Walter Huggins had to say about us. He spent several days and was not idle a moment of the time he was on the Plantation. He came to get information along certain definite lines and he went away well pleased with his visit.

It will take time to eradicate from the minds of the multitude, the many mistaken ideas they have regarding health conditions in Western Louisiana and their erroneous impressions about the climate. But those who came from California are enthusiastic in their praise of the climate of Western Louisiana. Those who have lived in Central and Southern California for twenty years, or even more, are delighted with weather and health conditions at the Llano Plantation.

Those interested in the progress of the Llano Plantation write in asking for the latest information. Having told about the size and physical condition of the plantation, about the plans, the climate, the weather, the housing, the people, there is little left to tell until something new occurs. Progress only can be reported. Fencing, plowing, clearing, planting—all of these have already been told of in considerable detail.

WILL THE COLONY SELL LAND?

This question has been coming in for four years. Up to the present time the answer has been NO, without qualification.

NOW the answer is YES. The Colony is now able to sell land to those who wish to be among us but not of us. Those who buy land will be enabled to enjoy many of the advantages of the Colony, though not all of them. They will not be permitted to live in the Colony city, nor will they have the privileges that those do who are willing to move into the Colony and work for the Colony and with the Colony for the benefit of the entire Colony.

Those who wish to buy land may do so. It will be offered them on as easy terms as the Colony is able to make. They will be given the opportunity to buy where they may associate with the Colony.

This is a new departure from the policy that has been adhered to in the past. It does not, however, mean any change in plans. The development of the Colony will go ahead as originally planned, with perhaps some modifications in details, but none in the general plan. There will be the city, with the collective farming of a great tract, and the development of industries.

The new departure of land selling is made possible by conditions that were not present when the colony was established in California. A Land Bureau has been established in connection with the membership department. It will handle land sales. It will also list land for sale, the farms and homes of those living in different parts of the country who wish to come into the Colony.

As the development of the enterprise goes ahead, it is quite likely that memberships may be advanced. This is already contemplated, in fact.

In the estimation of those who have been longest with the Colony it is in a better position today in every respect than before. Though it has before it a long period of pioneer work, yet it will reap results more rapidly than ever before and its position is more secure in every way. The Colony is nearing its fourth birthday, and it is expected that on May First announcements can be made that will surprise even the most optimistic.

A WORD ABOUT LLANO, CALIFORNIA

The capitalistic press, ever ready to record anything detrimental to socialism or co-operation, has recently been reporting most gleefully what it terms "the failure of communism." This refers to Llano, lalifornia. It took the press four months to learn that the colonists had decided to migrate to Louisiana. The plain statement of facts—that the Louisiana property offers prospect of more rapid development, that the California property is suited almost exclusively to fruit growing and therefore will require but a small number of persons—does not interest the press.

The colony land in California will be developed to fruit as first planned. About 9000 trees will be planted this year. They are now being put into the ground. The water situation looks more promising than it did two months ago. California was threatened with a dry year, but since the first of February there has been enough rain to bring the total up to the annual average, or even beyond it. The mountains are cevered with snow.

As has been previously stated, only a few people will be required to carry on the development work of the California colony. The necessity of food production brought about by the war has changed plans everywhere, and the colony is no exception. In Louisiana food can be produced abundantly. The crops are annual crops. But to produce pears means to spend several years bringing trees into bearing.

Letters are received complaining that there is little said about the California colony. In the light of the above facts. it is easily seen that there is little to say, for with only a comparatively few persons there and just the general routine of ranch work being done, nothing of special interest can be reported.

The Story of American Socialism

By Lincoln Phifer, Editor "The New World."

Chapter I.

THE WHY OF THINGS

WHAT WAS "IN" THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA?

THE DISCOVERY of America was cataclysmic in its results. It was as though a literal new world had been dumped on the knowledge of Europeans. It gave them new ideas. It sent them forth on adventure bent. First, the nobles came. They abandoned their feudal holdings or sold them to the serfs in order to get money to come. This created many so-called "free cities" in Europe—cities that till this day pay their way from the cultivation of lands which they own as cities—a thing that has been heralded as being socialization in action. The new ideas that the discovery of America gave to an awakened people were manifested in many ways. In religion they led to the Reformation; in art to the Renaissance; in politics to the Magna Charta in England and a breaking up of the feudal system over all Europe; in literature to the printing press.

The one thing that stands out, however, is that it brought an age of commercialism. Exploitation meant that. Trading in furs meant that. The search for gold meant that. It is "in" commerce to find things, to put people into trade relationship to each other. Therefore, the commercial idea carries with it the social idea as well. It is perfectly logical that chattel slavery should have come as a means of promoting commerce; logical that piracy should appear in the struggle to determine which of the nations should lead in commerce; logical that steam should come as a means of promoting commerce; logical that all the machinery which has marked the centuries since the discovery of America should be invented as aids to commerce; and it is equally logical that the revolutionary war should be fought in order to forward the expression of the common people; that the French revolution should have succeeded it; that the colony movement should have developed; that the struggle of labor for better working conditions should have been precipitated; and that socialism should have appeared both as theories and movements. They were all natural outgrowths of the development of the idea that was involved in the discovery of America.

The constitution adopted by the new republic was, as Woodrow Wilson points out, anything but democratic in nature. It was modeled after the private government that had been in vogue in Virginia when the lords-proprietors ruled. Then, the owning company appointed the presiding officer and selected the upper house and the judges, the colonists having only the election of the lower house, with a veto placed on its acts by the president, the upper house and the judges. It is easy to trace the same general thought in the new constitution. But, though the rising democracy was well under control, conditions compelled the institution of socialization on the new government. It was essential to the nation's very life that there be intercourse between the divergent sections. Therefore congress instituted, with the consent of President Washington, a public mail service, and Benjamin Franklin was made the first postmaster-general. Franklin, in his memoirs, shows how the private owners of roads held up the mail service with tolls at frequent intervals, until he was forced to buy roads and thus create the first public or socialized roads in America. The beginning of socialization in America, therefore, was under Washington and Franklin, in the postoffice and the roads—which was the first socialization of any kind in the modern world. The idea had forced itself into recognition, because it was wrapped up in the commercial idea.

The whole history of the past five centuries is a story of the developing social consciousness making demands on the priviliged, and of the struggle of privilege to maintain itself. Often the fight was long and bitter; but the people have always won. One of the first manifestations of the commercial idea, operating individually for the benefit of the privileged, was license to piracy. One of the first acts of the American government was to openly combat pircay and put an end to it forever. Throughout the ages the privileged had imprisoned the unfortunate for debt. Jesus makes allusion to the practice in one of his parables. Charles Dickens, well in the nineteenth century, wrote about it. But the awakening social consciousness put a stop to the outrage. Walter Scott shows that at one time the court was a private institution, and the owner-judge employed the ordeal as a means of determining guilt. The early American colonies had private judges; but in the course of time the public or partly socialized judge superceded them completely. There was a time, even under the United States government, when white people were held as "indentured servants" or slaves during specified periods, being subject to fugitive slave laws and imprisonment and beating for offenses against their masters; but the growing social consciousness ended that in the early days of the republic. In colonial days the American worker was required to labor twelve or fourteen hours a day. The growing social consciousness fought this through bitter years until the ten hour day came, and then the eight.

All these struggles were, on the one side, for the breaking of bond on the worker, and, on the other, for the retention of special privilege. They were waged in America and Europe almost simultaneously—but in America as truly as in Europe. We are not accustomed to think of them as socialist fights, and, according to dogmatic definitions, they were not; yet all of them were for further popular liberty and therefore were social in nature, and all were closely related, leading in an unbroken chain down to the demand for scientific socialism. We err when we isolate in our minds these fights as separate things, or imagine them to be peculiar to one country and having no place in another country. The commercial thought made the world one; and the social element in the commercial idea precipitated all these struggles..

Chapter II.

WHY THE COLONIZING MOVEMENT CAME

The discovery of America meant the opening of a tremendous tract of land to the peoples of Europe. But two centuries elapsed before there was a serious effort to use the land. Then it was complacently given away by European kings and pontiffs to nobles and court favorites, as though it was their's to bestow, and as though none but the mighty deserved land. But we need not be surpised at this. It was a logical outgrowth of the feudal idea that had prevailed in Europe, a system that was based primarily on the land. When these lords and nobles undertook the settlement of America, they brought workers with them, but they did not give land to the workers. It required a revolt to gain land for them, both in Virginia and Massachusetts. And when they did get land, it was three acres in one of the states and five in another; and, beside, the worker had to give five days to the lords-proprietors in order to get one day in which he might cultivate his own land. But the spirit of revolt grew. It finally cul-

minated in the revolutionary war. After it was won by America, the possibility of going beyond the Alleghenies and seizing Indian land as their very own appealed to the workers, and the adventurous souls went forth, this time with the sanction of the government; for in getting land of their own they were pushing the frontier further on and so strengthening the government. Everybody thought of land. It was the one hope of the workers of the world. There was so much of it in America that the vision of land for the occupying of it, spread over the known earth. They dreamed of it in Europe. They fancied that the spirits wished to use land—blessed land—as a means of freeing the toiler so long enslaved. It was the most natural thing in the world that colonization schemes should be organized at this time.

Chapter III

EARLY RELIGIOUS COLONIES

While the old colony movement did not embrace the demands of modern socialism, it is generally conceded that it represents a feature of the development of the socialist movement. It consisted of five waves, four of which began in Europe and swept to America. If you please to put it in another way, it represented five acts of a very romantic social play that was staged in the wilderness of America by European peoples. America was selected for the experiments after careful consideration, because at that time there was so much cheap land that it was deemed easier to begin the reconstruction of society on a more humane basis (and that was precisely the purpose of the colony movement) in America than on any other portion of the globe.

It may seem strange to some to be told that the beginning of the movement claimed to be under spirit direction; the command, according to the claim, coming to various persons, in more than one country, to thus begin the regeneration of society. If you choose to apply the rational view to it, it merely means that the movement began as an altruistic or religious impulse, which naturally preceded the intellectual or scientific development. Incidentally, it is worthy of note that fragments of this movement remain to this day, while other movements long since perished from the earth, as if to show that in the altruistic or religious impulse lies the greater permanence. The experience of each of these movements constitutes a great poem of experiment and endeavor.

* * *

Oldest of the religious communities are the Shakers. They were founded by Mother Ann Lee, an illiterate English woman, who with a few followers fled to America in 1774 to escape persecution. Several communities were established, the membership at its greatest height reaching 5,000. The Shaker church (officially the Millennium church), included three classes of membership: The Novitate, who lived outside communities in private control of wealth, yet were members of the church; the Juniors, who lived in the communities ,with the privilege of holding private property and leaving colonies at will; and the Seniors, who were strict communists and ultra-religious. Seniors of the Shakers do not marry, a provision that doubtless has contributed toward reducing their numbers. They believe in spirit communion, and have published twenty or more volumes that were supposed to have been revealed from the spirit world.

The Harmony societies were founded by George Rapp and his followers in Pennsylvania about 1804. These people too were spiritualists, and claimed to have left Germany, after enduring persecution for their beliefs, under direct spirit guidance. After awhile, they sold their Pennsylvania possessions and re-established their colonies on 30,000 acres of land in Posey county, Indiana. Though at the start permitting marriage, later on celibacy becamethe rule, and the colony began to fail. It was officially disolved in 1904, just a century after its inception. It had in many respects been a success.

A colony was established by Separatists from Germany under Joseph Baumeler, at Zoar, Ohio, in 1817. At first they held property individually, but afterward went to the community system. At first they were celibacists, but after many years suits were entered to dissolve the community and divide the property. There were several contests from 1861 to 1898, when the colony was finally dissolved by the courts.

The Anna society was established by The True Inspiration Society, coming from Germany, in 1842, by Christian Metz and Barbara Heynemann, on 18,000 acres of land in Iowa. Though not established with common property, this feature soon came into existence. The communities still persist, with five villages and a great deal of wealth. There is no poverty among the Amanians. Marriage is not prohibited, but it is discouraged.

Dr. Kiel, a German, established two colonies, one in Shelby county, Mo., and the other near Portland, Ore., in 1844, and 1855. All things were held in common, though finally the land was parcelled out to families. The community encouraged family life. Dr. Kiel died in 1877, and the communities were dissolved in 1881.

* * *

It will be noticed that the religious colonies, the inspired movement, while constituting only one act of the colony drama, was a drama within itself, written in five great acts. It will also be remarked that, so far from making a failure, this movement persisted until very recent times, many communities being in existence even to this day. The people are prosperous, moral, reliable. They may have pecularities that remove them from free intercourse with their neighbors, but these very peculiarities have been in a way a protection from the storms that have assailed many in the open ways of the world.

(To be continued in April number)

Evils of Military Training

By Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus, Harvard University

My present opinion about military training for school boys is, first, that what is called military drill is not a good form of physical exercise for boys between fourteen and eighteen; secondly, that the useful part of such military drill as is now given in a few private and public schools is the "setting-up" drill, and that this "setting-up" drill ought to be given to every boy during his school life, but in the form of calisthenic exercises, having no military purpose in view; and thirdly, that training in the real work of a solider, that is, marching under a heavy load, digging as rapidly as possible in the ground, and using effectively rifles, machine guns, hand grenades, bayonets, short swords, heavy and light artillery, and motor vehicles, including aeroplanes, should not be begun before the twentieth year.

The Swiss, who know as well as any people in Europe how to organize and maintain an effective army, do not begin real military training until the twentieth year, except that they encourage practice with the rifle for boys and young men organized into rifle clubs, and provided by the government with ammunition and ranges.

For these reasons, I am opposed to military training for school boys.

Our Glass House

Let us not forget that in the United States—

Two percent of the people own sixty percent of the national wealth.

Sixty-five percent own less than five percent.

There are forty-four families with incomes equal to the wages of 100,000 workingmen.

Farm tenantry is increasing and consequently landlordism is, also.

Half of the wage-earning fathers get but $500 a year.

Two-thirds of adult male workers get less than $15 a week.

Half of the women workers get less than $6 a week.

In basic industries workers are unemployed one-fifth of the time.

Three or more persons occupy every sleeping room in thirty-seven percent of the worker's homes.

Thirty-seven percent of the wives and mothers of workingmen are forced to work to help out the family income.

Babies of the poor die three times as fast as those of the rich.

Nearly twenty percent of the school children are underfed and undernourished.

Poverty prevents two-thirds of the school children from going through the grammar school.

—and that if we really want democracy in the world, we don't have to cross the water to begin establishing it.—A. S.

* * *

No Compulsion

The great menace to democratic institutions in this country is not physical war, but the movement for compulsory military service. Democracy means, if it means anything in political life, the freedom of the individual. Government is justified only as it contributes toward the establishment of this right. If we wish to set up an autocracy, a plutocracy, or an oligarchy, compulsion will be an inevitable part; but if we are to continue the great American experiment of a government of, by, and for the people, individual freedom must be preserved.

Though a majority in a democracy may vote war, it has no right to vote the minority into the army. If it be a just and necessary war there will be no lack of volunteers; if it be unjust and unnecessary it should not be supported. And who in a democracy should decide for each individual whether he is to contribute his life to the war, his neighbors, or himself?

The difference between a volunteer army and an army of conscripts lies in the fact that volunteers fight when they wish; whereas, conscripts must fight when their leaders wish. It marks the difference between a democracy and an autocracy. A volunteer army will never be used against free institutions. A conscript army begins by denying the prime essential to free institutions, individual liberty, and ends with the subjugation of all democracy.

Let the government make such preparation for defense as the people, after full and fair discussion, may decide. Let it provide for such an army and navy as may be thought best. But let it be manned by volunteers. There is a natural impulse to serve one's country. In youth and early manhood there is a pronounced willingness to fight. Such men will gladly take the necessary training for volunteer service if the army and navy be put on a rational basis. Our trouble has come from attempting to graft an autocratic practice upon a democratic institution. Wipe out this relic of European privilege, humanize the military service by making all enlist as privates and work their way up, and there will soon develop the sympathy and efficiency that mark commercial life.

No majority nor any number of citizens has any more right to compel a man to enter the army than to force him to be a minister, or a merchant, or a chauffeur, or a policeman. They may appeal to the citizen to become a soldier, as they may ask him to become a policeman; but they should offer sufficient inducement in the one case as in the other. It is no more the duty of one man to be a policeman or a soldier than another; nor does it square with democracy to require all men to become soldiers. For by the very act of compulsion the foundation of liberty is undermined, and free institutions will hasten to their end. Compulsory military service is incompatible with democracy.

—STOUGHTON COOLEY.

* * *

Ssh—!

"A business man can stand up and afford to be a little bit chesty, for at last his profession has been glorified—the greatest war in all history is being fought largely for business reasons. For, after all has been said and then said over again, the fact remains that business expansion and trade are really at the bottom of the whole business."—J. B. Powell, in October "Judicious Advertising."

"Judicious Advertising" should be suppressed for printing such false statements. We challenge any of our readers to show one instance in history in which nations engaged in war were not fighting for liberty and democracy.—A. S.

* * *

Abolish the Term "Huns"

William Hard is one of our most brilliant political writers. He is not a socialist. He is not a pacifist. As far as the war is concerned, he is a bitter-ender.

Willam Hard recently proposed that the word "Traitor" be abolished.

Let us also abolish the word "Huns".

These two words best represent the intolerance and irrationality that accompany the war spirit.

To our own militarists the world, outside of themselves, is made up of two classes of people: Traitors and Huns.

And yet, if loyalty to the broad ideals of President Wilson constitutes patriotism, those who sweepingly denounce the German people as savages are immeasurably more open to the charge of treason than the most fervent pacifist.

No man has larger or more accurate sources of information from which to draw than President Wilson. No man is in a better position that he to judge the truth or falsity of the hideous charges that have been made against the German people.

And yet, in all of the president's messages and speeches, there is scarcely a reproach, and not a touch of bitterness, for the people of Germany.

The president has insisted, again and again, that our fight is with the German government, and not with the German people; that our feeling toward the German people is one of sympathy, and even of friendship.

Throughout all history, the ability of rulers to sow the seeds of suspicion and hatred among the plain people of the earth has kept the world in turmoil, and enabled them to work out their own sinister purposes.

The sacrifices of this war will certainly be vain if the peace of the world is not made secure. And if peace is to be made secure, nothing is more important than that the peoples of the world regard each other, not as inveterate enemies, but as natural friends. —ALEC WATKINS.

* * *

Lincoln, Webster, Clay, Sumner—these famous Americans asserted that it was the right and patriotic duty of all American citizens to discuss the issues of war, to criticize the policies employed, and to work for the election of representatives opposed to prolonging war.—A. S.

Municipal Ownership in The United States

By Evans Clark

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP to many people means a peculiarity of German "kultur" or British human nature which is as foreign to our American life as the invasion of neutral territory (or the curse of imperialism).

"Of course," they will say, "it may work well in Germany, where the individual is just a cog in the machinery of the state; but we Americans won't stand for any such paternalism."

As a matter of fact, there are in these United States literally thousands of cities, towns and villages practising this form of collectivism every day in the year.

Out of 195 cities with a population of 30,000 people, 150 own and operate their own water-supply business. There are no less than 1,455 publicly owned and operated electric light and power plants, 125 gas works, some 20 asphalt paving plants, not to mention hundreds of isolated examples of municipally owned and operated markets, docks, garages, heating plants, public halls, cemeteries, ferries and street railways. There is even a case on record of a municipal organ, a liquor agency and a newspaper.

By far the greatest advances have been made in the field of water-supply. In 1800 there were 16 waterworks in the country. Of these 15 were in private hands—all but one of which (Morristown) it is interesting to note, have since been taken over by the public.

In 1912 there were 56 cities with a population of 100,000 or over. Of these, 48 owned and operated their waterworks.

The latest figures available show (1915) 204 cities of over 30,000 population and but 49 private plants. Of these, 7 are in cities of between 100,000 and 300,000 population, 16 in those of 50,000 to 100,000 and 26 in cities of 30,000 to 50,000. NO CHANGES IN OWNERSHIP FROM PUBLIC TO PRIVATE HANDS HAVE BEEN NOTED.

It looks as if the private promoter had captured the big prizes in the electrical field. Other figures bear this out. In 1902, no less than 82 percent of the municipal electric light plants were in cities of less than 5,000 population, while only 73 percent of private plants were so located. In 1904, there were but four municipal plants in the 39 cities of over 100,000 population. And in 1912 there were only seven in the 56 cities of the same population.

A survey of the gas business reveals a somewhat similar situation.

The telephone business, it is needless to say, is entirely in the hands of private capital, although its service in all its essentials is similar to these other utilities.

The question arises: Why has municipal ownership triumphed both in number and size of plants in the water business, while it has never even been attempted in the telephone business; has achieved but moderate prominence in gas, and electricity, in spite of a remarkable increase, has failed to enter the biggest cities?

No one has, to my knowledge, however, gathered sufficient material of facts and figures to build an answer that will stand completely on its own foundation. Whatever theory we hold must inevitably be buttressed by our own personal desires and prejudices—a poor prop at best.

But I should like to suggest a tentative hypothesis: We, the people of this country, are accustomed to allow a small group of investors to reap huge personal profits from bartering our indispensable public necessities. It is only when our bodily security is threatened that we call a halt. And to this hypothesis there is a significant corollary: when the public need carries with it no large promise of profit, private capital steers clear and public ownership is Hobson's choice.

We have municipal ownership of our police and fire protection because we know enough not to entrust the safety of ourselves and our family silver to seekers after profit. We have learned to take it for granted that the supply of this public utility is a "governmental function," as we put it: that it would be "contrary to the public interest" for it to be the subject of stock-jobbing commercialism. Such a state of things would endanger our bodily safety.

Municipal ownership has dominated the water business primarily for the same reason. We will entrust our light, heat, and transportation, but not our lives, to the mercies of a money-making concern—to an organization whose interest in our welfare is divided by dividends. Water is one of the chief carriers of disease and has consequently become gradually bound up in our minds with the "public function" of health and sanitation. Political and social sagacity has developed among us at least to this extent: we are beginning to realize that our health (like our security from thieves and fire) is not a matter for the haggling, money-grabbing and stock-watering of a business transaction. Public utilities that bear directly on our health are now being looked upon as legitimate fields for government interference and even ownership.

If we only washed in water and did not drink it, maybe public ownership would have made comparatively little progress in this field.

The one great cause that has induced the conservative American public to swallow this extraordinary dose of collectivism is the germ they might drink at their breakfast tables.

The one central feature of all Socialist agitation is government ownership. It is true that there is no Socialism without the control of the government by the working people and the democratic management, in one form or another, of all industry. But if government ownership under the present political control is a failure, then the keystone of the arch of Socialist argument would be shot through with a fatal flaw. This first and most crucial test of the essential practicality of Socialism has been successfully met by cities in every part of the United States.

If the function of the Socialist is anything in our contemporary American life it is to proclaim in season and out this lesson that we as a people must some day learn and apply. If we refuse to permit a private fire department to make money out of our necessity for protection from fire, we must in the end see the folly of permitting ourselves to be threatened in a thousand subtler ways by the turning of our other necessities into profit.

Municipal plants, like private ones, have succeeded and failed. No one will ever know the relative proportion of each. But at least this much is proved by the records of municipal ownership we have at hand: There have been many successful examples of the fundamental Socialist principle in our cities; the performance of such undertakings has been, on the whole, more favorable from every point of view than similar private ventures, and, finally, the private investor, backed by an ignorant public, has never given public ownership half a chance to prove its worth except in the field of water-supply, where its success is assumed on all sides.

This is, for the Socialist, a vindication and a challenge!

Circumstantial Evidence

By Emanuel Haldeman-Julius

FLYNN, better known as "Porky" Flynn —was found guilty of murder.

The jury had listened patiently to the evidence, had retired to debate on the merits of the testimony, had reviewed the murder of wealthy, aged, J. Albert Sewell, from every possible angle, and reported its belief that "Porky" fired the fatal shot, and that death should be his punishment.

The judge thanked the twelve men for their work and told them they could go to their homes. Turning to the prisoner, the court announced:

"You have been given a fair trial and have been convicted. Step forward and say why sentence should not be pronounced."

Flynn, pale and trembling, arose from his seat, and almost staggered to the bar before the judge's bench. The jury's verdict had paralyzed him and left him nearly speechless. His brain seemed clouded and unable to comprehend the meaning of it all. Nervously, he cried:

"I didn't do it, judge. So help me God, I never done that job. I know I'm just a measly, low-down dog of a crook, judge"—tears blinded him—"I know I've done a lot of rotten things" —his voice rose to a high, hysterical falsetto —"I know I've served a bunch of terms in prison for things I've done, judge; but I never killed that man, I swear, judge. I never killed him that night and may God strike me dead if I ain't telling you what's the truth!"

Flynn broke down and wept like a child, his shoulders heaving violently as long, painful sobs came from the depths of his chest. The judge waited until the wretch could control his feelings enough to continue his plea.

"I didn't kill that man, judge—." Flynn became incoherent. Here and there, he repeated, "I never done it," apparently leaving the judge unconvinced.

"This is a sad case," said the judge, slowly, emphasizing each syllable, "and I feel for you; but never have I known a man's guilt to be so clearly indicated by circumstantial evidence as in this instance. I have always dreaded circumstantial evidence, especially when a human life stands at stake, but here you are absolutely proven to be the actual murderer of J. Albert Sewell ——"

"I never done it, I never done it!" Flynn moaned.

"Your mere denials avail you nothing," exclaimed the court. "To merely repeat again and again that you are innocent does not wipe away the overwhelming facts against you. First of all, you confess you are a professional burglar—you have served more than fifteen years in penitentiaries throughout the country. Your record is as black as any criminal I have ever known. All your life you have preyed upon society, all your life you have broken laws and robbed right and left. This you do not deny, for you know denials are worthless. On the night of the tragedy, you went to the home of J. Albert Sewell for no other purpose than to commit burglary. Is that the truth?"

"Yes, it's so—I went there to break in, and I did get into his house —but I never killed that man," Flynn answered.

The court continued:

"A policeman heard a shot and ran to the Sewell home and caught you running from the place. A minute later the police officer found the body of J. Albert Sewell. Your revolver was found near his remains; one of its chambers contained an empty shell. The bullet extracted from Sewell's body is of the same caliber as the others in your revolver—that is convincing to say the least. The evidence establishes the motive, which was robbery; you were caught on the scene of the crime. Your revolver was the weapon used. That, to any reasonable person, proves you to be the murderer."

The judge gazed steadily, for a while, at the condemned man's face and there, to his own mind, found further proof of guilt. Flynn's knotted figure, heavy, brutal face, glassy eyes almost lost in their sockets, huge, crooked nose and wild brows, together with a powerful, vicious jaw, seemed, in the judge's opinion, to help spell his guilt.

"I never done it!" cried Flynn.

"You have been found guilty," said the judge, assuming a cold, uncompromising attitude. "I am convinced there has been no error and I can do nothing but pronounce sentence!"

* * *

Seven weeks later, the shadow of what was once a man lay chained to the stone floor of the death cell. Often, he mumbled, "I never done it," but his words fell on ears as hard and deaf as the wall about him. A few hours before dawn, Flynn was given enough whiskey to intoxicate him. He drank long draughts of the liquid, for its numbing effect drove away the fear of death that was freezing his heart. And while in a drunken state, unable to understand what was soon in store for him, with a priest reading passages of scripture, imploring God to save his soul, Flynn was led down the gloomy corridor to the death chamber, where he was strapped to a chair and shocked with murderous volts of fire until his life was no more. And then, the state records in its books of justice that a fearful crime had been avenged, that Flynn had paid the penalty and that the last chapter in the Sewell murder had been written.

* * *

About three months before Flynn was electrocuted—or rather on the night of his arrest—Henry Purvis and Mrs. Jeanette Sewell were seated in the dimly lighted library of J. Albert Sewell's home. They were alone and gazed at each other, anxiety written on their faces.

Purvis was a man of about forty; so evenly featured was he as to leave his countenance almost characterless. Every line and wrinkle had been carefully massaged out of him, leaving him expressionless. But his glittering eyes showed him to be possessed of a quick, shrewd brain and a will always striving for control. He was one who lived by his wits: a man-of-the world ever ready to risk anything to obtain what he was striving for, a temperament thirsty for adventure.

He and Jennie, as he called her, had long been intimate, and had, for almost ten years, formed a team that looked upon the world as their oyster and who used their wits as an opener. And the many oysters they had opened were not commonplace oysters; they invariably were pearls.

For the past year, since Jeanette had wormed her way into the elder Sewell's confidence and had become his wife, Purvis had posed as her brother, the "old man" as they called him, never suspecting that they were, in fact, lovers. Their scheme was to get his money, of which he had plenty. That they got none of his wealth was a fact painful to confess, but true, nevertheless.

Sewell held fast to his money, even taking upon himself the task of paying what expenses were met from day to day, refusing steadfastly to give her sums of money which she tried to obtain. And that, to the pair of schemers, was a very distressing state of affairs.

"At any time," said Purvis, almost angrily, "the old fool is likely to learn the truth about us."

"Yes," agreed Jeanette, "you can't pose as his brother-in-law indefinitely. Some day he'll learn the truth and then you'll see your picture in the papers—another handsome correspondent. That would be a fine how-do-you-do, wouldn't it?"

"I wouldn't mind that so much if we could only get his money. That's what we're after, and I'm tired of this long wait. I expected to wait six months, but here is almost a year and we haven't progressed very much. I tell you, you must make the old fool loosen up or I'll do it for you."

"How?" inquired the woman.

"Oh, there are a thousand ways, and one is as good as another. It's a question which is the best at this time. One thing is certain, we must get that money."

The woman nodded her head slowly.

"It's too bad," she commented. "I never knew so old a man with such good health."

"Yes, hang him, he hasn't even got rheumatism."

"Well, there's nothing to be done except to wait for our chance. It will surely come sooner or later. Have patience, my dear, have patience."

"If I had him here I'd ring his neck," Purvis blurted with an oath.

He glanced across the dim room, a look of disgust on his face. Suddenly he turned deathly pale and felt his heart spring into his throat, for there to his utter astonishment and bewilderment, stood—yes, there in the doorway, agitated beyond description, stood the object of his schemes—J. Albert Sewell!

Jeanette also turned and saw what had driven terror into Purvis' heart; but she was not the kind that flinched when forced to "face the music." She laughed quickly; it was more of a chuckle than a laugh.

"Well, well," she exclaimed in mock seriousness; "just look who's here."

"He has heard all," was the thought that flashed through Purvis' mind. "He caught us napping."

Her laugh and air of indifference restored Purvis' nerve.

He quickly assumed a blase air and snickered.

"Good evening, Mr. Sewell; dropped in rather suddenly, didn't you?"

The man at the door did not answer. Coming forward, he shook his head slowly and looked at the pair, hardly able to believe his eyes or admit the truth of what his ears had heard.

"You looked worried, darling," said Jeanette, eyeing him coquettishly.

"So this is what has been in store for me," Mr. Sewell frowned. "I married the partner of a thief, brought both into my house, and here they are scheming to rob me."

Mr. Sewell's anger rose rapidly, his blood boiled and flushed his face a deep crimson, his hands clenched spasmodically. Swallowing hard and almost panting for breath, he yelled:

"You are robbers, both of you!"

Without warning, he sprang at Purvis and struck him on the side of his head, felling him.

Purvis, in a second, was on his feet again; and whipping out a revolver, he aimed it towards the other.

Mr. Sewell stood, transfixed. Later, with a gasp, he sank into a chair. The revolver was unloaded, Purvis well knew, but he continued to aim it at the aged man, announcing, as a warning:

"If you move out of that chair I'll kill you on the spot. I mean business, so you had better think twice before you attempt anything."

The revolver levelled at Mr. Sewell, the woman standing near the table, Purvis leaning anxiously forward, and the third seated in a chair, presented a picture that was striking.

For a full minute, a heavy silence hung, like a blanket, over them. No one stirred. Not a word was uttered. Purvis was thinking rapidly. Something, he concluded, must be done. This, he admitted, was the moment for action; to waver would mean the loss of everything.

But what could he do? The revolver was unloaded—and then he did not relish the idea of committing a crime that might result in—he shuddered. He was in a quandary. For another minute, silence continued.

The quiet was broken by a noise that came from another room.

"Someone has entered this house," Purvis whispered hoarsely. "There must be a burglar here."

Mr. Sewell, his head between his hands, did not seem to hear what was happening.

Purvis ran into the other room, which was pitch dark, and quietly tip-toed his way to the bottom of the stairway. There he discerned the form of the intruder. With a rush, he sprang upon the burglar, who hastily drew his revolver. Purvis immediately disarmed him. With a lurch, the burglar drew back, freeing himself. A second later he was making his escape, leaving Purvis with a loaded revolver in his hand.

Mr. Sewell and the woman, having heard the commotion, came hurrying down the stairs.

"What is it? What is it?" a man's voice inquired.

"A burglar," said Purvis, peering through the dark. When he perceived the figure of the aged man, he fired. Without even a groan, Mr. Sewell fell to the landing.

Purvis thought quickly and instantly came to a conclusion.

"Up to your room! Quick!" he commanded. "Undress and get into your night clothes. I'll do the same in my room. Quick!"

In a second they were off.

* * *

While Purvis was peeling off his clothes, he heard the noise of another struggle. This time, the noise came from the street.

Still undressing, he ran to the window and looked down.

There he saw the burglar in the arms of a policeman, struggling for his freedom. By the time the burglar was overpowered, Purvis was in his night clothes. He then hurried down, soon followed by the woman.

Opening the door, he let the policeman drag the almost unconscious form of the burglar into the hall.

"He fired a shot," said the policeman. "We'd better search around!"

"My God! Here is his victim!" said Purvis. "Mr. Sewell has been killed!"

"And I have caught the murderer red-handed," said the policeman.

Comrades, Are We Going To Help Kate?

Are we going to let Kate O'Hare, the indefatigable worker, the noble mother, the tried and true friend of the working class, the inspiring Socialist orator—are we going to let this wonderful lovable and loving woman rot in prison, while we fold our hands supinely in selfish ease?

A thousand times—N O !

Phil Wagner and the brave group of comrades with the "Social Revolution" are trying to win an appeal for Kate O'Hare, who has been sentenced to five years imprisonment in the Jefferson penitentiary.

Send in your subscription immediately to "Social Revolution, 703 Pontiac Bldg., (five subs at 40c each) and help circulate this appeal.

THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT IS GETTING INTO A DEPLORABLE AND CONTEMPTIBLE CONDITION, IF WE CAN'T AROUSE ENOUGH OPPOSITION TO MAKE KATE O'HARE'S INCARCERATION IMPOSSIBLE!

Socialism Triumphant

By R. A. Dague

UNDER the caption, The Growth of Socialism, the "New England Leader" of Boston, says:

"Charles the Fifth once said that the sun never set on his empire. We Socialists may apply these words to our movement, and say that the sun never sets on the countries in which our banner floats.

"With these words the eloquent Belgian deputy, Emile Vandervelde, opened the International Socialist Congress held in Stuttgart in 1907. It was not an empty boast. The Socialist movement is as wide as the world. In Europe its power is felt alike in the highly civilized central and northern countries, in once autocratic Russia, in apathetic Spain and in the backward Balkan kingdoms. It has invaded the Celestial empire, Persia and Japan; Transvaal and the Australian colonies; the South American republics and the Dominion of Canada. The United States is fast becoming a stronghold of the new doctrine.

"The gospel of Socialism is preached in more than sixty tongues. Its creed is accepted by 30,000,000 persons.

"A movement of such magnitude and universality could not spring up without a cause, or continue without a mission. To scoff at it is futile. To ignore it is folly. It must be faced. It should be understood.

"And Socialism can be understood very readily. Despite all assertions to the contrary, the mainsprings of the movement are quite obvious, its philosophy is exceedingly simple, and its program is very definite."

Yes; Socialism is easily defined:

Worcester's Dictionary says: "Socialism is a science of reconstructing society on an entirely new basis by substituting the principle of association for that of competition in every branch of industry."

The Dictionary of Political Economy says: "Socialism requires that the process of production and distribution should be regulated not by competition with self interest for its moving principle but by society as a whole for the good of society."

The fundamental doctrine of Socialism is that all of nature's crude or raw materials necessary for all humanity to use, should be owned by all the people collectively, such as land, water, oils, fuel, air, light, electricty and other public necessities and utilities. None of these should be owned by individuals for private profit. Nature furnishes mankind the raw materials and pushes him into the world naked and tells him to work or starve. Socialism says that all adults should perform some useful service and receive the full value of their labor and individually own the finished products of their toil. Such is the reasonable, honest, fair and just proposition of Socialism. It would seem that no intelligent man, not a thief, or a selfish human hog, could oppose so just a movement. Truly does the "New England Leader" say "to scoff at it is futile—to ignore it is folly." Yet this great and good movement that is preached in more than sixty languages is scoffed at, ignored and misunderstood.

While Socialism deals exclusively with industrial and political propositions, degenerate priests, preachers, bogus statesmen and a prostituted press working for tainted money, iterate and reiterate the lie that Socialism is atheistic, anarchistic, and is working to destroy religion and the home, and establish free love and race suicide. In all the past every movement started to benefit humanity, has been misrepresented and persecuted. Jesus was denounced and crucified as a "seditious fellow." Martin Luther was assailed as a vile wretch. Our own revolutionary forefathers were anathematized as heretics and traitors and Abraham Lincoln was called a "baboon who wanted to marry a nigger." Well, a wise man has said: "Ever the right comes uppermost and ever is justice done.' Socialism is coming. It is the next step of humanity toward a higher and better civilization. No human power can stop it because its four cornerstones are, universal brotherhood, universal peace, justice and reciprocity, and its slogan is, An Injury to One Is the Concern of All. It will abandon the existing competitive system of industrialism whose god is profits and the fruits of which are strife, selfishness, injustice and war, and establish in its stead a cooperative comonwealth—a pure democracy in which the people will govern themselves by direct legislation and the recall. All disputes between nations will be peacefully settled in international courts of arbitration. No permanent civilization can be mantained founded on greed, profits, speculation, injustice and war, whose motto is, Everyone for Himself—to the Victor Belongs the Spoils. Socialism must triumph because it says: "God, or nature, has so interwoven the well being and destiny of all humanity into one inseparable bond of unity and interdependence that what injures one injures all, and what is good for one is good for all."

The Socialist movement is the best movement that has been launched into this sad world in the last twenty centuries.

A Life of Love and Service

By David Bobspa

THE noble soul of Senator Robert Addison Dague has at last struggled free from the encasing mold of mortality. Comrade Dague's weary body is at rest. For forty years he has been one of the most conspicuous figures in the American propaganda field.

My last letter from him was late in January. A few days latter a note came from the family stating that Comrade Dague was too ill to attend to correspondence. Today a letter from Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader of Chicago, editor of "The Progressive Thinker," tells me of his completion of this day's lesson and the passing forward of the spirit.

For ten years past Comrade Dague had been bed-ridden, a helpless paralytic. But he continued his work until a few days of his death. The closing of his mortal eyes had no fear for this grand old warrior for Socialism and Spiritualism.

Not a phase of either cause but has been illuminated by the clear thinking of R. A. Dague—editor, speaker, law-maker, and novelist.

His most enduring monument—aside from the heritage of a perfect life of brotherhood and unselfishness—is his swan song, "The Twentieth Century Bible." This clearly ranks among the inspired works of the ages.

Comrade Dague has been for many years an inspiration to ten thousand men and women, and when the pathway of life has seemed rough and hard scores of times for me, his example has been an inspiration and kept me moving forward in the movement.

I do not mourn for Robert Addison Dague. He is not dead. The worn, tired body will be laid away. The work of the soul is being felt throughout America today. His soul will co-operate with the people for all time in its warfare for liberation.

What Thinkers Think

Gems of Comment From Current Periodicals

In nine months, the military establishment of the United States has grown from a force of 100,000 men to 1,500,000.—George Creel, "The Independent."

An acre of German beets produces more sugar than an acre of Louisiana cane.—Edwin E. Slossom, "The Independent."

The English are the most chauvinistic nation on earth, without knowing it.—Leon Trotzky, "Class Struggle."

I charge that Theodore Roosevelt is the most potent and willing friend of the Kaiser in America.—Senator Stone, "Congressioal Record."

Our American imperialists who favor universal military training are afraid that the government will win the war on such terms that no army will be necessary afterward.—Dr. Stephen S. Wise, "The New World."

August Bebel's utterances are first hand evidence that the Socialist movement in Germany is at heart unpatriotic in the sense of imperial patriotism.—Louis Wallis, "The Public."

The system which condemns men to slavery, women to prostitution, children to poverty and ignorance, and all to hopeless, barren, joyless lives, must be uprooted and destroyed before men may know the meaning of morality, walk the highlands of humanity, and breathe the vitalizing air of freedom and fellowship.—Eugene V. Debs, "The Call Magazine."

The whole system of international relationship grows out of the economic necessity of capitalist investment abroad. Diplomacy, imperialism and exploitation of peoples in other countries rest on the whole system of capitalist production of commodities.—James O'Neal, "Call Magazine."

The private ownership of the coal fields is an economic barrier. It prevents the people of the Unitel States from enjoying the full measure of liberty that might be theirs.—Scott Nearing, "People's Council Bulletin."

Man has to be freed from the intolerable burden of being a producer of profits for others.—"The Producer," England.

Spiritualistic seances are no longer in the parlor-game stage. The phenomena underlying them are shaping a well-defined system of practical religion.—Robert Mountsier, "The Bookman."

If we allies cannot bring about a revolution in Germany—then we have not achieved our war aim, and the whole struggle will have been a ghastly loss.—H. G. Wells, "The New Republic."

If we allies are honest, then if a revolution started in Germany today, we should, if anything, lower the price of peace to Germany.—H. G. Wells, "The New Republic."

One of the enormous advantages of being a man instead of a woman is that when you are going out in the evening, you never have to think what you will wear.—Bernard Shaw, "The New Republic."

Italian biologists find that tea and coffee increase the power of resistance to cold without raising the normal temperature of the body.—"Bulletin of Pharmacy."

Onions are laxative, sedative, break up a cold, cure insomnia, are easily digested and nourished, stimulate the appetite and soothe the nerves.—"Critic and Guide."

If Socialism prevails, competition in trade and business will be destroyed, and thus the business of advertising will perish.—Henry T. Rainey, "Printer's Ink."

The tuberculosis germ kills more than 125,000 people every year in the United States alone and causes a greater loss to the cattle industry than any other one thing.—Dr. N. S. Mayo, "The Breeder's Gazette."

The German junker succeeding the robber baron is not substantially different from the English or American captain of industry.—N. O. Nelson, "Canadian Co-operator."

Maine, Rhode Island, Minnesota and Michigan have abolished the death penalty, and Wisconsin never had it, yet the rate per thousand of homocides in those states is lower than in neighboring states that inflict capital punishment.—"American Journal of Education."

What is this marvelous business efficiency that we are asked to instal in the high places of our government at Washington? It is a pet American fetish, concocted of superstition, and hero-worship, and admirably adapted to play hob with any enterprise committed to its control.—"The Public."

One fair-sized sugar beet, when soaked in water twenty minutes and boiled on the kitchen stove, will make a cup of thick syrup which can be used in cooking, for seasoning, and sweetening.—"Des Moines Capital."

Uncle Sam now has the supervision of approximately 260,000 miles of single track, an investment of over $16,000,000,000 and the employment of 1,700,000 persons.—Charles F. Speare, "Review of Reviews."

Theodore Roosevelt has arrived at the sad condition of a public man whose too active espousal of any cause is enough to damn it.—"The Public."

How different is the version of conscription of wealth from the conscription of men! Not only is there no conscription of actual capital, but the man with the million dollar factory retains his factory and still gains a very substantial income!—Joseph L. Cohen, "The Public."

We want to fight abroad with our allies so that we shall not have to fight at home without our allies.—Theodore Roosevelt, "Kansas City Star."

The National Security league is stirring up class-bitterness. It is the tool of sinister interests which would halt all progress and reform.—"Non Partisan Leader."

The French 75 mm. gun will shoot as many as 16 shells a minute and there are guns which have fired 2000 shells a day. It requires the labor of 4000 to 5000 men to provide the shells for eight of such guns.—"Scientific American."

The deepest mine in the world is the St. John del Rey copper mine in Brazil, which has a depth of 6000 feet.—"Scientific American."

The U-boats of Germany will destroy as much tonnage this year as the United States and Great Britain together can build and launch.—Bainbridge Colby, "Literary Digest."

The time is coming when the men of the working classes,, the men without property, will control the destinies of the world.—Charles M. Schwab, Bethlehem Steel Corp., in "New York World."

We stand for violence against all exploiters. We are the first government in the world that openly declares it is carrying on civil war and we pledge ourselves to carry this war to a finish.—Lenine in London "Daily Chronicle."

This is an American workingman's war, conducted for American workingmen, by American workingmen.—Prof. John R. Commons, "Union Labor Bulletin."

It is the perpetual shame of the Church that it did not prevent this war; it is an equal shame that it has not long ago ended it.—John Haynes Holmes, "The Forum."

Negroes own and edit more than four hundred newspapers and magazines in the United States.—Ray Stannard Baker, "The World's Work."

The war of nations is merging into the war of class.—Frederick Harrison, "Fortnightly Review."

When a man loves his work it is almost impossible for him not to flourish in it.—Harrington Emerson, "The Independent."

Harold Bell Wright has sold 7,000,000 copies of his novels in fifteen years, and is still young and healthy.—"Montgomery Advertiser."

The government should immediately commandeer all industries where strikes occur; the primary cause of strikes is the greed of government contractors who are making huge profits with labor.—"Non Partisan Leader."

Labor should never, in war or peace, give up it's right to strike.—"Wheeling Majority."

Why should labor leaders think more of winning this war for the capitalists than of winning better living conditions for the American working class?—"Milwaukee Leader."

The coal shortage was indirectly caused by the German U-boats, even as the food shortage in Germany is caused by the allied blockade.—Harrington Emerson, "Review of Reviews."

Organized labor has proclaimed its loyalty from the housetops, and the number of strikes and of men involved since April 6 has been unexampled in our history. It is a disappointing and un-American picture.—"New York Tribune."

Only a peace without indemnities and annexations can save us, and the hour has come when you must raise your voice for such a peace. The German people must manifest its will to end the war.—Wilhelm Dittman, Socialist member of Reichstag.

Modern Religious Movements: No. 2

The Essence of Catholicism

By Thomas F. Coakley, D. D., St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburg, Pa.

CATHOLICITY MEANS AUTHORITY IN RELIGION

WHEN our Divine Lord established His church, He did not ordain that the truths for which He came into the world and suffered and died should be brought to the knowledge of men by the mere circulation of the Bible. Rather, it was the living voice of His own Apostles and disciples that He chose to be the instruments whereby His gospel was to be carried to all the earth.

The authority of the one true Church founded by Christ, the teaching office of the Church, its duty of preaching the gospel, and of the necessity of the faithful listening to and obeying the commands of the Church, are truths everywhere insisted upon in Holy Writ. The Catholic Church recognizes the inspired Word of God in itself, and independent of the living voice and divinely authorized interpretation of the Church, cannot be a safe guide to eternal life. Nowhere in Holy Scripture is the claim put forward that the Bible contains all of the Word of God in its fullness: on the contrary there are several express statements to the very opposite. St. John boldly states that Christ did and said many things which are not recorded in Holy Writ (John xxi:15). Moreover, in another place in His Gospel, the beloved disciple declares that the whole world would not be able to contain the books that should be written if all the sayings and doings of Christ were accurately and fully recorded (John xx:31). Furthermore, we find in the Bible other references to some of the writings of the Apostles having perished. One Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians (I Cor. v:9) and one to the Laodiceans are known to be lost (Cor. iv:16).

Hence the necessity for admitting the authority of the Church in religious matters over and above that of the Bible. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of Christ," says St. Paul to the Romans (Rom. x:14). "And the things which thou hast heard of Me by many witnesses, the same commend to faithful men, who shall be fit to teach others also" (II Tim. ii:2). "Hold fast after what manner I preached to you" (I Cor. xv:2).

Hence hearing the Church, listening to its voice, obeying its mandates, submitting to its divinely constituted authority, is the very test of Christianity and distinguishes it from all individualism, from all independent, private and unauthorized interpretation of God's Law.

Christ founded a Church, a perfect, living, visible, permanent society, self-sufficient, self-governing and containing within itself all that is necessary for its existence. Christ exercises His power through earthly representatives. He selected twelve Apostles and charged them in His name to teach all nations (Matt. xxviii:20) to offer sacrifice (Luke xxii:19) and to govern His flock (Matt. xviii:18; John xxi:17). The Apostles used the authority committed to them while they lived and before their death they took measures for the perpetuation of this principle of government in the Church by establishing a hierarchy in the Christian communities founded by them, centuries before the world ever had the Bible. The authority vested in the Church is from Almighty God, and not from the members of the Church. "The Holy Ghost," says St. Luke (Acts xx:28), "hath placed you Bishops to rule the Church of God." The Church derives her power directly from Christ, through Apostolic succession, and not from the body of the faithful. The Pope, Bishops and priests have their power and authority from the Shepherd, not from the sheep.

CATHOLICITY MEANS CERTAINTY IN RELIGION

The doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church are clean cut, precise, well-defined, sure and certain; there is no quibbling or ambiguity; you always know exactly where she stands on every one of the fundamental and eternal verities. "I shall be with you all days, even to the consummation of the world," Christ said to her (Matt. xxiii:20) and the abiding presence of Christ takes away all doubt. He sent the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, upon the Roman Catholic Church, making it possible for Catholics to know precisely and without the possibility of error just what Christ did actually teach.

CATHOLICITY MEANS THE ALL THAT CHRIST TAUGHT

We cannot minimize Christian doctrine. We cannot pursue an elective course in religion. We cannot believe what we choose and reject all else, and still call ourselves Christians. To be a Christian means that we must believe all that Christ taught, not merely a portion of His teachings. Christ tells us so Himself, for He sent His Apostles "to teach things whatsoever He had commanded." (Matt. xxviiii:20). There is absolutely no qualification here; no opportunity to spurn, reject, despise, condone, or smooth over things that we do not like. And in looking over the world today, or any day during the last nineteen centuries, we are forced to say that the Roman Catholic Church is the only institution in existence that teaches in its fullness and in its completeness every single doctrine taught by Christ. We have but to run up and down the pages of history to obtain corroboration of this great fact. To be deep in history is at once to embrace the Catholic faith. No man can read history thoroughly and remain outside the Church of Rome. This is substantially the verdict of no less an authority than the great Protestant historian, Macaulay, in his celebrated essay on Von Ranke. Non-Catholic denominations, taken in their entirety have swept away every great truth for which Christ gave up His life, so that the world outside the Catholic Church no longer stands for integrity of Christianity. Open denial of the divinity of Christ, of His miracles, of His resurrection, of His miraculous birth, by the ministers and professors of non-Catholic denominations has ceased to startle the non-Catholic world, until today the one, single, solitary, majestic witness to the entirety of divine revelation is the Roman Catholic Church.

Making the United States Safe for Plutocracy

Just as we predicted a year ago, the American plutocracy is taking advantage of the opportunity afforded by the country's concentration on the war, to plunder labor.

Basil Manly, formerly a statistician for the Industrial Relations Commission, reports that while in 1915, 2 percent of the people owned 60 percent of the wealth, today 2 percent own 70 percent of the wealth. He further shows that since the beginning of the European war, the number of millionaires and multi-millionaires in the United States has doubled. And the obverse is true: the condition of the working class has become increasingly unbearable.

Uncle Sam has yet to see that he has a more evil thing to deal with at home—the American plutocracy—than he has in the person of a certain paranoiac kaiser.—A. S.

Children: Quantity or Quality?

By Alanson Sessions

AS usual, when some new reform is agitated, the vast majority of people express strenuous objections to its adoption. And usually, their objections are based on a misunderstanding of the thing they attack. It is a tragic thing that almost invariably humanity attacks the principal innovations which will greatly help it to endure the burdens of life.

These statements are particularly true with reference to the agitation of the birth control problem for the last generation. A hundred and one objections have arisen in the popular mind, sincere and otherwise, against family limitation. They are founded on misconception of the true aims of those advocating birth control, on ignorance, on malicious hypocrisy.

Will Family Limitation Lead to Race Suicide? We might answer this question in the following manner: Are women who use preventives childless? The facts show that such is not the case. It is estimated that hundreds of thousands of families now use preventives, very few of them being without children. These families have from one to four children, but they regulate the number of children in accordance with the family income. It is foolish to fear that the use of contraceptives will bring about the destruction of the race. When we think of the infinite worry and trouble to which women will go in order to have children, we certainly need not apprehend a dying out of the race. No artificial device will ever destroy the world-old instinct in woman of perpetuating the species. Moreover, in Holland, where contraceptives are in most general use, the population has not decreased but actually increased, due to the better economic and social conditions prevailing there as a result of birth control.

Will The Knowledge of Birth Control Measures Lead to Immorality? It is said that if the knowledge of contraceptives is made general, the young will taste the forbidden fruit of illicit sexual intercourse. Granted that this may occur occasionally. Even so, the benefits derived from a diminution of venereal diseases resulting from earlier marriages, the fewer and healthier offspring, the prevention of the procreation of the underfed, the tuberculous, the alcholics, the degenerate, the feeble-minded and the insane would more than outweigh the isolated instances of sexual intercourse prior to marriage. And suppose some women ARE bound to have illicit relations? As a writer has said, "Is it not better that they should know the use of a harmless preventive than that they should become pregnant, disgracing and ostracizing themselves and their families, or that they should subject themselves to the risks of an abortion, or, failing in this, to take carbolic acid, or bichloride, or jump into the river, or throw themselves under the wheels of a running train?" The fear of pregnancy does not keep girls pure and chaste; its the social training, the education that they receive, combined with the monogamous tendency that practically every girl inherits.

Are The Means of Prevention Absolutely Sure?.. It is often remarked that contraceptives often fail to prevent conception. While this may be true in some cases, it is also true that this failure is most often attributable to the carelessness or ignorance of those using the methods. Statistics show that the various methods of control are from 98 to 99 percent infallible. When the laws prohibiting the dissemination of such information are repealed, men and women can discuss the subject in public and thus entirely eradicate the other one or two percent of failure. To the secrecy of the use of preventives and the working out of their formulas, is due, to a large extent, the failures that occasionally result. In Berlin, in 1876, the birth rate was 240 per annum per thousand of married women; in 1912, the birth rate had fallen to 90 per thousand married women. This and other examples show the marvelous effectiveness of contraceptive measures.

Will Birth Control Lead to Excess in Married Life? It will not. The facts show that during the time of pregnancy occurs the greatest frequency of intercourse in families not using contraceptives. This period is the greatest temptation to excess. Birth control will regulate this, prevent excesses, and establish moderation.

Is Birth Control Immoral? Immoral is something that is injurious to the community. If birth control makes for mental and moral improvement, how can it be said to be immoral? To those who contend that the woman who uses preventives is nothing but a monogamous prostitute, we can only reply that the author of the argument is a drooling imbecile. The simple and irrefutable fact remains that all children born into the world should be desired and lovingly created.

Dr. Robinson says: "A working man should not have more than two children. Every child after the second, and particluarly after the third, is individually and racially a calamity. It means that the mother's health is being exhausted. It means that she cannot attend as properly as she should to her first children. It means that the succeeding children are taking away a part of the indispensable food and clothing from the first children. It means that the first children will not be able to get the necessary bringing up and education that they otherwise would. It means that they will be sent to work earlier than they otherwise would. It means glutting the labor market with wage slaves. In short, too many children in other than well-to-do families is a crime. It is a crime against every member of the individual family, a crime against the father, a crime against the succeeding children, and a crime against society."

The day is rapidly approaching when a woman can go to a health station to get instructions for preventing an undesired pregnancy just as she goes at the present time to secure a formula for modifying her baby's milk. Before this can be accomplished, however, much remains to be done.

Our physicians will have to throw overboard some of their so-called professional ethics—and join with the liberals and radicals of our time in beseiging the legislatures of every state with the demand to repeal the infamous law which makes giving such information an offense punishable by five year's imprisonment.

Readers are respectfully invited to correspond with the Associate Editor of the Llano Publications and to co-operate with him in every manner possible in getting people interested in and working for this propaganda.

WOMEN WISHING INFORMATION ON BIRTH CONTROL SHOULD WRITE TO MARGARET SANGER, 104 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY. Mention the Western Comrade when you do so.

Does God Exist?

By Henry M. Tichenor

I AM requested by the Western Comrade to write an article entitled, "Does God Exist?" I think a better caption would be, "Do the Gods Exist?"

There are so many of them, scattered in various parts of the globe, and all of them, though bearing different titles, appear so much alike—exhibit so much evidence of a similar source of origin—that the same argument that would prove the existence of one would prove the existence of all, or vice versa.

All the Gods in use today are hoary with age. Their pedigree dates back into remote antiquity. Sacred traditions trace them through barbarism and savagery, and even into the age of the cave-dwellers, and there is lost. True, their characters have undergone changes in the long journey of the centuries, and, to their credit be it said, somewhat, as a general rule, for the better; but the same gods that the ancients worshiped are worshiped still; and this applies to the heathens as well as the Christians.

No Gods have been originated, or discovered, in modern times. Jesus, and Budda, and others of the rejected prophets of brotherhood and peace, may have had visions of a more humane and justice-loving God than those accepted by the professors of the various religions, but they never became popular enough to endure. Nobody, save a few undesirables, seemed to want them. They passed away for lack of encouragement to stay with us. The Gods of the fathers of the stone age were good enough for the sons.

I remarked that the characters of the Gods had somewhat improved. Not much, but a little. They do not require the sacrificing of cattle these days to appease their wrath. That helps some. The immense quantity of meat that once went up in burnt offerings, that, says Genesis viii:21, and Exodus xxix:18, was a sweet savor to Jehovah's nostril's would, if required today, upset all the food conservation figures. Jehovah might have to conscript the meat trust in order to get a smell. So it's a good thing we are saved this religious performance in order to save our souls. As a matter of economy it is well that the Christians today are washing away their sins in Jesus' blood, instead of depending upon a daily wholesale slaughter of calves and lambs, as once took place in Jerusalem. Let us be thankful for this.

It is also a good thing that no God, these days, butchers the first-born of man or beast in a midnight orgy, as Jehovah once did in Egypt. It's bad enough the way we slowly kill the children in the cotton mills; and the price of beef and mutton and bacon is soaring high enough without any God bulling the market. So it is well that the Gods are somewhat better, or at least quieter, than they used to be, even though mankind appears at times as heartless and cruel as of old. We hope, some good day, to pound some sense into mankind; but what could we hope to do if an all-powerful, invisible God was getting our goat whenever he took a notion?

Another improvement, or rather a relief, that can be noted on the part of the Gods these days, is that they pay no attention to prayer. If they did the kaiser, or even T. Roosevelt, might have eaten up the last human being before this, and they themselves be the only remaining specimens of the species. It is really a splendid thing that prayers are not answered any more. If they were the world would be a worse bedlam than it is. It used to be that a holy man of God could say a prayer, and a pack of she-bears would rush out of the woods and tear little children to pieces. It is well that Natural Law, and not prayer, is running things now.

And the thought naturally arises, in answer to the question propounded in this article: has not Natural Law, and not the Gods, always existed?

What are the ancient and original conceptions of the Gods, save supernatural creatures, made in the likeness of man, or some other animal?

Jehovah is described in various parts of the bible as having hands and feet, eyes and ears, and a mouth and nose out of which flew sparks. Moses (so says Genesis xxxlll, verse 23) had the good fortune to hide in the cleft of a rock and view his back parts as he passed by. If you believe this, Jehovah must exist. Cotton Mather is said to have witnessed an old woman astraddle a broomstick sailing over the moon. If you believe this, then witches must exist.

The Gods of old swam the seas, prowled the jungles, and floated through the air. The God of the Christians, who once wandered everywhere, is now stationary. He sits in silence on a gold throne somewhere in the skies. Once he was frequently seen and talked to by the priests that started the story of his existence.

As I do not believe the stories of the priests, I do not believe in the existence of their Gods. I believe the Gods were first conceived in the murky minds of our ancestors, the anthropoid apes. That conception was inherited and enlarged upon in the still murky minds of their progeny, the first savage humans. They knew nothing of Nature and Nature's Laws. All phenomena were the miraculous workings of unseen creatures, bigger and greater than themselves. The terrific tempest, the thunder and lightning, were the manifestations of an angry God. The savage fled to his cave in terror. The law of economic determinism—which is so admirably described by Oscar Ameringer as "the thing that makes a man get a hustle on himself towards the spot where he hears the jingle of easy money"—was already at work. A priest-class early came into existence, professing not only a personal acquaintance with the Gods, but also sufficient power of persuasion to keep them in good humor. The priest was furnished a living in exchange for the prayers he said. He also dined on the choicest cuts of the animals offered in sacrifice. Naturally the priest and the tribal chief soon became bosom friends. Their interests were identical. One lived by ruling the brains, the other by ruling the bodies of the people. The priest predicted all sorts of dire calamities to overtake those that rebelled against the authority of the chief or himself. He even finally invented an everlasting hell. And to the Gods, born in the murky minds of the anthropoid apes, have been preserved in every age as an invaluable asset to hold the workers in subjection to the classes that live by expropriating their products.

In the New Society, the Gods, like the governments of the exploiters, will be found to have been nothing but superstitions. In that society, Service will be the only savior, and Labor the only prayer. In that society, Man will arise from his knees—will not kiss the dust in fear of lord of earth or sky. And, if in Nature, our Mother, there is a sentient soul, she will greet with gladness her children, begotten in the night when the world was young, that have at last evolved to the full stature of Humanity.

—o—

Curst greed of gold, what crimes thy tyrant power has caused!—Virgil.

A Plea for Sensible Propaganda

Now that the scope of our criticism of others is restricted, we socialists may gain something by criticising ourselves.

For instance, consider our propaganda.

We scold to much. People who are socialists, and know it, are still greatly in the minority. We need the help of many who are not yet socialists. But often we treat these people as if they were our inveterate enemies, instead of prospective co-workers. We expect too much from them. We imagine that forming a belief is a very simple matter. At least, in practice, we under-estimate the power of personal inclination, of training, and of association in determining opinion. We assume that it is as easy to choose between socialism and capitalism as between good apples and bad ones. And because he does not at once see as we see, we dub a man a fool who, in a general way, may be vastly more intelligent than we ourselves. Our own classic litearture, revealing as it does, the slow and painful progress of the race, should make us more patient; and if it does not, our own experience must.

We too often allow discussion to degenerate into argument—a very human failing. An argument is a fight—a verbal brawl. And truth does not thrive in the atmosphere of fight; indeed, when the fight is most acute, as in the case of a great war, lying becomes a virtue, and truth-telling a vice. An argument is an exchange of blows, and its purpose is to administer a personal defeat, to win a barren victory; a discussion is an exchange of ideas, and its purpose is to establish the truth.

We denounce too much; or rather, too crudely. Our voice is too shrill. We use too many adjectives, make too many gestures. Our antics turn tragedy into comedy. True, any number of the strongest adjectives may fall far short of describing the situation; the occasion may justify our most violent denunciations—but the results do not. We can best make others feel as we feel, not by giving vent to our feelings, but by simply relating the circumstances that make us feel as we do. Whether the appeal is to the intellect or to the emotions, simplicity and due restraint will strengthen it. There is great power in the plain, unvarnished tale.

Fight? Certainly. But we have fought with words too long. We have tried to make the vocal organs do the work of the whole body. We must fight by doing, instead of by talking. On the industrial battlefield, action is what counts. And our propaganda will be a most useful auxiliary to our politico-industrial fighting machine when we substitute vigor for bombast.

—ALEC WATKINS

The Bolsheviki

The friendly and sympathetic tone in which President Wilson referred to the present rulers of Russia in his "Peace Terms" speech was a severe rebuke to the purveyors of the fanciful falsehoods that have been circulated so widely in our press concerning the Bolsheviki.

Day by day the Russian government has operated the wireless at Petrograd tirelessly in an effort to keep the world informed as to what was going on. The messages sent out have but rarely appeared in the American press. Instead, our newspapers have given us nothing but incomplete and contradictory reports which, in most cases, were plainly untrue.

Now that the president has spoken, however, a change is already noticeable. It has become plain that the Bolsheviki are neither the agents nor the dupes of the kaiser. The charge that Lenine and Trotsky are in the pay of Germany is utterly discredited. The wild rumors of a Russia in chaos have been shown to be without foundation. Only recently, no less a person than Sir George Buchanan, who was British Ambassador at Petrograd, explained that the Bolsheviki are securely in control as long as they continue on the same principle. In England, the Bolsheviki have found support in several quarters. Two of England's most powerful newspapers, the London Daily News and the Manchester Guardian, are outspoken in their praise. And quite lately the new British Labor Party issued a strong endorsement of the Peace Terms of New Russia.

Even if one disapproved of Russia's action in regard to the war, one could not fairly view the achievements of the Bolsheviki without admiration. They have maintained a remarkable degree of order in spite of the desperate scheming of the reactionaries and the open opposition of dissenting socialists. They have met boldly the innumerable problems that inevitably arise from the sudden change from an autocratic monarchy to a free republic, problems that vitally affect the daily lives of a population nearly twice as large as that of the United States. They have taken definite steps to establish, not only political freedom, but also an economic freedom far in advance of that of any other country. They have matched their wits with remarkable success against the best-trained diplomats of the world. They have carried on a peace propaganda among the soldiers of the Germany army. They have fired the liberal elements of Germany with a new hope and a new courage. They have given to the world a basis for peace, the spirit of which has been echoed by President Wilson, and the substance of which is meeting the approval of the progressive sections of every country at war. And they have done all this at a time when every day gives birth to a new crisis.

The future of the Bolsheviki is, perhaps, a matter of doubt. A professor of sociology at the University of Wisconsin, who has just returned from Russia, gives them two years more of power. Should they lose control, it will more likely be as a result of an inability to break through their own stubborn dogmatism than the operation of outside political forces alone. Nevertheless, the entire incident has demonstrated once again the utter unreliability, not only of our newspapers, but also of our diplomacy and the incompetence of our diplomats. And it has demonstrated in a very remarkable fashion the hollowness of the claim of the ruling classes that to them alone is given the ability of performing the functions of government.

—ALEC WATKINS

THE DOOM OF EMPIRES

The traveler standing amid the ruins of ancient cities and empires, seeing on every side the fallen pillar and the prostrate wall, asks why did these cities fall, why did these empires crumble? And the Ghost of the Past, the wisdom of ages, answers: These temples, these palaces, these cities, the ruins of which you stand upon, were built by tyranny and injustice. The hands that built them were unpaid. The backs that bore the burdens also bore the marks of the lash. They were built by slaves to satisfy the vanity and ambition of thieves and robbers. For these reasons they are dust. Their civilization was a lie. Their laws merely regulated robbery and established theft. They bought and sold the bodies and souls of men, and the mournful wind of desolation, sighing amid their crumbling ruins, is a voice of prophetic warning to those who would repeat the infamous experiment, uttering the great truth, that no nation founded upon slavery, EITHER OF BODY OR MIND, can stand.—ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Peace And Its Meaning

By Upton Sinclair

This address, published exclusively by the Western Comrade was delivered by Comrade Sinclair before the Commercial Board of Los Angeles, California, February 4th, 1918.

THIS afternoon I realize that I am really in America, the home of business. The joy of selling things is an excitement I understand a little myself because I once published a book. The president of the United States undertook to advertise it, thus making it easy to sell, and I had the wonderful thrill of seeing goods go out and checks come in. I can appreciate the attitude that most Americans take in such a situation. Somehow or other, though, the joy of selling things doesn't seem to be an entirely satisfactory solution of all the problems of existence. There is something wrong somewhere. Some of the people make a fuss about it and make trouble—Socialists they call themselves, and naturally we don't like them, put them in jail and give them as uncomfortable a time as we can.

Now I am one those Socialists that happen to be out of jail, and I came here to tell you a little about what we think is wrong with the joy and excitement of selling things and making money. This has been going on for a long time in the world. It is a habit that is very strong not only in America, but in every other country as well. They tell us over in Europe that we are the original dollar-chasers. But I have traveled in most of the countries of Europe, and I have had more lead quarters offered to me in a week over there than I have seen in America in my whole lifetime.

I am going to tell you a little of the Socialist's view of our present system, and why it has lead the world into the present calamity. It is the system of private industry, of production for profit. It keeps the vast majority of the people upon what is called a competitive wage, which is the very lowest amount they can exist on while they work, and the surplus product goes in one way or another to the owners of the machinery of production. It may be rent, it may be just profits, but whatever you call it, it goes to the administering class. Now, the administering class has the most brains, because they can afford to hire them. Any man has a chance to become a millionaire if he is sharp enough, and is not troubling too much with his neighbor's troubles. The wealth being under the control of the administering class, this class combines to regulate prices, and at the same time forces the competitive system on the working class.

So the greater part of the selling of the world is done at prices which are fixed. The greater part of the labor of the world works for wages that are made in the open market. Wages do not rise along with prices of the products, but real wages actually diminish. Before the war, in ten years, the cost of living increased 40 percent, according to Government statistics, and wages increased about 15 percent, and so at the end of the ten years those persons working for wages were 25 percent poorer without being aware of it. The result was that with constantly increasing momentum the wealth of the world was thrown into the hands of one class, while the other, the working class, the producers, were not able to buy what they produced.

Government statistics have shown that by modern methods we produce from ten to one hundred times as much by machinery as we used to produce by hand. The consequence is that we are producing goods that our population hasn't the money to buy. The goods are heaping up at one end, while the people really need them at the other.

The cry of the community before the war was hard times, which meant that the goods were piling up and not being consumed. And that is a condition which the private profit system caused in our community. Consumption did not balance production, and there was a surplus profit; there were panics and men out of work; and when they asked why, the answer was "overproduction." A man's wife must go in rags because he has produced too much cloth; he could not buy shoes for his children because he had produced too much wealth for the capitalists. An this condition of overproduction was continually increasing. Also the Socialist vote was increasing year by year. In Germany you could see that vote rise like a thermometer. If you watch a thermometer, you know that when it has risen so far, if it goes one degree farther, something is going to break. In precisely the same way you could say of the Socialist vote in Germany that if it increased any further, the ruling class would lose control of the country and rather than abdicate this class would drive the country into war to bring about a condition of renewed prosperity.

We are told that this is a war for democracy. Some of us have different ideas of democracy. We think that democracy really counts in the important things of life, which are where you get your food, under what conditions you get it. We believe that democracy means that in the industrial life of the world the people should have control of their own destinies. I know that is disturbing to all business men. The business man is now the master, and the workers must obey. But I look forward to a regime of industrial democracy, in which the workers will control their industries, and will give themselves the full value of their product. Of course, we have, for example, our public schools. It would seem quite preposterous if any one would suggest leaving the handling of our mail to be cared for by private corporations. But, on the other hand, the agent of the Salt Lake Railroad here beside me hopes that the government will give him back his line some day. What I look forward to is to see him duly established as the head of a certain department of the United States Railways, running them for the people of the United States. I think he would be quite as happy, and we might be able to pay him quite as large a salary. I am sure he would agree that if a group of private owners did not have a claim to a large part of his profits, he could handle our freight and passengers much more cheaply than he can at present.

I have been predicting a social revolution for America for twenty years and all my friends have been laughing at me; now I am getting ready to have my laugh. You know that saying about he who laughs last.

The Russian people have suffered under a double condition of servitude, and we all wished them luck when they threw off their yoke of czardom. But the Russian people were not satisfied to overthrow the czar only; they have proceeded to overthrow their land owners and capitalists, and to confiscate the banks and factories. What this means is that the revolutionists of the modern world say the peace which is coming to the world must be a peace of industrial as well as of political democracy.

We have to do our part in understanding this—everybody in America, because we all help to make public sentiment. We have to do our part in deciding how this war is to be

(Continued on Page 37)

The Menace of Military Training

By Norman Thomas

THE most extraordinary aspect of "this war to end war," this struggle "to make the world safe for democracy," is the powerful and elaborately organized effort in the United States to take advantage of the situation "to put across" (in the words of ex-president Taft) universal military training and service. Reasonable men must wonder with a kind of despair why it should be necessary to argue that the way NEVER to end war or to make the world safe for remocracy is to fasten a policy of universal conscription upon the country. The Bolsheviki, the British Labor party, President Wilson, even Lloyd George, with varying degrees of emphasis have declared for a world organization which rests upon the cornerstone of disarmament. Is universal military training and service the way to disarm? The whole world condemns Germany as chiefly responsible for the present tragedy. Do we want to share a like burden of guilt in the future years? Nothing else will be our fate if we, the richest and potentially the most powerful of the nations, should now institute universal military training and service as a national policy, not because of the present need but to make ourselves strong for the future. Every nation would feel obliged to follow our lead. Let us not deceive ourselves. The foe is not German militarism but militarism. What that institution did to the fellow-countrymen of Kant and Goethe it will do to the fellow-countrymen of Abraham Lincoln.

It is worth our while to examine somewhat more closely the effects of militarism.

INTERNATIONALISM

Compulsory military training and service means the perpetuation of great establishments for the manufacture of arms. If these are under private or public control it means that some man or nation has a monetary stake in weapons of destruction. It means that a group of officers is interested in increasing the diabolical efficiency of weapons of destruction. It means the old race in armaments which constitute an actual physical barrier to the free intercourse of peoples. More than that it means the erection of spiritual barriers. If America is to be thus armed she must have an enemy to hate or some imperialistic ambitions to fulfill. In no other way can a nation be persuaded to bear the burdens of conscription. We know what our economic imperialists are planning. They will deflect our minds from our own problems by filling us with fear of Japan or some other power and use our armies to back up their own games of economic aggrandizement among the weaker nations of the earth. Under these circumstances any league of the peoples of earth will become economically and psychologically impossible. You could not have a United States of America if each state drilled all its youth in the philosophy and practice of war, magnified in its text books its own greatness, and directed the minds of its growing boys to fear the power of its neighbors. Neither can you possibly have any league of nations worthy of the name under these conditions. We will simply return to the old system of international anarchy, of a world composed of armed and suspicious nations ready to fight at the word of a general staff. Are we to learn nothing from this tragedy?

CONSCRIPTION AND DEMOCRACY

Universal service is the arch foe of democracy, not its friend. The insidious danger of the plan of our security leagues is that they present their wolf in sheep's clothing; their devil in the robes of an angel of light. They claim that militarism will encourage democracy and erase class lines. Surely the workers of America know that the way to remove class lines is to remove classes by instituting industrial democracy. Democracy is more than enforced comradeship in a dog tent. Actually, military training and service means the inevitable creation of an officer caste and the addition of military distinctions to those already in our country. It means the drilling of men at the impressionable age of their lives in that system of automatic obedience which is the chief enemy of the reflective self-government which democracy requires of its citizens. Militarism cannot block the final triumph of democracy in America but it can build a dam across the river of our democratic hopes. Temporarily it can stop the stream and at last instead of flowing through their channels as a river of life the waters may break as by a destructive flood. Will intelligent Americans tolerate this danger? Will they permit a capitalist class to prolong the period of its own power by the militaristic system?

CONSCRIPTION AND INDIVIDUAL WELLBEING

The final effort of the militarist is to prove that military training is somehow or other good for the individual. The argument runs like this: We want no more wars; but military training is good for the character, for the body, mind and soul. I have heard militaristic speakers tell how many million Americans had defective teeth and adenoids and argue that therefore we need military training. Is rifle drill a cure for bad teeth? Is bayonet practice a remedy for adenoids? Much of our national ill health is due to insufficient nourishment. In New York 21 percent of the school children are undernourished. Are we to cure this disease by taking young men to military camps or are we going instead to use that money to give the children a chance? By all means we need physical training but well-informed doctors have successfully demonstrated that there are better forms of physical training than you can possibly get in military drill. We want the best, not a dangerous substitute.

President Wilson closed his stinging letter to Senator Chamberlain in these words: "I am bound to infer that your statement sprang out of opposition to the administration's whole policy rather than out of any serious intention to reform its practice." That is to say, Senator Chamberlain's enthusiasm for universal military training and service was the chief reason for his denunciation of the Secretary of War who had been brave enough to point out the inconsistency of such a program with all America's professions as voiced by Mr. Wilson. In this case we who are bitterly opposed to a permanent policy of conscription are standing behind the president, and not only behind the president but behind all liberals in every country who look for a new world.

—o—

LET THE PEOPLE VOTE ON WAR

Each voter should sign his or her name to the ballot that is voted. In counting, the ballots for war should be kept apart from the ballots against war. In event of more than half of the population voting for war, those who voted for war should be sent to the front in the order in which they appeared at their respective polling places. Nobody who voted against war should be called to serve until everybody who voted for war had been sent to the front.—ALLAN L. BENSON.

Boudin's War Analysis

By Ida Crouch-Hazlett

IN view of the fact that the war was undoubtedly the issue in the late nation-wide, electoral campaign; that there is even at this date great confusion in the minds of the socialists of this country (and their psychology is not unique) regarding a correct interpretation of the war, and its relation to capitalist society, and a pragmatic program of the proletariat; that the charge has been made of a right-about-face change of attitude in the midst of the mayoralty campaign; the incipient division of the party on the war issue; the formation of the National party; the apparent subservient, flunkyized position of American labor towards the war; the pendulum-like vibration of National versus International feeling; and, finally, the sad and discouraging phenomenon of the disintegration of the Second International; in view of these facts, the scientific ability to reason out from the chaos of facts to a lucid and logical conclusion is a prime, indispensable necessity towards formulating a plan of action for the working class, that will be effective, that will not make us ridiculous, that will be a lever with which to pry the capitalist monster and send him toppling a notch or two towards his inevitable downfall.

As a material assistance in this direction I wish to call some attention to Louis B. Boudin's remarkable volume on "Socialism and the War."

The lectures herein reproduced were delivered in 1914. Their publication in book form was delayed until 1915. The author asserts that nothing happened during the intervening year to throw any additional light upon his views, and the matter was printed without change.

Comrade Boudin for many years has been known to American socialists, and the international movement as well, through his scholarly "Theoretical System of Karl Marx," in which he refutes the critics who assert that the theories of Marx are now out of date, in a masterly manner. He has taken time from his profession as a lawyer to add to the education of the American movement by constant contributions to its press, by a brilliant brochure on "Government by Judiciary"; while he conscientiously continues his lectures on the elucidation of whatever concerns the welfare of the working class.

Comrade Boudin is now one of the editors of the "Class Struggle." a new magazine with a standard that immeditaely ranks it at the front of socialist publications in America—something of the nature of the old "International Socialist Review" at the time when Comrade A. M. Simons was the Editor.

EXHAUSTIVE ANALYSIS

Boudin's analysis is by far the most exhaustive that has been presented on the subject of the war. Wells, in "Italy, France, and Britain at War"; Steinmetz, in "America and the New Epoch"; Arthur Bullard in the "Diplomacy of the Great War"; Frederick C. Howe in "Why War?" "Iron and Steel" and many other sources that could be mentioned all contribute some valuable information on the great social catastrophe.

The value of Boudin's book is that he has the Marxian interpretation of international commercial relations, secret diplomacy, foreign investments, capitalist inadequacy, and economic necessity.

In the beginning he presents two questions—1. Who or what caused the war? 2. What is it all about?

AUSTRO-HUNGARY ULTIMATUM

On July 23rd the Austro-Hungarian government sent an ultimatum to Servia to punish those guilty of the murder of the Archduke Ferdinand and to stop a propaganda that threatened to disrupt the empire. Little Servia's defiance must have had backing no less than Russia; and there must have been strong reasons why a government that had suffered so much from regicides should back up regicides. The Kaiser urges upon his Russian cousins their common interest in punishing regicides; and finally pronounces the ukase that if Austria cannot have her way with Servia, Germany will go to war with Russia and her allies.

There would have been no fight if Germany had stayed out. She must have had vital interests to assert or defend. France did not enter in revenge for the war and indemnity of 1870. She was poorly prepared. England was no party to the original quarrel. Her sudden and inexplicable benevolence in claiming to be the protector of small nations is like Russia's protection of the Slavs. Why the desire to maintain Belgian neutrality and not that of Luxemburg? Why did Belgium allow herself to be crucified on the altar of the neutrality principle when a peaceful passage would have left her intact?

VARIOUS THEORIES

The lectures from which the book is made are six in number. They are entitled: "Clearing the Ground"; "The Economic Causes of the War"; "The Ideologic Causes of the War"; "The Immediate Causes of the War and the Stakes Involved"; "The War and the Socialists"; "Socialist vs. Bourgeois Theories."

Comrade Boudin says that principally all writers, and even most socialist writers, have said that economic conditions were not the cause of the war. Among the various alleged reasons are: militarism, czarism, kaiserism, England's jealousy of Germany's growing trade, "autocratic institutions," "the ruling classes," to crush the oncoming revolution.

He refers to Joshua Wanhope, editor of the "Call", who puts it up squarely to Rothschild; with which conclusion Herman Cahn, American socialism's distinguished exponent of financial economics, to some extent, at least, agrees. The absurdity of the kaiser theory is shown in the face of the Materialistic Conception of History; the czar theory is the same; militarism is not a first cause. The blaming of Sir Edward Grey—England's jealousy—is no better. England was making great concessions to Germany at this time with a view to keeping out of war.

England and France are ancient enemies. Their recent contest over Fashoda and the territory of the upper Nile is still fresh.

The capitalist class in both the alliance and entente countries is suffering from tremendous destruction of property, and yet it is backing the war with money and life, and in all countries the capitalists are enthusiastic for it. Some stupendous capitalist interests must be involved.

The "autocracy or democracy" fetish is ridiculous; otherwise the kaiser and czar should have been fighting together.

The theory of the ruling class stampede is the only one that shows any appreciation of the law of cause and effect. But methods employed do not sustain the idea of a sham battle for destroying the revolutionary efficiency of the working class. Wars may be called the mother of revolutions as well as their grave. Unpopular war hastens impending revolutions.

ECONOMIC CAUSES

The author then presents very carefully the economic causes contributing to the war, to prove that they have not suspended operation in the universe. He does not deal with hackneyed general formulas, but with complicated, concrete problems. Capitalism is not particularly warlike; it prefers peace for profits. The nineteenth century, the period of the greatest development of capitalism, was a distinctly peaceful century. There has been no general war since the close of the Napolonic wars; no great war since the Franco-Prussian war.

Capitalism has three epochs, one peaceful, and two warlike. It is combative in its youth, as Germany waged the Franco-Prussian war to assert itself. When it becomes full-grown, capitalism wishes to give attention to business—as England and America have been doing. When past its zenith and on the downward grade capitalism starts wars furiously to maintain its existence. England waged war continuously for two hundred years from the accession of Elizabeth through the Seven Years' war, and established her position as the leading commercial country of the world. She has been pacific since. Her imperalistic character has been established without great wars. When the second Boer war came, the period of imperialism had set in. Enland's dominant interests had changed from Manchester to Birmingham; and the real power in present day politics is found in the market reports on iron and steel. When Chamberlain, of Birmingham, passed the other cabinet offices till he reached the Colonial Secretaryship at the bottom, it meant that the era of world ploitics had come.

Imperialism means that iron and steel have taken the place of textiles as the leading industry of capitalism. And imperialism means war. Textiles, therefore, mean peace—and iron and steel mean war.

IRON AND STEEL POLICIES

The recent developments of the economics of capitalism call for very different political policies when the surplus to be disposed of is steel and iron in the place of personal consumable goods, as textiles. A market not only must be found that can use, but a market that can pay. Iron and steel are costly, and the capitalist world must stimulate demand by "civilizing" backward countries through "improvements" such as railroads, canals, etc. Hence the "exportation of capital" to create markets. There is also a change in the process of distribution—the more developed parts of capitalism produce mainly the means of production, while the less developed produce means of consumption.

THE CHANGE FROM TEXTILES TO IRON AND STEEL IS THE REAL CAUSE OF THE CHANGE IN CAPITALISM FROM A PEACEFUL TO A WARLIKE MOOD WHICH HAS BROUGHT ABOUT THE IMPERIALISTIC ERA, AND IS THE REAL CAUSE OF THE PRESENT WAR.

Investors want dividends; backward countries do not furnish them; "concessions" must be granted which is a mode of payment for the iron and steel. Forced loans are made on backward countries. All these interests must be protected by the home government.

Governments must protect their colonies from outside investors; they must seek new territory for future investment. This is imperialism.

IMMEDIATE CAUSES

Germany has led the world in disseminating this "super" creed to its people; its mission to spread its 'Culture" among inferior nations. This leadership has made it the aggressor in the war. But this does not deny the guilt of the other nations. Germany was merely primum inter pares. The reason is not racial but marvelous economic development. She has become the largest producer of iron and steel in the world. In 1910 she produced twice as much iron and steel as England, her nearest competitor.

Two wars are really being waged; the war of Russia and Servia against Austria and Germany in the East; and Germany against England and France in the West. The war in the East represents the first warlike period of capitalism; that in the West the third and last stage of capitalism. That in the East is part of the march of the nations to the sea. Peter the Great started Russia to the sea. Constantinople is the lock between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean and the great Ocean beyond. The other powers have kept the Turk in place to keep Russia out. The Bosporus and Dardanelles hold the same vantage point in the East that Gibraltar does in the West. The Bosporus can be bridged and trains run from Europe to Asia.

Servia and Austria are competitors for the western coastline of the Balkan Peninsula.

Pan-Germanism is the political expression of Germany's economic aspirations—a dream of world empire with the old Roman empire as a model—beginning at the Atlantic, from the Strait of Dover to the Scandinavian mainland, running southeasterly, including Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Balkans, Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, India, reaching the Pacific at the Indian Ocean; welded by railroad lines traversing the entire length. This would destroy England's carrier trade and deprive her of India. She must therefore fight.

The Bagdad railway was the first practical step in this direction. England balked this by shutting Germany from Koweit, the terminal on the Gulf of Persia. In the contest of the powers in Morocco, England drove the German warship "Panther," from the harbor of Agadir.

War, instead of beginning August 1, 1914, began October 7, 1908, when Austria announced that she had annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina. Servia must be an Austrian dependency for the Pan-German success. The blow was struck under the stimulus of an enormous production of iron and steel; but in the name of German culture.

And the blow was struck back in the name of liberty and independence, but really to protect the great interests which the nations have at stake. Belgium wants to keep for her own capitalists the lucrative trade of Antwerp which Germany wishes to transfer to German capitalists.

THE WAR AND THE SOCIALISTS

In this chapter, the fifth, discussing the various doctrines of peace, the cold militarist idea of necessity, and the humanitarian view, which looks on war as only hideous butchery and criminal waste, the author holds to the belief that war, while abhorrent in itself, may nevertheless, become an engine of human progress. It depends on the point of view and the stage in evolution of any particular race.

Russia and Servia are on their march to the sea, and are fighting for independent economic existence.

International socialists have shown widely divergent views since the present conflict. The test of war which Marx made was: Was the war making for human progress?

The German bourgeoisie, coming upon the historic stage later than its western neighbors, passed from one warlike period into another without the intervening peaceful period. It now must fight its rivals on one hand and its working class with the other. The time when the bourgeoisie could go to war for liberty and progress is past. The guardianship

(Continued on Page 36)

Dead Leaves

By Paul Eldridge

THE old woman lay outstretched in the unpolished coffin. She seemed straight now, and tall, although when alive two days ago, she was tiny and bent, her head always scanning the earth, disproving thus man's majesty, that he alone of all animals looks directly into God's million eyes, the stars. Her face showed unpleasantly the contour of her skull; indeed, it was already a skeleton, but covered with thin yellow leather not to hurt the sight of the living, and there was nothing about her toothless lips to indicate that divine smile generally accorded to the dead.

The room was still very neat. The old woman had always been a fine housekeeper. She would raise her bony, bent body as some thin dog that stands on his hind legs, and would clean every speck upon the walls and the humble furniture. When she lay dying on her bed, her eyes, which were sharp and far-sighted, noticed some unclean spot upon the ceiling. She raised her hand feebly, and made a motion as though cleaning the place; her old husband and an aged neighbor who was there, whispered to each other that she probably saw the Angel of Death coming down upon her, and she tried to drive him off. It was then that they knew in all certainty that she was dying. Now her poor closed eyes rested forever from the annoyance of this muddy planet, and a few flies felt at liberty to buzz undaunted about the room, even at times touching their dead enemy's eyelids or sharp almost needle-like nose.

Within an hour or two the undertaker was to come, and remove the corpse. Meanwhile two old women, next door neighbors, were sitting at the window, whispering to each other.

"Yes, she was a good soul, and cleaner than any woman I've ever known."

"I remember when I was sick last year, she kept her own house and mine, and never seemed tired out."

"She had a wonderful constitution. You know, I thought many times 'this crippled little body will outlive another generation of strong people.' And now, here she is dead." And she sighed a long sigh that fills the lungs to the apex, and cheers one.

"I should not be surprised to see her get off, and begin clean around."

The husband of the diseased sat in a dark corner of the room, a yellow-faced man, bald to the neck, and shaking incessantly his head, as if to say to all things "No, no." His eyes were widely open, but he saw nothing at all. Of all the seventy-five years that he had lived, it seemed nothing had remained. A mocking wind had blown away the debris of memory immaculate, as mocking autumn winds whirl around the dried, twisted leaves of withering trees, and whistle them far off, leaving the ground spotless.

For more than a half-century that little body in the coffin had been his faithful wife; for more than a half-century they loved each other, first passionately, then, as the years passed on, quietly as brother and sister. It was a fire that burst forth in long tongues of flame, then gradually subsided, covered itself with a hillock of ashes, but never died out, and always kept warm. They had a little son, who died many years before; they had friends, who were all buried; they had money which was lost; they had laughter, and tears and hopes and disillusions, but all these things, this kaleidoscope of life, had been washed off the screen, and the screen crumpled up and thrown away. And the old man sat huddled up in the large chair, the straw of which was coming out of its heavy belly, and saw nothing, knew nothing of seventy-five years.

"I don't know why people want to live many years," whispered one of the old women to the other.

"I suppose it's because they've never known what it is to be old. Now, what do you think her old man will do without her?"

"She was a wonderful wife to him."

"He was never so easy to get along with—very irritable."

"I suppose he'll be taken care of by the charities."

"The charities!" exclaimed the other, and laughed like the nerve racking tearing of fuzzy cloth, showing two long yellow teeth, one in either jaw, "don't you know what the charities are?"

"I don't think he has any relatives. I never saw any come up."

"No, it was rather a mysterious couple—never talked of themselves."

"Who knows what their life has been?"

Then each woman's mind painted on a swiftly turning canvass a life for the silent corpse and her silent husband. These were in general unpleasant lives, suspicious, vulgar, obscene, crowded with pain and disillusion, lives that old disappointed women, like old disappointed gods, could create.

"You can never tell who people are."

"Yes, it's true—you can't."

"When is the undertaker supposed to come?"

"Should be here by this time."

"I am getting chilled. I should like to go in and make me a cup of warm coffee."

"I guess we better wait, anyhow. He seems all upset today."

Then there was silence again. The old woman lay eternally still in her coffin, her old husband, weary, fell asleep in the large chair, whose straw was dripping slowly, the flies buzzed dreamily about the corpse, the old women were looking out of the window and thinking of their kitchens, of warm clothes, of coffee, of dead old women, and poor old men.

The undertaker came, the coffin was sealed, and carried out. The old women followed, shedding a few cold tears. The door was closed with a bang. The old man deep in his chair was forgotten. He was not supposed to follow the hearse, anyway. He had heard no noise, and was sleeping on. Then he awoke and looked about him. It seemed to him that something strange had taken place; he tried to recollect for a few minutes, but the canvass of life was being washed incessantly clean of all the pictures. He arose, walked to the cupboard, took some coffee, that his wife had made, for she made coffee for a week at a time, warmed it, and drank, while his little head bald to the neck, shook and shook, saying to all things, "No, no."

The wind, the master piper, whistled his eternal te deum through the chimney.

The Why of War

The only way to save our empires from the encroachment of the people is to engage in war, and thus substitute national passions for social aspirations.—Catherine II of Russia.

If my soldiers were to begin to think, not one of them would remain in the ranks.—Frederick the Great of Prussia.

Page of Poems

YOU ARE MY BROTHER

You thrust a poisoned dagger in my breast—
But I could not hate you.

You bound me with cruel thongs
And struck me in the face—
But in my eyes there was only sorrow.

You pursued me like a beast
And caged me in dark places—
But I knew that the light would break for you—
Some day!

You builded me a cross and a scaffold,
You killed me many times—
But still I loved you.
YOU ARE MY BROTHER!

—RUTH LE PRADE

TWO HEROES

Two mothers there were in two lands far apart,
And each had an only son shrined in her heart,
Two laddies, as merry as merry could be,
The angels laughed with them, so pure was their glee.

One lad said his prayers with a guttural burr,
And one lisped the words with a soft Southern slur;
But each curly head at each fond mother's knee
Bowed to the one Father of all who may be.

They went, both sincerely, both cheered and approved
By teachers and preachers they revered and loved,
To batter down cities, to maim and to kill,
And each one was told he was doing God's will.

They stood face to face on the edge of a dell,
That others, just like them, had turned to a hell,
And fury swept over them both like a flood
As they went down in one common welter of blood.

The bloody muck swallowed them ere life was gone;
The eyes that with heaven's own beauty had shone,
The lips many dear ones had clingingly pressed,
The locks mother hands had but lately caressed.

And good men applauded that orgy of hate,
Praised each as a brave lad for killing his mate,
Grieved only each could not have killed without loss,
And dared to compare them to Christ on the Cross.

Two mothers there were in two lands far apart,
A hero son shrined in each desolate heart;
With this consolation, that each hero son
Had murdered the other before he was done.

—ROBERT WHITAKER

PRESS ON!

There comes the voice of many women weeping
Like times of old,
While reason is dethroned and justice sleeping,
'Neath cross of gold;
And near our door the shadow's evet creeping
Of grief untold.

From out the depth we hear new voices calling,
To win the fight;
The mist back from the mountain top is falling,
Before the light,
And greed must loosen soon her chains enthralling,
And bide by right.

From out the east the first faint light is stealing,
Have hope—push on!
A silver bell in rare clear tones is pealing,
Press on—hope on!
For labor shall no more in chains be kneeling,
Hope on—fight on!

—J. C. CONE

SOMEWHERE—AFTER THE WAR

They sat on a bench in a village park,
Fighting old battles o'er.
One was fair, and one was dark;
And—there were many more.

One held a crutch, and wore one shoe,
And one had a withered hand;
Each bore traces of things he knew
But did not understand.

In the golden sunset of the west
One saw wide fields of grain;
A low farm-house upon the crest—
He blinked, and looked again.

One looked where the eastern shadows rise,
And shifted his lonely shoe—
He plumbed for deeps in the vaulted skies,
Because **her** eyes were blue.

Then each one rose and went his way,
With a sigh for the unfulfilled;
For it was the close of a perfect day—
After the guns were stilled.

—WARREN M'CULLOCH

The Song of the Hangman

By Luke North

I am the hangman—
Paid to strangle boys, men, women—
Whoever is caught in the snarled meshes
Of the Big Net
Threaded in the vengeful penal code,
Woven by detectives, judges, and lawyers
On the warp of Poverty.

I am the hangman—
Hired by the Ladies and Gentlemen
Of wealth, piety, position, and culture
To suffocate their brothers and sisters—
Because ten thousand years ago
Marauding herders imposed "the law"
On conquered peasants.

I am the Hangman—
Who throttles the victims of the Net
In an obscure corner of a
Gloomy room in the state prison
Where the moans and curses
Will be hushed
From the delicate ears
Of wives and mothers.

But they hear and feel me!
Ill-fed mothers embrace me;
Their unborn babes are mine
When chance calls;
In the womb I stamp them.
Vain is your hiding of me—
All the fearsome and weak are mine,
Whose passions outrun their mentalities,
Whose spleens are more developed
Than their brains!

For I am the lethal god—
Whose face is hidden in
Clouds of passion. I am
The god of the abnormal.
I obsess the weak of will.
Into every open ear I whisper
"Murder!" I am
The color red that turns to black—
And while I live
No soul evades me!

I am the public Hangman—
Focus of the world's cruelty,
Cumulus of its hate,
Sum total of its fear and ignorance.
My days and ways and dreams
Are of blood.
For I am he who kills, kills—
For a monthly wage
Paid by the State.

I am the Hangman—
Mercenary descendant
Of old Judge Lynch,
Whose ways were quick, crude, merciful—
And I, more often than he did,
Hang the wrong man.
My ways are refined. I am
Cold and mechanical—the paid ghoul
With critical eye for the long tortures
Of those who wait in the Death Cell.

I am the State's Hangman—
The conscience of every voter,
His malice and savagery.
I am bolder than he, for
I do what he dare not do.
My ferocity is his—
My courage is my own.

I am the Hangman—
The State's hired butcher of men.
I am the avatar
From dungeons of the Inquisition,
And ye are the mob that gloated.
Long live the lust of blood!
When my trade is gone
Men will cease to kill each other.

I am the Hangman—
Who does the work the judge
Orders but has not the "sand"
To perform.
I am the sign of the incapacity
Of modern people to treat
The crime of murder intelligently.
I am the ignorance and stupidity
Of the Christian mob.

The Captain of His Soul

By Mary Allen

RUTH had just slipped four big loaves and a pan of light rolls into the oven when her father opened the kitchen door.

"Ruth," he said, "you'll have to look after the store for an hour or so. Mother just phoned that Sid's car broke down, and he can't bring her home. She says the Ladies' Aid meets this afternoon and she has to be here to help plan for the social. I guess I'll have to fetch her."

"All right, Daddy," Ruth replied, "I'm all through in here anyway, except baking the bread. I can manage."

It had been a busy morning for Ruth, her mother gone, and baking day at that. But Ruth was always calmly equal to any domestic emergency. And she was accustomed to helping her father in the store. The Woodington home was merely an addition to the larger store building, the two being connected by a short arbor covered with honeysuckle and morning glory.

Ruth turned the stove damper at the proper angle, removed her kitchen apron, fluffed her hair before the bedroom window, smiled at the delicate prettiness she saw reflected there, frowned because she had been vain enough to smile; then hastily betook herself to her clerical duties.

Now and then, between measuring percales and ginghams and counting eggs for various customers, she scurried into the kitchen to take a peep at the bread. Finally she turned it onto a clean towel and buttered the crisp brown top and sides. It sent out a delicious fragrance that permeated the whole room.

Returning after this final excursion, she found a young man leaning against the counter.

At her approach he straightened and removed his cap. He was a stranger, perhaps a workman from the construction camp, she thought, where the old bridge was being rebuilt. Then her glance rested upon a bundle of blankets at his feet. She stopped short. No one carried blankets but hoboes, and hoboes in her neighborhood were considered unsafe to meet alone. Not that any specific crime had been laid at their door, but on the general principle that only bad men would wander about the country.

When Ruth was moved for any reason, her lips had a way of quivering slightly. They did so now. The young man noted it, and his friendly smile of greeting changed to one of more reserve.

"Good morning," he said. "Can you tell me if there is any work to be had in this neighborhood?"

Ruth reflected a moment. "There might be something at the construction camp, and Mr. Staufchek is looking for a milker at his dairy."

Her fear vanished. She noted that although his shoes and clothes were dusty and travel-stained, his face was clean-shaven and his dark hair shorn and sleekly parted.

He shook his head. "I don't want a permanent job—just some way to earn a few dollars before I go on."

She stiffened at this speech—so like a hobo. "Very well," she began, "if you——"

She got no further. Suddenly the man shut his eyes.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. And again—"Oh—h—h!" faintly. Then to Ruth's horror he sat down on a keg, and dropping his head on the counter, quietly fainted.

While Ruth might be calmly equal to any domestic emergency, in other decisive moments she was like a young bird dropped from the nest. When she found herself she had lifted the stranger's head and it was resting in the curve of her arm. He opened his eyes. He did not offer to move, and Ruth not knowing whether he could or would not, began to tremble with nervousness and fear. Then he straightened at once.

"I'm all right now," he said. "It was the smell of the bread. I've been walking since four this morning. The sun's pretty hot and I haven't eaten since yesterday morning. I'd have been all right if I hadn't smelled the bread. Oh—h."

His voice died away as another fragrant whiff was borne in through the open door. Here was an emergency that Ruth could understand.

"Your'e hungry! Actually hungry! Wait a minute."

She flew to the kitchen and soon returned with a plate heaped with bread and butter, and a glass of milk.

"We never turn anyone away from our door hungry. Would you like me to wrap the bread in a piece of paper?"

He had reached impulsively for the bread, but at her words he recoiled. He rose to his feet, a trifle shakily.

"I am very sorry," he said in his peculiarly soft slurring voice, 'but I cannot do you this favor."

"Do ME this favor?" cried Ruth, astonished. "What favor?"

"Of taking your bread that you may enjoy your charity."

"Oh, I didn't mean it that way! Please take the bread. You're faint. I cannot bear to see anyone suffer."

"I see. It's for the sake of your too tender heart. You wish to shield yourself from the pain it causes you. No; I cannot do you this favor either."

Ruth, the very essence of gentleness and sweetness, was not accustomed to rebukes. He turned at her silence and instantly his stilted, offended dignity turned to boyish contrition.

"Oh, don't look like that! I'm sorry. But a dog-and-bone, cast-your-bread-upon-the-waters hand-out always makes me furious. I'll starve before I'll eat them. But heavens! How I want that bread!"

He approached iteagerly. "I have a plan! Here! Eat a piece with me!"

"Oh no!" Ruth drew back.

"Why?"

"I couldn't. A—a stranger——"

"It can't be wrong for a man and woman to eat bread and butter together. Surely not."

Put that way it did not seem wrong. Ruth dimpled, broke off a small piece, handing him the rest. He ate with an intense and sober satisfaction, then drank the milk.

"It's a good omen, our eating bread together. I've changed my mind. I'm going to stay here. Where does Mr.—what's his name—live?

"Staufchek? I'm so glad," she said earnestly, "that you are going to settle down to steady work and make a man of yourself."

"Oh! Make a man of myself! I thought I—. Yes. I've resolved to make a man of myself, milking cows for Mr. Staufchck. I must hurry or Mr. Staufchek might begin making a man of some one else before I get there. Many thanks, dear lady, for your kindness in receiving a stranger as your guest."

The little hostess looked after her self-styled guest with some misgivings. Had she been too familiar with this strange young man—a hobo at that?

"I wish he wasn't a hobo! But at least I had some good influence with him."

II

He opened his campaign the first time he found her alone in the store. He had just bought a quantity of cigarette papers and tobacco.

"I've learned to milk," he volunteered hopefully, as she wrapped them up.

No reply.

"I'd be real happy if it wasn't for Sister."

"Sister?" she asked involuntarily. She bit her tongue to punish it.

"Yes. Sister always tries to put her foot in the pail."

"Oh!"

"I named her Sister before I milked. She has such a mild face. But she'll like me better when she comes to know me."

"Fifty cents, please," was Ruth's reply to that.

He reached in his pocket and accidentally drew out the exact change. Hastily he thrust it back and proffered her a dollar.

"People usually like me better when they come to know me." His soft voice turned the words into a plaintive question.

"They would like you better," Ruth replied, "If you would be better."

"Better? Do you mean the hoboing? I don't have to do that. I was on a sightseeing trip. I have a trade. See." He drew from his pocket a red card which stated that he was a paid-up member of a New York branch of the Stone Cutters' Union.

"That makes it all the worse," said Ruth. "And it doesn't explain this." She pointed to the package. "It's unhealthy."

"Do I look unhealthy?"

"No, but you will in time. And besides it's bad to smoke —it's immoral."

Then with deep and wily intuition, he fired his big gun—a deep and painful sigh.

"What difference does it make? Nobody cares for me." He gloomed at the counter, then fired again. "What a man needs is a good woman's influence. I think I'll take to the road again."

"No, you mustn't go back to that wicked life."

"Yes, it's a terrible life—awful! Such temptation for a young man! But who cares? Thank you for your kindness to me. Goodbye——" His soft voice broke pathetically on the words.

Ruth melted. Was it not her plain Christian duty to help this struggling soul to a better life? Her very mother would say so. She held out her hand.

"You mustn't go. I'm your friend. I'm sure there is a great deal of good in you."

"Do you really think so?" He held her hand fervently. "And will you help me and encourage me?"

"Yes." In his eagerness he seemed to have forgotten to return her hand. She tried to withdraw it.

"Perhaps with your help I'll be a man yet. May I——"

"You're holding my hand."

"Oh, was I? Forgive me. May I come to see you?"

She pondered over it. "Not yet. First you must show that you really want to be better. And besides, Mother wouldn't like it. The first thing you must do is to go to church."

"Church Me!"

"Mother will never trust you unless you do." Then, ashamed of this too temporal reason—"And, besides, it will do you good. It isn't much to ask, is it?"

"I guess not—for you."

She pointed to a steeple seen through the open door. "That's the church I go to—the Methodist."

"Methodist!" he gazed at her with a look, half laughter, half dismay. "A dear sweet, prim little Methodist!" Then observing her quick displeasure—"I was speaking of the church—the—uh—architecture. I'll be there Sunday evening. Goodbye——" he halted questioningly.

"Ruth Masters," she supplied.

"Goodbye, R——Miss Masters, till Sunday."

* * * * *

III

He was there the following Sunday. Arms folded, quietly attentive, he sat through the long service, and at its end Ruth rewarded him with a smile. The next Sunday found him in the same place, and the next. In the little town of Tillburt, the church was the social center, the open road to the good graces of the village housewives, and in a short time he was received at socials and other church festivities, and, what he so dearly desired—into Ruth's home.

After a time he strolled home with her every Sunday evening and it grew to be the custom for the two to pass other evenings together on the Masters' front porch, or sitting on the bench beneath the honeysuckle in the arbor, or with Ruth playing the piano in the parlor, while he watched and listened from the depths of a big arm chair. He made no secret of his infatuation. Naturally audacious and warmly impulsive, it was a hard game he was playing. But Ruth could be wooed in her own way only. It was hard, but he set himself to the task. He had established a regular proposing time—nine-thirty o'clock every Sunday evening. She as regularly declined, but each time it was a less positive denial.

"Wait just a little while longer," she would say, and finally one night——

"It isn't that I don't want to, but, after all, you're almost a stranger to me."

"You aren't a stranger to me. I know every little nerve and fibre of you. You've known me as long as I have you. Why am I a stranger? I've told you all about myself."

"That's what has made you seem a stranger. You're so different from me. It makes me afraid to—to——"

"To love me? Why are you so shy of that word? Why am I different? Because my parents were Italian and yours American? Because my hair's black and your's is yellow? Because my eyes are black and your's are blue?

"No, but your ways are different—you're calling me a Puritan and laughing at our minister and church customs——"

"If that's all, I'll never do it again. I was only in fun. I'll never do it if it hurts you."

"And the way you dress. I suppose even while we were being m—married you'd wear those soft collars and corduroys."

"How would you like me to dress?"

"Of course it's all right while you're working, but when you go to other places, especially when you go to see a girl, I should think you would——" She lost courage here.

But his feelings were not injured. He actually laughed. "Wear those stiff collars and a Hart Schaffner and Marx. I understand."

"Why don't you?"

"I'm a working man, a laborer. Why should I turn myself into a cheap imitation of another class? I'm too proud of my own. But it's a small matter. I'll do it for you."

In the pride of her victory she was about to ask for another and vital concession, his tobacco, when he added carelessly:

"I used to wear them, but another girl made fun of them. I saw she was right.'

"And I am wrong," Ruth said stiffly. All thought of correcting his shortcomings vanished. She wanted to know more about the other girl.

"I think so, dear. But it's a small matter. I like to do things for you."

"And for her?"

"Yes. Anything I could."

"You must care for her a great deal."

"I love her."

"Just now you said you—cared for me."

"No I didn't, I said I loved you. Good heavens, can't a man love two women? She's the best friend I have in the world. And you're my sweetheart. Don't you see?"

Ruth did not see.

"She taught me something that changed my whole life, or that made me change my life."

"What?"

"That I am master of my fate."

"No, that isn't true."

"Not true?" He sighed ruefully. "No. I guess it isn't. I guess you're the master of my fate now, the captain of my soul. Take good care of it, Captain."

"You know I don't mean that."

"I see. You meant your God. This is what Netta taught me:

'Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from Pole to Pole,
I thank whatever Gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

'In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud,
Beneath the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

'It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.'

"That poem has helped me over many a rough piece of road. My head's been bloody a good many times since then, but it's never been bowed, nor never will be."

Ruth had scarcely heard the poem.

"Her name is Netta?"

"Yet. She is a nurse in a hospital when she isn't soap-boxing."

"Soap-boxing! Where did you meet her?"

"I was cutting letters on the front of a new office building and I fell off the scaffold and hurt my knee. They took me to the hospital and Netta was my nurse."

"Oh!" was the reply Ruth made.

"She asked me how I came to fall and I told her it just my luck. I'd always been unlucky. 'Luck!' she said, 'Luck! A big husky like you talking about his luck!' "

"Oh!" this time with the coldest disapproval.

"Then she wormed out of me what I hadn't realized myself. I'd been out the night before, four of us fellows together, and we'd drunk four dozen bottles of beer."

"Oh!" this time in a tone of horror.

"I got in at four in the morning and went to work at seven. So she showed me that if it was my luck that made me fall off the scaffold, I'd made the luck. Then she asked me what I spent an evening like that for and I told her that if she'd chopped stone year in and year out from seven in the morning till five at night, she'd get soused too. It's darn monotonous. She said, 'I wouldn't. I work twelve hours a day and longer and when I get a few hours to myself, I do something there's real joy in.' I asked her what, and she said, 'Reading and scheming and planning how to make that twelve hours shorter for every one that has to work, and trying to put life into dead men like you!' And she said, 'Oh, you working men! How can you be so sodden when the whole world is yours for the taking!'

"Then I begun to tell her about the hard time I'd had all my life and she interrupted me, said she didn't want to hear anything about it, that she couldn't endure a man that was conquered before he'd fairly started out—I was only twenty then, that was three years ago—and she wound up by calling me a coward, and then said, 'Listen!' And I listened while she said that poem. Then I begun to see myself as she saw me. I WAS a coward. And when I got better I went to hear her talk, and she gave me books to read and had me study grammar and English and got me interested in the stars and evolution and biology and Walt Whitman and Karl Marx and Socialist and Labor movement and —oh well, she opened a wonderful new world to me."

"Is she—pretty?"

"Not to others, perhaps. She's beautiful to me. She is coming to California soon. Then I want you to see her and know her and like each other."

"Never!" cried Ruth vehemently. "Dear—" she leaned toward him with her prettiest carressing gesture.

His heart went out to meet the endearment. "Darling!"

"Socialists are bad people. Couldn't you give up all for me if I would promise——"

"There are some things a man mustn't be asked to do, Ruth. Don't ask it. It's living in this town that has given you such a warped idea. Sometime you'll feel different about it."

"But if I say y—yes, at least you will——"

"Oh Ruth! Not now! Give yourself to me! Don't make me buy you. Say yes just because you want to say it!"

"Y—yes."

* * * * *

IV

Ruth had learned the power of a tremulous lip and a coaxing smile. Now she learned of a deeper power.

"You Anglo-Saxons are so cold," he grumbled one evening, "so afraid of love and kisses. There you go! Tucking down your head so all I ever get is a dab on top of your head or the side of your ear! You've never kissed me yet."

"I'd rather not, till we're married," she whispered, all shyness as always. Then she sensed an opportunity. "Perhaps I might, if you would do something for me," she said in her gentle coaxing voice.

"What an old-fashioned little girl you are!"

"Old-fashioned?"

"Yes, it's going out of fashion for a woman to put a price on her charms, making a man pay for every privilege because he must have what only she can give. Well, Captain," with a sigh, "what do you want now?"

"You know I never ask for anything for myself. It's for your good. Don't you know there's something you do that is bad for you?"

"Yes, Ruth, you've told me often enough."

"But still you smoke, in spite of what I say."

"I roll about twenty-five a day, but it's seldom I smoke that many."

"It's a bad habit."

"I suppose so."

"Won't you stop?" She leaned closer. Her arms in their short sleeves crept round his neck. She brushed their delicate inner surface softly against his cheek. She had learned the power of that little movement one time by chance, when she wonderingly had seen it leave him faint of voice, strangely shaken and easy of persuasion.

"If you will promise me this and close your eyes tight, I

might——" The curve of her arm brushed his cheek softly.

"I promise——" he whispered huskily.

"There!" She sprang away. "Remember! You've promised! No more cigarettes!"

* * * * *

V

So Ruth learned the power of soft arms and moist lips.

"But I will never use my power except for his good," she would soberly tell herself. "Always for his good."

He had begun to have queer moods of late—"the jumps" he called them or sometimes "the blues." Often of evenings after he had left Ruth he would walk for miles out into the open country; at other times sit silent and listless, staring out across the bare brown beet fields that separated Tillburt from the rest of the world.

"Ruth," he burst out suddenly one evening, "I can't live like this! Come away somewhere with me, won't you? To San Francisco or even to Los Angeles, anywhere where there's some life and action!"

Ruth shook her head. Sometime perhaps, but not yet. "Besides I couldn't possibly be ready before Christmas. And at Christmas when we're married, you know Father is to take you in the store."

"I'll loathe store-keeping. I want to work at my trade. I want to be with other working men and women. Oh, I have such wonderful plans, Ruth! I want to talk them over with others, in a certain room I know, all full of clouds of tobacco smoke! I want the city, the faces on the street, the night lights and the God-blessed city noise! If those frogs in the marsh don't stop their croaking, I'll go mad!"

"Poor boy!" Ruth gently soothed him. "I suppose it's doing without cigarettes that makes you so irritable. Please try to be patient, and you'll come out all right. I'll help you."

"You're an angel—no less—to put up with my bad humors. Oh, Ruth! If you won't go away with me, marry me right now! I'm growing deadly sick living on crumbs!"

But Ruth could not. She was not quite ready. She soothed him and coaxed him into a mood by fluffing his hair with her small fingers till it stood up in a waving pompadour. She had persuaded him to let it grow long because, she said, it made him look so dark and distinguished. Gradually the lines in his face relaxed.

"Perhaps," she said softly, as her fingers busied themselves, "I will go to the city some day——"

"Oh Ruth, if you only would!"

"When you have done the one thing I so much want."

"We've gone into that so many times. Won't you please drop it?" He stirred restlessly, his face growing taut again.

Ruth sighed. In some such way he had always answered her when she pleaded for "this one thing"—the surrender of his socialistic aims, his avowed revolutionary purposes, his friendship with Netta. Soft, coaxing arms and moist lips had so far failed to move him. But as Ruth, when discouraged, sometimes told herself, "constant dripping would wear away stone," and her lover was not stone. Besides during her engagement she had grown wise as to the strange way of men, and she felt that she had keen, untried weapons with which to wear him down, could she bring herself to use them. That was the trouble—she could not bring herself to use them.

One evening he rushed eagerly into the little arbor where Ruth was waiting for him.

"Ruth, what do you think? Netta is to come to Los Angeles on a speaking tour! I've just had a letter. Now you can know each other. You'll go with me to hear her, won't you?"

Ruth began to tremble. The crisis had come.

"Sit down and we'll talk about it," she parried. She sat down close to him with the little nestling motion she knew he loved. "I'm cold."

He drew her close at that.

"Would you mind getting my shawl? It's in the hammock on the porch."

Obediently he brought the shawl.

"Thank you. You're such a good boy. What shall I do to pay you?"

"Go to Los Angeles with me," he said eagerly.

Her arms entwined his neck, their delicate inner surface brushing his cheeks.

"Ask something else first, something——" her voice was almost inaudible— "I can—do—right—now."

"Do you mean that?" She could feel his body grow tense.

"I will" speaking breathlessly, "be your fairy godmother tonight—and you'll make one request—and it will be yours."

"Anything?"

"Yes!" she gasped.

"There are so many precious things I might ask," he said, speaking slowly and carefully, "that I must think before I decide."

He was very still for a few minutes. "Godmother," he said finally, "There's a girl that I love. If she would let me, for just a little while, put my hand on her heart and feel it beat —I'd ask that. Will she?"

She was motionless, as speechless as stone.

"There my darling. Is it so terrible to look love in the face? Such a warm, tender little heart! It could not bear to see me hungry. How fast it beats! What a strange, lovely piece of work a girl is!"

Still no answer.

"I appreciate it, dear, your giving me this little taste of heaven. And I wont abuse your kindness. You're like a delicate flower to me, I wouldn't bruise the least little petal."

She lifted her drooped head.

"If you really mean what you say, you will do what I ask."

"Oh Ruth! How can you—now!"

"Don't go to Los Angeles! Give it up for me! Give it up!"

"Hush, dear? Don't you see you're trying to steal my manhood?"

"Hold me close—closer—and promise to give it up—Netta and all the rest."

"No—you torture me.'

"Will you say no when I kiss you—like this—and this—"

"Oh, my little love!"

"Promise, if you love me!"

"Don't do that Ruth! I can't endure it!"

"Promise dear, and I will reward you."

"Yes—yes, I promise—now reward—me—— My God! What am I saying? I won't promise! Take them away—your lips!"

He thrust out his arms in his agony and pushed her from him. All unexpected, it came. She tried to catch herself, slipped, and fell to the ground, her head striking the corner of the bench.

"Ruth! I've hurt you! I was rough! Did it cut your cheek? Let me see."

She arose slowly and backed away from him.

"Don't touch me!" she whispered, wiping a little spot of oozing blood from her cheek.

"You're hurt! I've hurt you!"

"Don't come near me, you—brute!"

He stood silent and transfixed.

"My instinct always told me you were bad, but I wouldn't listen. Now I know."

"Ruth, you can't mean it! You can't! Why, we've just been to the door of heaven together!"

(Continued on Page 38)

Poverty and The Single Tax

By Samuel Danziger, Associate Editor "The Public."

IN August of 1913 a Boston artist, Mr. Joseph Knowles, undertook a singular experiment. Naked and empty-handed, he entered the wilderness of northern Maine, stayed there two months without getting in touch with a single human being, and then emerged in sound health, fully clothed in skins of animals and carrying a supply of the rude tools and weapons he had made and used. He had demonstrated the possibility of a madern civilized man earning his living among primitive conditions. Whatever his financial condition in civilized society may have been, the condition in which he entered the woods was one of absolute destitution. He had not as much material wealth available as the poorest tramp or pauper. But he had what is denied to workers in civilization, an opportunity to apply his labor to natural resources without payment of an exorbitant price for the privilege.

Let us suppose now, that Mr. Knowles had tried something more; that instead of going naked and alone into the wilderness he had gone accompanied by a group of workers, fully clothed, and carrying supplies and machinery needed to develop whatever possibilities that particular wilderness may hold. What would have been the result? Although the region is a wilderness, in practically the same condition as when Columbus made his first voyage, it is private property. The owners who had no objection to Mr. Knowles' lonely experiment would have been less hospitable to this one. The party would have been served with notice to leave under penalty of prosecution for trespass. If they had tried to compromise by offering to buy or rent they would have received demands, compliance with which would have deprived them of all the benefits of their enterprise. Private ownership of land makes civilized workers poorer than an absolutely naked man alone on land he is free to use.

Let us suppose again. What if for some reason or other the owners had to consider it inadvisable to interfere? The work of developing the wilderness could then have proceeded. The settlers would have had an independent living of some kind. Workers in the factories of Maine and other parts of New England would have looked on with interest. Some would have become restless enough to leave their work and cast in their lot with the pioneers. Others would not have gone so far; but the knowledge of the existence of the opportunity would have made them more independent. Dread of loss of jobs would have diminished or disappeared and the condition of workers generally would have improved. Moreover, men with idle capital would have noted the chance to employ it productively and profitably. There would have been a further increase of demand for workers with further improvement of economic conditions. In this way abolition of land monopoly throughout the United States could make the emancipation of American labor a fact.

Taxation of labor products tends to discourage and restrict production. Taxation of dogs restricts the number of dogs in a community. Taxation of saloons keeps down the number of saloons. Must not taxation of houses, factories and other things that we want have a similar restrictive effect? But taxation of land values works otherwise. The amount of land is fixed. There can never be more or less than there is now. Taxation of it makes it harder to hold unused. It tends to drive the owner either to use it himself or to let others do so. Unlike taxes on labor products, taxation of land values stimulates production of wealth and increases demand for labor.

When unemployment and poverty abound in a country where natural resources are potentially productive enough to supply the wants of the world, it is evident that an obstacle stands between labor and the earth. When people suffer for food in such a country there must be food-producing jobs somewhere waiting for workers. If there are workers looking for such jobs there must be an artificial obstruction awaiting removal. When people are forced into tenements in cities where are enough vacant lots to furnish sites for comfortable homes for all there must be house-producing jobs awaiting workers, and jobs for production of all the things that enter into the building of houses. When there is a single human want of any kind unsupplied there is a job calling for a laborer. But to produce all these things and to produce tools and materials needed in further production, access to land is the first requirement. The man who owns the land is in control of the source of supply, and existing laws make it frequently more to his interest to keep workers out of jobs than to let them work.

The late Joseph Fels used to illustrate this phase with an account of a personal matter. Said he:

"I own an eleven acre tract in West Philadelphia. I paid $30,000 for it some years ago. I recently refused an offer of $120,000. I believe that it is worth more than that now, and will still further increase in value. Now why did the party whose $120,000 offer I refused want to give me that money? Because he was so anxious to employ builders to put up houses that he preferred that privilege to having that sum in bank. Why did I refuse it? Because I am sure that in a short time some one will be even more anxious to use the land and offer me more. Then perhaps I will graciously step aside and let work begin. While I am engaged in obstructing industry in this way, thousands of other landowners in Philadelphia and elsewhere are doing the same thing. While we are doing this, men who might be employed in improving our land are walking the streets looking in vain for employment. Why won't I and other vacant landowners improve our land ourselves? Because the state will punish us if we do. If I should hire a lot of men to build on my land the assessor would swoop down on me and raise my taxes. The more men I would employ, the better the building I would put on the land, the higher the taxes would go. So I prefer to wait until some one else wants the land badly enough to pay my price and pay the assessor too. The other landowners feel the same way."

One of the tragedies of the present day is the fact that while some beneficiaries of the prevailing economic system, such as Joseph Fels or Tom L. Johnson, devoted money and effort to put an end to the source of their unearned wealth, they received so little co-operation and assistance from the great mass of their fellow citizens in whose interest they worked. However, it is encouraging to note that there is a steady growth of the demand to free the earth from the grasp of private monopoly. One indication is that in 1916 there were cast in California 260,000 votes for such a proposition and at the same time 43,000 Oregon voters made the same demand. It is more than probable that a similar showing could be made in other states were the opportunity given. Considering that in the year 1890, throughout the United States a single tax petition to Congress received no more than 100,000 signatures, the vote cast in a single state a year ago marks such progress in public sentiment as to make certain that the abolition of poverty and the economic freedom will be witnessed by many living today who are no longer young.

Books and Reading

By D. Bobspa

"Upton Sinclair's": For a Clean Peace and The Internation

There is room and a hearty welcome in the radical field for "Upton Sinclair's", a monthly magazine "for a clean peace and the internation." It is far better than the prospective notices sent out. Last week I said I would be glad to see the magazine. I am, and so will you be. It does not deal with ghosts in its attack upon the institutionalized religious fetishes; and its treatment of economics is forward-looking and constructive. Whether you and I agree with all of the points in either department is of small moment. Many of the Socialists who left the party because of its war stand became petty defamers of the organization and everything it has stood for. No such charges can be made against Upton Sinclair. This week he is bending every energy in trying to secure justice for one of the pacifists in the Los Angeles jail. His fidelity to the workingclass principles cannot be challenged, no matter how much individuals may disagree with his views on tactics.

Read in the first number of "Upton Sinclair's" his re-printing of "War: A Manifesto Against It," internationally circulated a decade ago. It shows the breadth of vision and interpretative understanding of Comrade Sinclair. We must all get together and discuss the plans of immediate and ultimate settlement of the war. Sinclair's plan of the Internation may not be the way out of the difficulty. Give it a hearing.

Sinclair approaches the church question from the right angle which disarms prejudice created by the ordinary rationalist attacks. Sinclair is not attacking he religious spirit of mankind, but its exploitation by the priestly parasites through the organized church. The ooening chapter of his book "The Profits of Religion," appears in his new magazine and subsequent chapters will appear regularly.

The creator of those fourteen novels—"The Jungle," "King Coal," etc. with the other prolific contributions of Sinclair is worthv of a wide hearing. He is a thinker, a loyal comrade, and a literary master. (Upton Sinclair's, 1513 Sunset avenue, Pasadena, Cal.)

Hauptmann's Dramatic Works

The publication during the past few years of the standard American edition of the dramatic works of Gerhart Hauptmann has been one of the important contributions of B. W. Huebsch. The seventh volume, uniform with its predecessors, contains plays over a wide range of Hauptmann's creative activity. It contains his "Commemoration Masque," (Festspiel in deutschen Reimen), translated by Bayard Quincy Morgan; "The Bow of Odysseus" and "Elga," translated by Professor Ludwig Lewisohn of Ohio State University, editor of the American edition; and two fragments, "Helios" and "Pastoral," (Das Hirtenlied), translated by the editor.

"The Commonwealth Masque" is the work which celebrated the centenary of the Wars of Liberation, 1813-15. It proved so offensive to the Crown Prince at its premiere in Breslau that its withdrawal was necessary. The seven volumes now appearing in the Huebsch edition practically complete Hauptmann's dramatic works, so far as written. Volume VII contains two of his later productions and others belong to his earlier career. Of "The Bow of Odysseus," Dr. Lewisohn says: "In Hauptmann's hands the ancient story loses its tinge of sunset romance, its golden and marble statuesqueness; it becomes wilder, more primitive, more human; the stone trembles into life. Odysseus is not the symbolic farer and aspirer of Tennyson, but the wily, much-experiencd man of the Homeric world."

The wide esteem in which Hauptmann is held in this conutry will be extended by the new volume of translations. (B. W. Huebsch, New York).

For a Better Race

Speaking from twenty years' experience, F. Matthias Alexander, of London, presents some new educational theories in "Man's Supreme Inheritance: Conscious Guidance and Control in Relation to Human Evolution in Civilization," with an introduction to the American edition by Professor John Dewey. Dr. Alexander's basic ideas seem good from the start, when he says: "Bacteriology reveals a few of the agents active in disease, but it says nothing about the conditions which permit these agents to become active. Therefore I look to that wonderful instrument, the human body, for the true solution of the difficulty, an instrument so inimitably adaptable, so full of marvelous potentialities of resistance and recuperation, that it is able, when properly used, to overcome all the forces of disease which may be arrayed against it."

It is held that man has not sufficiently adapted himself to modern conditions of civilized life; that he wastes too much energy in responses to unconscious, instinctive actions; that he must learn consciously to react to his environment. Hence, it is argued, a process of re-education is essential. Professor Dewey, one of our best recognized educational experts, says of these ideas: "No one, it seems to me, has grasped the meaning, dangers, and possibilities of this change (from savagery to civilization) more lucidly and completely than Mr. Alexander. His account of the crises which have ensued upon this evolution is a contribution to a better understanding of every phase of contemporary life. Mr. Alexander exposes the fundamental error in the empirical and palliative methods. The ingeniously inclined will have little difficulty in parelleling Mr. Alexander's criticism of 'psychical culture methods' within any field of our economic and political life. In his criticism of return or relapse to the simpler forms from which civilized man has departed, Mr. Alexander's philosophy appears in its essential features. The pitfalls into which references to the unconscious and subconscious usually fall have no existence in Mr. Alexander's treatment. He gives these terms a definite and real meaning."

Such interesting features as "Race Culture and the Training of Children," prevention of physical disorders, the maintenance of adequate activity of the vital processes which command health, indicate something of the scope of the volume. A special section of the book is devoted to the theory and practice of "A New Method of Respiratory Re-education" based on twenty years of experience, and especially thirteen years in London. I cannot pass upon the merits of the theories advanced by Mr. Alexander, but they have the distinction of coming from empirical knowledge. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York).

Magazines for Thinkers

At last, it seems, the powers have succeeded in "getting" the "International Socialist Review." The government has ordered the comrades not to send out any magazines by mail or express. This will compel an educational campaign by pamphlet and book. Mary E. Marcy writes me that the Charles H. Kerr Co. will very soon issue a "Labor Scrap Book." It will sell in bundles at 6c. It is to be a real booklet, one full of pep and power. A new book on the Marxian law of value in relation to the crumbling monetary systems of the world will be printed in part in "The Labor Scrap Book." Comrade Marcv's letters of late are bubbling over with enthusiasm. She is right. This is no hour for anything but optimism. We have gone through hell and will see more of darkness—but it will be comparatively brief—and then cometh the sunrise of Humanism. Rejoice, oh comrades! Order big bundles of "The Labor Scrap Book" at once (Chas. H. Kerr Co., Chicago).

* * *

Of course you are keeping in touch with Pearsons Magazine. Mine for March just came to hand today and I haven't had time to read it, but it looks interesting. It's never any other way. Instructive, too. Padriac Colum contributes a story of the Sinn Fein movement.

* * *

I wonder how many Methodist preachers would dare to read from their prostituted pulpits the last "Social Service Bulletin" issued by the National Methodist Federation for Social Service? Dr. Harry F. Ward, the secretary, has made a complete and impartial study of the I. W. W. situation. He presents a valuable summary of the results in the Bulletin, quoting "The Public," I. W. W. Defense Committee, "International Socialist Review," etc., as authorities for his statement. This is a fair presentation of the I. W. W. situation and a rebuke to the newspaper-created bogy charges. This bulletin should be widely circulated, since it gives a vindication of our boys "in there" from a source outside the labor movement which is almost solidly opposed to the social and economic justice at the basis of the Carpenter whose teachings they have betrayed—Jesus the I. W. W. agitator of his time. (32 Vernon street, Boston, Mass.)

Co-operation the World Over

Notes About the Chief Co-operatives Gleaned from Many Sources

Recognition of the Value of Co-operation

The British government has appointed the Scottish Co-operative Wholesale Society as its sole buyer of bacon, ham and lard on the American continent.

This splendid recognition of the greatest co-operative mercantile establishment in the world—an organization which has been in existence for 70 years and has for the past 44 years maintained a branch office in New York which has done the buying for its numerous retail establishments across the water—deserves special mention.

We of America are apt to look upon co-operative organizations as something new—in the nature of an experiment—but the tremendous transactions which are carried on by co-operative societies in the old world have proved the value of the system and illustrates the possibilities in well conducted co-operative organizations.

Governments in the old countries have evidently recognized the value of these societies and the appointment of the Scottish Society as Briatain's buying agency for the commodities mentioned is a striking illustration of the difference between the system of doing business in Great Britain and our own recently established food administration—which has drawn its active workers almost exclusively from the class of exploiters who have grown rich by fleecing the people.—"The Co-operator's Herald."

A Formidable Empire

By HARRY LAIDLER

Nothing, perhaps, indicates more vividly not only the wonderful growth and efficiency of this "industrial republic" of working class consumers, but also its power for usefulness to the workers in their struggle for higher wages, than does the part played by the co-operative movement in the strike of the Irish dockers of Dublin in 1913.

The unskilled workers of that city, 30,000 of them, had entered upon a long-drawn-out struggle for better conditions. They were holding out bravely, but were sorely in need of food. At the instigation of Larkin, the Parliamentary Committee of the British Trades Union Congress investigated conditions and decided to give $25,000 toward food for their Irish brethren. They tried to obtain a loan for that amount on a promissory note from respected English bankers, but were promptly refused aid.

"Will you supply 30,000 starving Irish workers with food on the guarantee of our note?" This question they then put up to the English Wholesale Co-operative Society in Manchester a few hours later on the afternoon of Wednesday, September 24th. The reply this time was a prompt affirmative.

"Within 48 hours," the manager declared, "60,000 packages of foodstuffs will be on board chartered steamship in the harbor."

Presto! The order was executed. 30,000 packages, each containing two pounds of jams, and as much of sugar, one pound of canned fish and quantities of butter and tea, and an additional 30,000 packages of potatoes weighing some ten pounds, were on the good ship Hare, ready for the trip by Friday night.—"Pearson's."

$1,000,000 Fund for Co-operative Department Store

The greatest single co-operaive enterprise probably ever planned in the United States has just been organized in New York City.

The Consumers' Co-operative Department Store Association, Inc., is now making a drive for a million dollar fund for the purpose of conducting a co-operative department store which will sell coal and ice, and have a large mail-order department. Dr. James P. Warbasse, president of the Co-operative League of America; Peter Hamilton and Joseph D. Cannon, of the executive committee of the Co-operative League; A. W. Ricker, of Pearson's; J. H. Callahan, Joseph L. Sagar, and D. R. Tanner, are its directors.

The constitution and by-laws of the organization follow the one man one vote and rebate pro rata on purchases of the Rochdale system. One million dollars will be raised by selling 200,000 shares at $5.25 each, the 25c to be spent on organization. As soon as $200,000 has been paid in by subscribers to the treasury of the organization, the store will open. In common with the 1,000 other co-operative stores in this country, this co-operative department store will be run by the consumers themselves for their own benefit. It will be an experiment in genuine industrial democracy. No one will make a penny of profit out it. The middleman will be eliminated with all of his extortions. The H. C. of L. will be fought, not boosted by it. It will be as much an institution of, by, and for the workers as any labor union.

British Co-operators Enter Politics

The platform of the four million British Co-operators who have just decided to enter politics includes: Safeguarding of the interests of voluntary co-operation; eventual direction by the state of processes of production, distribution and exchange; elimination by legislative action of profiteers and other speculators; compulsory housing reform; an educational system affording equal opportunity for higher education for all; effective parliamentary control of foreign policy; abolition of food taxes; scientific development of agriculture; establishment of a state bank and a national credit bank; and gradual demobilization corresponding with the needs of employment. For the first time, we believe, in the history of the world, a co-operator is running for election on a straight co-operative ticket. H. J. May, secretary of the International Co-operative Alliance, and of the Joint Parliamentary Committee of the Co-operative Congress, of England, is contesting the seat of Prestwich with coalition candidate, Lieutenant Cawley, for member of Parliament.

Co-operation In Cleveland, Ohio

Co-operation is making great progress in Cleveland. At present there are four co-operative organizations: The Workingmen's Co-operative Company, with two stores; the Slovenian Co-operative Company; The Cleveland Co-operative Bakery Company; and the Co-operators Company.

The first organization started business in 1912 and has been paying four percent rebate to its stockholders on their purchases since that time, as well as four percent interest on the stock issued. The Slovenian Co-operative Company has been doing business for four years. It has allowed its earnings to accumulate during that period, adding the profits to the value of the stock. The stock which was sold at $2.00 per share is now worth $59,00, which shows a profit of nearly 200 percent on its capital during the four years of operation. The co-operative bakery began business early in November. It is turning out five thousand loaves of bread and 20,000 biscuits weekly. It has 2,500 stockholders. The Co-operators' Company has no store, but has an automobile delivery which makes the circuit of the city one a week and sells direct to its stockholders. Its sales amount to about $1200 per month. All of these societies are offshoots from the Socialist party.

Fresno, Cal., Starting Store

A group of earnest co-operators in Fresno, California, have been investigating co-operative trading for several months past. At present in this connection a bread route is operated with considerable ability and success. The group is affiliated with the Pacific Co-operative League and is known as the Universal Brotherhood. A novel fraternal feature is part of the plan of organization.

The Fresno comrades have in view a minimum membership of 100 and have decided to start a co-operative store. The Pacific Co-operative League has been officially requested to attend to the organization work and to establish a branch League store in Fresno. The membership will cost $35. The work will start at once and it is hoped to have the store in operation before summer.

Consumers' Co-operation In Illinois

Ten new co-operatives have just been started in Illinois. Pana, Marsailles, Bloomington, Pawnee, Carlinville, Collinsville, Alton, Granite City, Freeburg and Coulterville. All have flourishing young co-operative stores now. The store at Bloomington started with $4,000 in cash on hand. The store at Staunton, Ill., owned by the Miners' Union of that city has been changed to a strictly Rochdale store. The total sales for the last quarter of the extremely successful co-operative society of Springfield, Ill., were $30,697 as contrasted to $22,993 of the quarter ending September 30th. The expenditures were $4,309 as compared with $3,726. The net profits were $1,898 as compared with $1,422. The sum of $1,415 was distributed in six percent dividends.

* * *

According to the fifth quarterly report of the Lincoln Co-operative Store of Lincoln, Ill., covering the quarter from October 1st to December 29th, the total sales of the store were $7,123; the total net profits were $549; and $403 was distributed in six percent dividends.

The Pioneer

By Ernest S. Wooster

'Tis not the warrior's daring takes
The finer courage of the soul;
Nor yet that recklessness which makes
The headlong dash for desperate goal.
There is a stoutness of the heart,
Unflinched, repelling every fear,—
The quiet, stalwart, fearlessness
That marks the hardy pioneer.

Be he the uncouth plainsman bold,
He who explores 'neath tropic sun,
Or he who faces Arctic cold,
There's valor in them, every one.
Yet not their courage more refined
Nor they the bravest of the brave,
The truest test is of the mind
That toils obscure, a world to save.

The sane, sweet, kindly hero who,
Obscurely, and to fame unknown,
Works on for what he knows is true
For principle and truth alone,—
His life and effort to impress
The heedless with a thought new-born,
With none to praise at his success,
And at his failures none to mourn.

He's strong, this hero pioneer
Undaunted by unkind attack;
He'll ever onward persevere,
His not the spirit to turn back;
This pioneer in mind! He leads
In courage as he leads in thought
His valor of the soul succeeds,
Without it all the world were nought!

Powerine is equal to gasoline at 5c a gallon; salesmen and agents wanted; exclusive territory granted. POWERINE is guaranteed to be harmless, to remove and prevent carbon, doubling the life of all gasoline motors, saving repairs, adding snap, speed and power. An amount equal to 20 gallons of gasoline will be sent to any address in the U. S., charges prepaid, for $1.00.

W. PORTER BARNES, SANTA ROSA, CAL. Dept 2H

ABSENT MEMBERS
INSTALMENT MEMBERS
WHERE ARE YOU?

We want to get the address of every instalment member and every absent member of the Llano del Rio Colony.

Many have not kept us informed of their whereabouts. We have information of importance for every instalment member. and absent member.

Readers of this notice are asked to assist us in getting in touch with these persons. We want to communicate with them at once.

Membership Department:

LLANO DEL RIO COLONY
Stables, Louisiana

My Country

By Robert Whitaker

My country is the world; I count
No son of man my foe,
Whether the warm life-currents mount
And mantle brows like snow
Or red or yellow, brown or black,
The face that into mine looks back.

My native land is Mother Earth,
And all men are my kin,
Whether of rude or gentle birth,
However steeped in sin;
Or rich, or poor, or great, or small,
I count them brothers, one and all.

My birthplace is no spot apart,
I claim no town nor state;
Love hath a shrine in every heart,
And wheresoe'r men mate
To do the right and say the truth,
Love evermore renews her youth.

My flag is the star-spangled sky,
Woven without a seam,
Where dawn and sunset colors lie,
Fair as an angel's dream;
The flag that still, unstained, untorn,
Floats over all of mortal born.

My party is all human-kind,
My platform brotherhood;
I count all men of honest mind
Who work for human good,
And for the hope that gleams afar,
My comrades in this holy war.

My heroes are the great and good
Of every age and clime,
Too often mocked, misunderstood,
And murdered in their time
But in spite of ignorance and hate
Known and exalted soon or late.

My country is the world; I scorn
No lesser love than mine,
But calmly wait that happy morn,
When all shall own this sign,
And love of country as of clan,
Shall yield to world-wide love of man.

Price $1.00

Thirty Days Free Trial

COMRADES, send us $1.00 for this Razor, use it thirty days, then if you don't believe it to be the equal of any $2.00 Razor on the market, return it and we will exchange it for a new one or refund your money, as you desire. Furnished with plain black handle, either round or square point, extra hollow ground 5/8-inch blade. Price, $1.00 each or six for $5.00, postpaid. If convenient, remit by P. O. or Express Money order. Address—

RED FLAG RAZOR COMPANY
PARAGOULD, ARKANSAS

IF OUR RAZORS DON'T MAKE GOOD, WE WILL.

The Tyranny of the Press

By David Bobspa

"We can never hope to gain our freedom until we first capture and control the newspapers for the working class." So spoke Charles T. Sprading to a little group of us recently. Truer words were never spoken. How many comrades feel the grossness of the evil of the capitalist press—and then spend ten times as much money for the vile vomit of the prostituted press as they do on working class periodicals. I had to take the choice between giving up the capitalist newspaper game and relinquishing my manhood. One can not keep both. Nor can we support a corrupted press without paying the price of bondage.

Comrade Sprading has written a splendid little pamphlet, "Ruled by the Press," that tells the story of our real masters. His opinion of these "peddlers of piffle" is based on facts every intelligent individual can easily verify. "No thinker," he says, "from Thomas Jefferson to the present day has had any respect for the metropolitan press. Our great free press! It is free from facts. It is free from truth. It is free from justice. It is free from ideals. It is free from principles." The dirty tricks by which the newspapers accomplish their poisonous work are detailed by Comrade Sprading.

A remedy is pointed out—through common ownership of the press or a portion of it; co-operative ownership of a paper in each center; patronage of the fairest paper in each city or town. Sprading is right—the workers must adopt some one or more of these plans if the goal of democracy is ever to be reached. I hope his pamphlet will be widely circulated and that it will lead to an elimination of the capitalist press so far as workers are concerned. If you will give your own press one-half the support you give that of the enemy within our borders—"the malefactors of great wealth" —your press will give you all the features you find in your present pig-trough organs of untruth—and you will have a ready friend instead of an active enemy sheet struck from the press. If you don't want freedom badly enough to begin by supporting your papers, you won't get very far.

Published by George Rissman, 322 Story Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. Ten cents; special prices in quantities. Order through your paper.

Real Estate Bargains

The following properties are among those that have been listed for sale or trade with the Llano Land Bureau. Many of these are exceptional bargains. As more and more property is listed, it becomes possible to offer a variety in all portions of the country. Those who wish to sell or trade or buy, or knowing of others who wish to buy are invited to corespond with the Llano Land Bureau. No commissions are charged those expecting to come to the Colony.

$450—two lots Stockton, California
$3250—House and lot in San Francisco
$3500—Thirty-acre farm, mountains of California; $2000 for farm without stock. This is an excellent location and good property.
$500 for ten acres in Florida, suitable for oranges and vegetables.
$2217 for good business in Iowa town, plumbing and heating.
Florida land—10 acres, partly improved, house and buildings.
160 acres—Kansas, unimproved land, $2000, sell or trade.
320 acres unimproved Kansas land, $3200.
240 acres in Texas, 95 in cultivation, two houses, $20 an acre.
$2500 for good place in Mississippi.—vle
40 acres in Texas, good improvements, $75 an acre. Sell or trade. Terms.
200 acres Arkansas land, improvements, orchard and house, stock, tools, implements included; all for $6000. Sell or trade. Terms.—tc
165 acres Texas for $10,000. Terms.
160 acres Texas, unimproved good rice or fig land. $25 an acre.—aec
40 acres Idaho, good improvements, $10,000. Liberal terms.
20 acres Idaho, $225 an acre. Liberal Terms.—jcc
$300 for lot in thriving Alabama town. Sell or trade.
$400 for 40 acres southern Alabama, unimproved.
$1600 for 40 acres in Florida. Liberal terms.—alc
$1500 for house and lot in Grand Rapids, Mich. Rents for $17.50.

Llano Land Bureau

Stables, Louisiana

Can I Afford It?

How many times a day do you have to stop and ask that question? You would like a nice house to live in; you would like good clothes to wear; you would like good food to eat; you would like to travel; you would like to have some pleasure in life. You want all these things, but continually we of the working class who produce all these things must stop and ask: "Can we afford it?"

And ninety-nine times out of a hundred the answer is, "No, we cannot afford it." So we either go without or we live in a hovel, wear shoddy clothes, eat cheap food, travel on foot, and sneak an occasional dime for a picture show. And why? The workers made it all. We build the houses, grow the wheat, feed the cattle, weave the cloth. We have made all of the things which we cannot afford to buy. Did you ever stop and ask why? Why don't you stop and ask why? Wouldn't you like to know? It is because we have power and don't know how to use it.

Never was a wiser word said than J. A. Wayland's statement: "To remain ignorant is to remain a slave." There is just one thing you cannot afford to do without, and that is an education. When the workers KNOW and realize their power, they will live in the houses they have built, wear the clothes they have woven, eat the food they have prepared. If you want to help yourself to all of these things, begin today to complete your education. The People's College belongs to the working class. Let us help you get that education. Clip the coupon below and mail it to us today. Put a cross before the course you are interested in.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY.

PEOPLE'S COLLEGE,
FORT SCCOTT, KANSAS

Dear Comrades:—Please send me full information concerning the Course which I have marked with a cross.

.....Law	.....Elementary Arithmetic
.....Plain English	.....Advanced Arithmetic
.....Advanced English	.....Elementary Bookkeeping
.....Public Speaking	.....Complete Bookkeeping
.....Commercial Law	.....Shorthand
.....Penmanship	.....Algebra

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Boudin's War Analysis

(Continued from Page 23)

of democratic ideas has passed to the working class.

In the Bebel-Kautsky debate at the Essen Congress, Kautsky insisted that the needs of the working class should be the only guide for socialists to follow in times of war or peace; a position squarely in opposition to all nationalistic theories.

Comrade Boudin lays special stress on the resolution adopted by the Stuttgart Congress of 1917, and reaffirmed at Copenhagen in 1910, and at Basle in 1912:

"In event that war should break, notwithstanding the efforts of socialists to prevent it, then it becomes the duty of socialists to work for its speedy termination, and to use all the powers at their command, utilizing the political and economic crises produced by the war, in an effort to arouse the discontent of the people so as to hasten the abolition of the rule of the capitalist class."

The theory of the class struggle is in absolute and irreconcilable opposition to the nationalistic theory of patriotism. Races are merely at different stages in their evolution. Our goal is internationalism; when all national cultural differences will be merged in a higher culture. The fundamental division of the human species is not along racial or national lines but along class lines, based on private property.

The working class of the world has an interest only in the defense of the nation whose independence and liberty are attacked. And whatever decision it makes concerning any war, it must be controlled exclusively by considerations of the results upon the international working class and its struggle for emancipation.

Direct Mail Advertiser's Reference Book

Just from the press. A practical business encyclopedia for the direct mail advertiser. Covers entire field in its relation to your business.

The following partial table of contents shows some of the reasons why you should send for a complimentary copy of this valuable reference book:

"The economical efficiency of Direct Mail Advertising."
"How I found my livest prospects in five minutes."
"How to multiply your ability, experience and energy."
"Art, lithographing, and color printing club plan."
"How Purchasing Departments use Mailing Lists."
"The comparative value of 1c and 2c postage."
"Map graphic charts: population, agriculture, live stock, etc."
"Testing new plans and policies."
"Analytical advertising and sales promotion."
"Picture gallery of reasons why."
"Dealer help suggestions."
"Helping your salesmen."

The above is also a complete Mailing List encyclopedia, showing number of firms engaged in over 6000 different lines of Mfg., Jobbing and Retail Business; also Lists of Individuals. Counts by States given on many classifications. Our Lists are guaranteed 99% correct.

Send for your complimentary copy

Ross-Gould: *Creators and Producers of Direct Mail Advertising "From the Idea to the Mails." Sales analysts and advertising counsel on sales letters, booklets, folders, etc.*

Ross-Gould Mailing Lists St. Louis

Name
Firm
Ross-Gould 1045-48 Olive St. St. Louis

"Shall J. P. Morgan Own The Earth?"

—a booklet which PROVES, by photographed extracts from an official U. S. Government Report, that the Morgan wealth and power are twenty times greater than realized. How Morgan (after the war) can manipulate a "panic"; then buy cheaply control of all vital industries; dispossess YOU of wealth; reduce MILLIONS to abject slavery. How he keeps knowledge of this power suppressed; how newspapers are controlled; governments and legislatures corrupted. Price 50 cents—and your money back if not satisfied that the information given is well worth the price. Descriptive circular, testimonials, etc., free. Agents wanted. Address:

JACK PANSY, Publisher, P.O. Box LC-307, Grand Rapids, Mich.
M

$1 And One NEW SUBSCRIPTION or RENEWAL to THE LLANO PUBLICATIONS (both, a year, for $1.00) will bring the BEAUTIFUL——————

Colony View Book

OF CALIFORNIA VIEWS—ALL REAL PHOTOGRAPHS (not reproductions) mounted in a substantial way in a handsome Album.

¶ This Colony View Book sells for $1.50. There is only a limited number.

THE LLANO PUBLICATIONS
Stables, Louisiana

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

WANTED.—BOOKS for the Colony Library; Fiction, Scientific Books, Books for Children, etc., Address: Editor, Western Comrade, Stables, La.

Peace and Its Meaning

(Continued from Page 20)

settled, and it is the most important question that we will ever have in our lives. No matter who you are or what you want to be or do in this world, or what you want your children to be or do, it all depends on the settlement we get out of this war.

What we want is CLEAN PEACE; and that is a beautiful phrase which comes from England. We ought to take it up and understand what it means. It means justice for everyone and injustice for no one. There never has been such a thing. Every peace council has settled things on the basis that they shall take who have the power and they shall keep who can, and all the ruling class interests want to settle this war on that basis. There are imperialists in every country, not merely in Germany.

The Russians say self-determination for all peoples, and they demand that all the people of the disputed territories shall vote.

As far back as human memory goes, the populations of despoiled lands have been beaten, jailed and hanged and shot; now the idea is that they shall settle their own destinies by vote. But I say that voting and elections in those territories today would simply produce a thousand wars instead of one war.

The imperialists would settle it by saying: "I will give you six square miles in Alsace-Lorraine for ten thousand miles in Africa. I will give you a hundred thousand Belgians for ten thousand Persians, and maybe I will throw in five thousand of the people of Trieste." And all this without any regard to the rights of the people concerned. You can not settle it that way either, for that would mean that all these people would get ready for another war. Their countrymen over the border could get ready to help them, and a new war would come as soon as the materials could be accumulated.

The only thing to do is to take every one of the territories which is legitimately in dispute, and make them independent communities. Let the people who live there govern themselves. They will not need armies; they will not have to fight because their independence will be guaranteed by the English, the Russians, the Italians, the Germans, the Americans, the Chinese, the Japanese, the Hindus and all the rest of the world.

What I am getting at is this: Make them independent, under an international guarantee. Fix it so that France and Germany cannot get at each other even if they want to fight. Make independent states of Armenia and Mesopotamia; put Central Africa under an international commission; make Trieste an independent port, also Constantinople, and all other places for which rival interests are strugling. By this plan you do justice to all the people who live there. You set up buffer states between the quarelling countries and you solve all the questions without hurting anybody's feelings. Also you entirely discredit the war. Nobody has gained anything, and the chances of the ruling classes being thrown out of their jobs are increased many hundred percent. Moreover, you make absolutely necessary and inevitable the establishment of a new world government.

We had a lot of colonies when we got through driving out England ,and for a time we didn't know whether New York and Massachussetts were going to fight each other or not, but we finally decided that instead of being a lot of warring states, there would be one Federal government of the United States. We want now a world federation.

President Wilson has come pretty near to planning a program for a Clean Peace. But our newspapers are ruled by class interests, and they are hampering him. Think of the stand the New York Times takes in regard to the workingman! It makes use of every acrimonious word in the dictionary in its editorials about labor unions. We have got to educate the whole people to the idea of supporting a Clean Peace and a Real Democracy. If President Wilson could get the allied interests at the present minute definitely to adopt that program of a Clean Peace, the spring fighting might never have begun. When the German people once realize that a just settlement is offered, they would find some way to make their rulers accept it.

Think this over, gentlemen, and realize that there are several million lives at stake over the issue as to whether the ruling classes of Europe shall get enough prestige out of the war to enable them to hold their power; or whether, on the other hand, the people of Europe shall be delivered from tyranny and slavery and allowed to dispose of their own destinies, living in peace with one another.

LITERATURE ON BIRTH CONTROL

Send 25 cents for samples of the leaflets and pamphlets to be had from the

NATIONAL BIRTH CONTROL LEAGUE

OBJECT—To remove all laws which forbid the giving of birth control information.

200 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

"The Truth About The Medical Profession"

By John A. Bevan, M. D.

Columbia University

(Inventor of the Œsophagoscope)

Paper Bound, Postpaid Price Fifty Cents

The result of clinical and pathological researches at Guy's Hospital, London, and the Bellevue Hospital, New York.

BENEDICT LUST, N. D., D. O., D. C., M. D., writes: "The book is splendid and will help to enlighten many skeptics who still believe in medical superstition."

Prof. DAVID STARR JORDAN, M. D., writes: "I have looked over the book, called 'The Truth About the Medical Profession.' There are a great many things that are forceful and truthfully said."

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW writes: "There are some quite interesting and important things in the book."

LLANO PUBLICATIONS, STABLES, LOUISIANA

"Something for nothing is the curse of the age."—Job Harriman

The Equitist

discusses the Source of the Power to get something for nothing, and shows how to destroy that power. It will interest you whether you agree or not.

Weekly, $1 a year; $1.50 to foreign countries. Sample on request. Edited and published by W. E. Brokaw, Longbranch, Washington.

The
American Labor Year Book
1917-1918

Edited by ALEXANDER TRACHTENBERG
Director, Department of Labor Research of the Rand School of Social Science

Partial Table of Contents: Labor and War; The Labor Movement in the United States; Labor and the Law; Social and Economic Conditions; The International, Socialist, Labor and Co-operative Movements; The Socialist Movement in the United States.

384 Pages of Valuable data for every Socialist and Radical. Paper Bound, 60 cents; cloth binding, $1.25.

Address:
RAND BOOK STORE, 7 East 15th st, New York City.

Colony Representatives Wanted

Trustworthy, responsible, competent agents are desired in different communities to represent the colony and to interest desirable persons in this enterprise.

Only men and women of constructive minds, self-sacrificing disposition, and energy are wanted. If you are willing to work for the good of a great cause in a wholly constructive way, you are invited to correspond with the Membership Department and to get the Representatives Proposition. Persons actuated only by self-interest need not apply.

Membership Department
LLANO DEL RIO COLONY

The International Language
Esperanto

simplifies the language problems, opens up a new world of literature, gives one a much better understanding of his mother-tongue, enables him to correspond with people all over the world, and all this at a comparatively small outlay of time or money.

Send for a FREE sample copy of AMERIKA ESPERANTISTO, the official organ of the Esperanto Association of North America, and receive also a catalog of Books, etc., and full information on how to learn this wonderful language.

Please mention the Llano Publications.

THE AMERICAN ESPERANTIST CO., INC.
Watertown, Waltham and Washington Streets
WEST NEWTON STATION, BOSTON, MASS.

Socialists

should read PEARSON'S MAGAZINE. It is the only big magazine of national recognition that is of, by and for the working people.

Subscription for One Year $1.50.

THE LLANO PUBLICATIONS
Stables, Louisiana

NEW ETHICS

The things we disapprove in others, we are likely to do ourselves. Our disapproval is a subconscious way we have of defending ourselves from like guilt; but we must not forget that the same thing that caused the sin of the other is in us, and very likely we are doing it in another way.

Official judgment is bad—private, worse. The monition "Judge not" is as clear, sharp and insistent as "Thou shalt not steal" or "Thou shalt not kill."

We avoid the more dramatic methods of stealing and killing for self-protection and other minor selfish motives, but the legal and customary methods, most all practice. Stealing is the getting of the product of another's toil without his free consent. When I take too much profit to pay too small wages, taking advantage of the necessities of the weak, I am stealing. When I get credit for what another man has done; when I injure another person by misjudgment, I am a thief of the most cowardly kind. Yet these habits are virtuously indulged in by the best.

Most virtues are tainted. Whenever a good quality becomes conscious to the possessor, it becomes vicious, because it turns one into a judge, gives him a holier-than-thou attitude—which is hypocrisy. If we could change the vicious feeling that we are better than any other into the recognition that we are hypocrites, unjust, merciless, we could work a moral reform in ourselves of real value.

It is equally bad to think we are worse than others. This is slavery. The whole of autocracy grows out of the feeling, abnormal, that somebody has thought that he is better, and the whole of slavery out of the feeling that he is worse.

Would it not be well for each of us to look within, find our tyrannical emotions and eradicate them? Man cannot become virtuous by cussing kaiserism. —S. W. CALDWELL

The Captain of His Soul

(Continued from Page 30)

"Do you think I enjoyed doing what I did? I loathed it! It was only to coax you away from your terrible ideas—to make a man of you that I humiliated myself. And you struck me away from you!"

"It was an accident, Ruth!"

"It was my punishment for trusting a hobo. Don't ever come near me again! Go to Netta—she'll let you——. Oh, I could die of shame!"

With that she was gone.

He sat down heavily. The frogs sent up their melancholy chorus from the marshes.

"Croak! Croak! Croak!" they went. "Croak! Croak! Croak!" It was the death song of his love—of the joy he had tasted from a leaking cup.

It was his first deep passion and he was only twenty-three. Tears welled through his fingers and he sobbed—one and again. Then across his numbed mind the words came whispering—

"It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul!"

He rose, squaring his shoulders and buttoning his coat.

To be captain of one's soul! Greater than any pain was that, greater than any love! He was His Own once more—His to Will—to Do!

All that night a light burned in the little room which was his lodging. Just as the sky grew pink, he emerged. Head well up, eyes on the northern horizon where lay Los Angeles, he strode sturdily.

Loyal Supporters Enthusiastic Over "The Internationalist"

BEGINNING with the May number, the Western Comrade shall raise its subscription price to $1.00. There are good reasons for this, but chief among them is the general increase in prices of paper and supplies. As the Western Comrade does not rely to any extent upon advertising as a source of income, it is compelled to increase its subscription price.

Also beginning with the May number, the magazine shall make its first appearance as

The Internationalist

It will be very attractive and shall carry an artistic and permanent cover design. Already many comrades have written us felicitating us on our choice of the name—THE INTERNATIONALIST. Here is what some of them say:

Your decision to change the name to The Internationalist is a wise one and will add to your power. I am enthusiastic over your plans.—ALEC WATKINS, Fresno, Cal.

It's great new that you are to call yourself The Internationalist. The world is sick to dying of the virus of nationalism, and hungers for a fraternal spirit that knows neither bounds nor creeds. The name Internationalist should presage a virile growth. —ELEANOR WENTWORTH, Perrine, Florida.

I want sincerely to congratulate all of you concerned with the Western Comrade for the strides you have made in keeping up strong, clean and progressive journalism . . . I also like the name of The Internationalist. No sectional name is as good as one taking in all of Humanity. I shall be interested in seeing the Comrade in its new dress. I am glad that you are making your policies widened and not narrowed to any particular movement or organization.—DAVID BOBSPA, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE INTERNATIONALIST will have a well-defined editorial policy, and, while continuing to publish articles of general interest, will make the achievement of international Socialism and co-operation its goal. It will wage a ceaseless and energetic fight against all those obstacles to internationalism such as militarism, compulsory military training, conscription, tariff walls, secret diplomacy, diplomatic entanglements, the Monroe Doctrine, imperialism, language barriers, race differences, and religious differences. It will publish the cream of American radical thought. It will give its active and enthusiastic support to the American Socialist party, and shall support the workers in their struggles with the capitalist class. Its objective is the Co-operative Commonwealth, but it will not be narrow or sectional. It recognizes in the birth control movement a splendid and direly needed propaganda and shall give it its unreserved support.

THE INTERNATIONALIST has a big future ahead of it. It has an unlimited field in which to work.

Are you going to enlist in our ARMY of INTERNATIONALISTS? Are you going to get subscriptions? Are you interested enough in the ideal of internationalism to call on your neighbors and get them to subscribe to the INTERNATIONALIST?

Let us hear from YOU. Tell us what you think of the Magazine.

And in the meantime, if you like this number, why not send us Ten Cents and have us mail a copy to your friend?

Fraternally,

The Editor.

Do You Want Socialism To Win?

¶ Look at the Election Returns from the few cities given below. Help us roll up a staggering vote and send a fighting delegation to Congress. Start the 1918 campaign NOW!

New York City		Dayton	
1913—	32,000	1916—	4,800
1917—	150,000	1917—	12,000
Chicago		**Toledo**	
1916—	16,000	1915—	2,800
1917—	27,000	1917—	14,903
Cleveland		**Rochester**	
1915—	6,000	1916—	1,450
1917—	27,000	1917—	8,200

On To Washington!

¶ Send in what you can to the MILLION DOLLAR FUND. Let this be America's answer to oppression and autocracy.

¶ Send all communications and contributions to OLIVER C. WILSON, Financial Director, Room 405, 803 W. Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

Upton Sinclair's

Magazine, dedicated to a Clean Peace and the Internation, is a magazine that no thinking radical can do without. It is indispensable to a balanced intellectual ration.

Upton Sinclair has been pronouced by Dr. George Brandes to be one of America's few great novelists. Every radical has read "The Jungle" and has been thrilled by "King Coal." The sequel to this wonderful novel will appear serially in

Upton Sinclair's Magazine

Also there is running serially a remarkable work entitled

"THE PROFITS OF RELIGION"

It is a masterpiece. The Price of a year's subscription to UPTON SINCLAIR'S is $1.00 a year—$5.00 for Ten Years. Sample copy on request.

Address—UPTON SINCLAIR'S
1515 Sunset Avenue, Pasadena, Cal.

Memberships —Will Go Up—

BEGINNING MAY FIRST, several changes will be made in the selling of memberships.

1. Initial payments on memberships will be advanced on a sliding scale, with minimum payments at $1000 and a graduated scale based on the number of persons coming on the membership.
2. Cash payments only will be given consideration.
3. The acceptance of members will be made provisional.

Details of the new plan of selling memberships are not ready yet, but will be announced, probably, in the next issue of the magazine. With the growth of the Colony, the value of membership becomes enhanced. Those who come in now have the benefit of the work and plans of those who have gone before.

Increased cost of living and materials of all kinds have so greatly decreased the purchasing power of a dollar, that the increased rate becomes necessary. Those who put $1000 today into the Colony are putting in no more in actual value than those who put in $500 when the Colony was first established.

The community interest in which the member participates becomes greater from day to day.

The Old Rate Applies to Those Who Get Instalment Memberships Now!

Those who have taken out memberships in the past according to agreements made then will, of course, come in on the plan that was in operation when they subscribed.

Those who have been corresponding with a view to taking out memberships, should their applications be taken out and approved before the increase, will, of course, be accepted on whatever terms may be agreed upon before the contemplated change takes place.

The Llano del Rio Colony reserves the right to reject any applications it may deem not desirable, as it has always done.

The details of the sliding scale of memberships will be announced later. The provisional acceptance of memberships will also be explained, but it is sufficient here to say that the rights of the individual will be carefully safeguarded, as well as those of the Colony. Cash payments will be a rule except on such articles as are in immediate demand and on which prices and quality are standardized.

Attention is directed to the Llano Land Bureau, established for the purpose of aiding in sales and exchanges of land as well as assisting those who expect to purchase property.

Llano del Rio Company of Nevada

Stables, Louisiana